

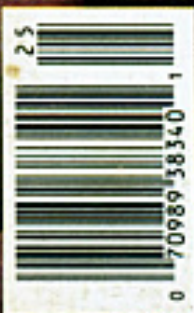
15 YEARS OF

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE

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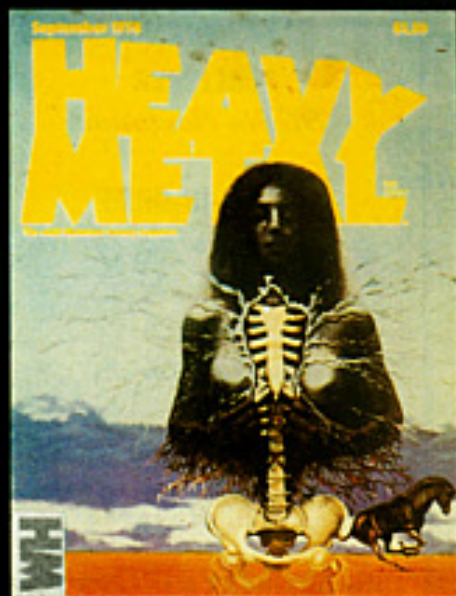
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HEAVY

HEAVY





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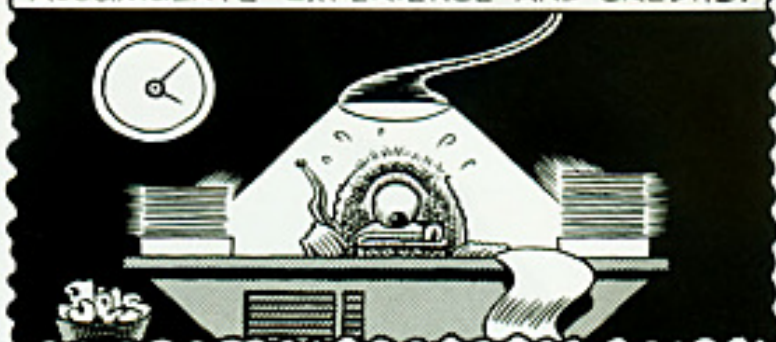
FOREWORD

WHEN I FIRST began with *Heavy Metal* - a century or two ago - I was just a kid - an underling designated to alternately long bouts at the xerox and coffee machines. It was a lousy job, but someone had to do it. In between a copy there and a cup here, I discovered the beauty of Moebius, the decadence of Druillet and Nicollet and the awesome colors of Corben's *Den*. I was in love with the tranquility of *Heavy Metal*: a place where one could forget the blues of everyday life and escape to a faraway place.

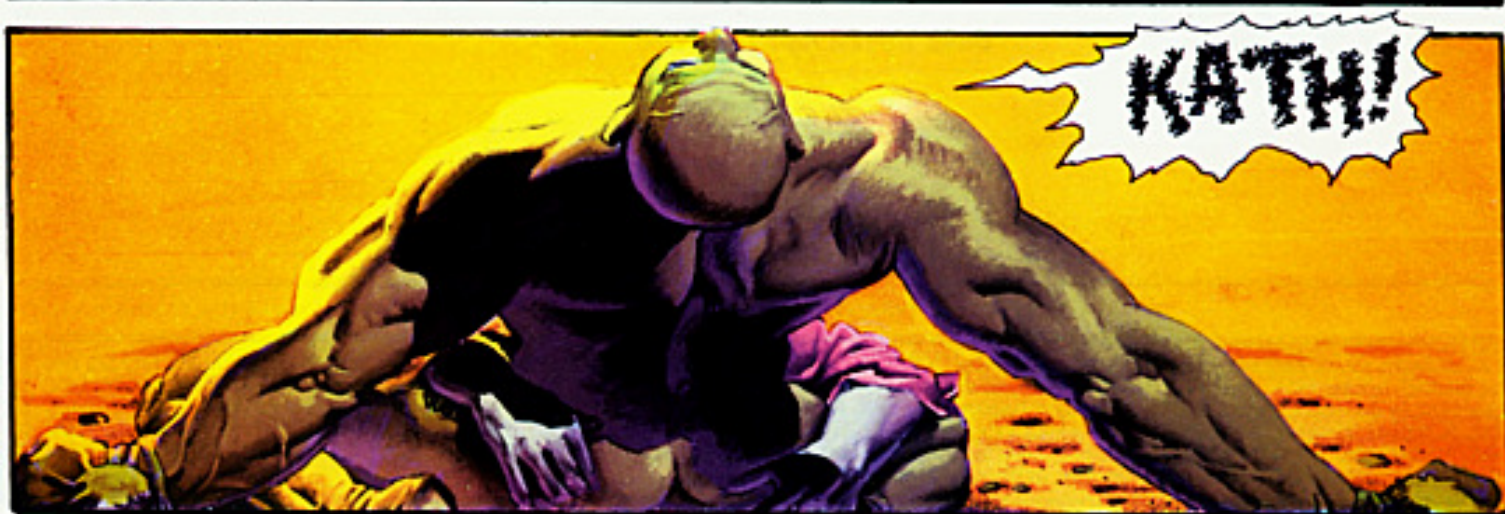
Now that I am editor (and have been for a little under a century) I still am in awe of the many artists and writers that have graced our pages. To me, comics is not a four-letter word like so many Americans have been led to believe, but a forum for some of the finest creators in the world to share their imaginations and talents.

Heavy Metal has gone through a few changes over the years, some for the sake of maturity, others...just because. We have always tried to bring you the best in adult fantasy, introducing you to Liberatore, Caza, Crepax, Torres, and Prado to name but a few. Suffice it to say, selecting material for this book was no easy task. Not everyone is represented here, but this in no way diminishes the beauty or historical value of this anthology. Think of the book as a sampling - a patchwork quilt of sorts - reintroducing you to fifteen extraordinary years of fantasy gone wild!

YEP, IT WAS JUST SIX ORBITS AGO THAT I ENTERED THE WORK FORCE EAGER TO TAKE ON ANY OVERWHELMING TASK TO ACCUMULATE EXPERIENCE AND CREDITS.



Julie Simmons-Lynch
New York City
August 1992



HEAVY METAL

THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS

HEAVY METAL. Hmmm...

Heavy Metal, you say? Hmmm...

What is Heavy Metal? Or better yet, what does it mean to you? Hmmm...

Someone walks up to you on the street and says, "HEAVY METAL RULES, MAN!" What's the first thought that enters your mind?

Some ear-popping, head-splitting, gut-twisting heavy metal rock band (you know, lots of leather, skintight pants, long hair, with first or only names like Axl, Slash kinda deal) blasting out of your kid's room, a passing car window (how can they drive with it turned up that loud?), or your neighbor's apartment?

Nahhh...

Some large triangular shaped object that drops out of the sky on top of your favorite cartoon character with a big "1 1/2 TONS" painted on the side?

Nahhh...

Perhaps you're the scholarly type and prefer the dictionary definition?

HEAVY (hev-e) adj. -i-er -i-est 1. Having relatively great weight.

METAL (met-l) n. 1. Any category of chemical elements, as copper, iron, or gold. With certain characteristic properties such as luster, malleability, ductility, and conductivity of electricity and heat.

Nahhh...



Okay, okay, enough of this already. The above segue makes little or no sense, because, you're holding in your hands exactly what heavy metal brings to mind. Whether you've been a fan since day one (fifteen years ago) or discovered it last year or today, you bought it because it's got a killer Rich Corben cover and "HEAVY METAL JUST PLAIN RULES, MAN!"

Although it seems like a hundred years ago, I bought the first issue back in the Spring of 1977. I was living in a town "me and the gang" felt was the equivalent of a pimple on a bug's butt, lost somewhere in southern Maine. (Which, I would like to interject, I look fondly upon in most recent years; a place where I had little or nothing more to do than hang out and draw.) I was fifteen years old, and really shouldn't have been cruising through the "top shelf" of the local smoke shop's magazine offerings. It was there I found "The Adult Illustrated Fantasy Magazine" (ta da!) *Heavy Metal*!

Louie didn't mind, it was a sale ("Christ, it's only a comic book! So what if it's got a little T & A, the kid'll learn something!") and let me plunk down a \$1.50, and embark on the journey that would change my whole life!

At the time, I was one of those "niche" kids, in a small "niche" gang (gaggle's more like it). I was totally into comics, you know, *Daredevil*, *Captain America*, *Batman*, that kinda stuff. I was also reaching that age where you were supposed to have "grown out of that stuff by now." Well, to be honest, in a lot of ways I had.

The thrill of buying comics, already beat up from the delivery, plus hanging out for half a day in the corner store's "Hey, Kids! Look! Comics!" roundrack and sitting right there on the very same store's steps ('cuz I ain't gonna make it home with 'em unread) had since faded. I mean, sure, there was a level of excitement, as is still present today, but rereading the same old story plots, over, and over, and over, was becoming... well, stale.

My inner self, which still loved and yearned for the fix (Ya big kid!) was suffering from growth! *Heavy Metal* was a sure sign from the powers that be - yes, there was life after the *Man Without Fear* or the *Man of Steel*, and even *Queen of the Jungle* (a personal favorite, I might add) it was true! Not only with its plain as day "Adult" notice blazing down at me, but the content (Aw, man, where's my sunglasses?) was the bee's knees, the heavens parting and the angels singing, finding a dollar on the sidewalk when you're broke...it was even better than waking up and realizing you are, in fact, the Invisible Man, right smack in the middle of puberty. (Remember, that one?) No, it was much more...it was the future.

It was *art*, man!

For a country boy who was drawing all the time, copying all the "cool" styles: Kirby, Heath, Severin stuff, I had not even begun to come into my own. *Heavy Metal* opened a whole new world for me; the first year alone would inspire one either to strive for greater heights or break all your pens, pencils, and brushes and hope for a respectable day job! What a lineup though; Richard Corben's *Den*, Moebius' *Arzach*, *Sunpot* by Vaughn Bodé, *Virgo* by Caza and early works of Druillet, Tardi, and McKie to name but a few. This stuff was insane, crazy, it pushed every button and stretched all known limits!

The hunger was there, the smell of blood was in the air and the prey was ninety-six pages, black, white and color, shipping monthly to newsstands, headshops and a bookstore here and there (if they only knew what they were selling!). All I had to do now was find the place that sold it regularly (can't miss an issue, ya know), come up with the buck and a half (the good old days) and I was golden.

This, as they say, was just the beginning. This new world I had discovered, (which was not so new, as I also discovered) led to a whole "underground" of possibilities to feed the beast. A new kid was on the block, and a mere hour's drive (or ride in my case) from my home; comic book specialty shops!

Now that was a brilliant idea: one could enter, and once the red haze passed, could wade through all those...ahem...kid's stuff superhero books, to a dark and sheltered corner to find... "undergrounds." Man. More Corben, more Bodé with a whole parade of others: Crumb, Griffith, Jaxon, Irons, Sheridan and Shelton. Old to some, but very new and exciting to an impressionable fella like myself.

Artistic, creative, ownership and growth. These guys were exploring new ground (or at least carrying on where EC Comics left off when McCarthy did his...ahem... "duty"). It was comics for grown-ups, adults, big kids who just plain loved the medium but outgrew it. At that time it must have been incredible; they wrote what they wrote, they drew what they drew, (and oftentimes published) what they wanted for themselves. This, too, was my inspiration. This, too, was the future. This, too, was art.

Anyone can plainly see the sanitized mass market comics. Throughout, the undergrounds of the late '60s and early '70s, with *Heavy Metal* breaking ground in the late '70s, have brought this medium to where it is today. We are now in the middle of a renaissance that, good, bad, or ugly, will bring the form to the *art* form I have felt it has been all along. (Finally! Whew!)

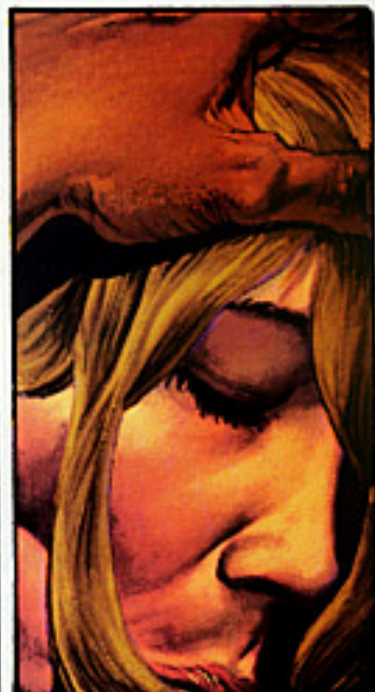
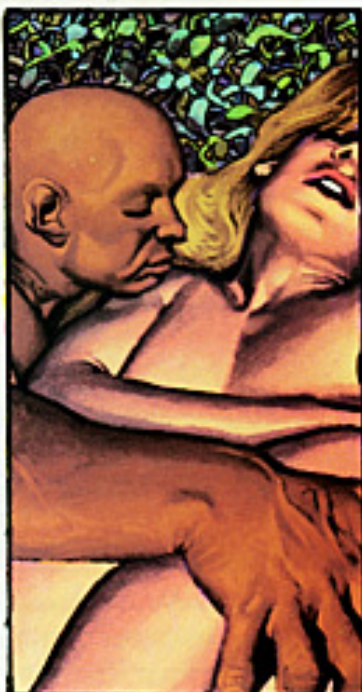
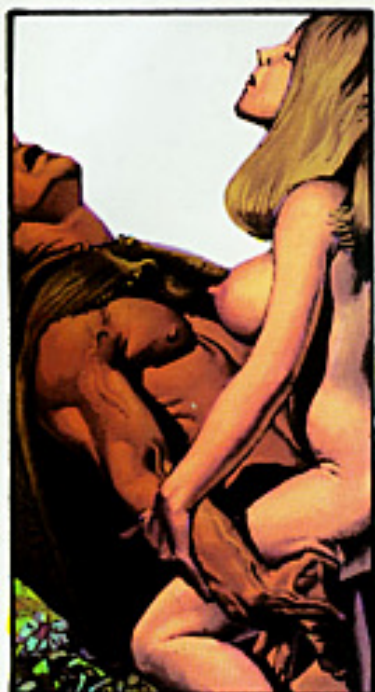
What we have tried to put together here, for this fifteenth anniversary edition, wasn't just a look back, a retrospective, or a "best of." It was the growth, the backbone, the "good shit." We knew every issue or so

Moebius would either blow our socks off (or leave us wondering what we just read,) that Druillet would stun us into reading his craft two or three times before we actually *read* the story and weren't distracted by the art. Among this crowd it was *Earth vs. Saturn* that first stood out. Who'd have known he'd go on to *Ranxerox* (viva Liberator!)? What about the *Parochial Terror* by the relatively unknown Geoff (*Hard Boiled*) Darrow? Juan Gimenez' *A Matter of Time* (can this guy draw, or what?). And, of course the lovely *Druuna* by Serpieri (don't we all wish we had a young lady like that in our lives?).

I know by now I've completely bludgeoned you, as to what I see in *Heavy Metal*. I'm sure you all have thoughts of your own. Either way I have revelled in the past fifteen years, and skip a heartbeat thinking about the next.

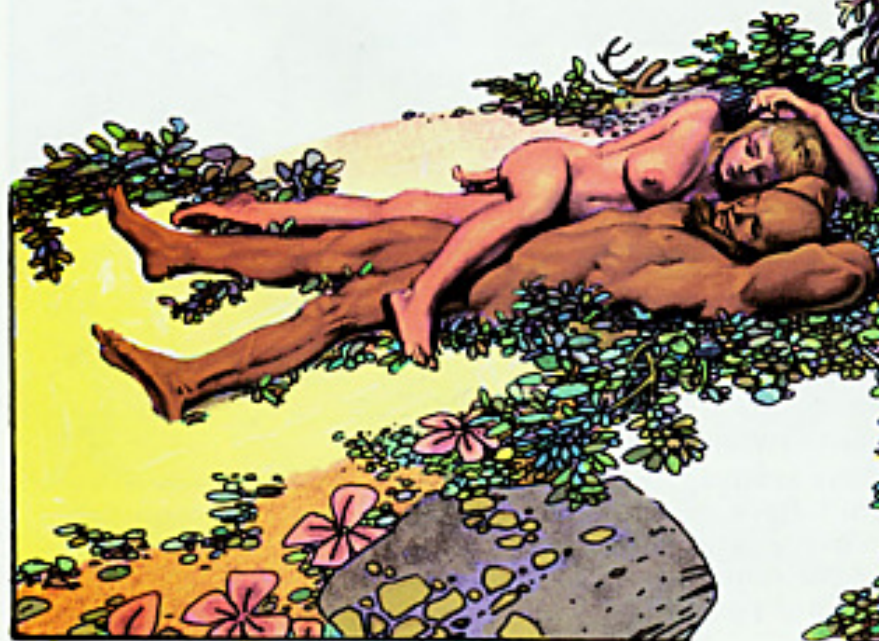
Kevin Eastman
Northampton, Massachusetts
August 1992





DEN'S FAREWELL

©1978 RICHARD CORBEN



I'm truly happy
Den, more than I
could've imagined.

We are most
fortunate. It is
almost perfect.

Almost perfect?! How could it possibly be better? Is there some position we haven't tried?



Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not that. You're wonderful.

It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.



Will we ever discover the truth?

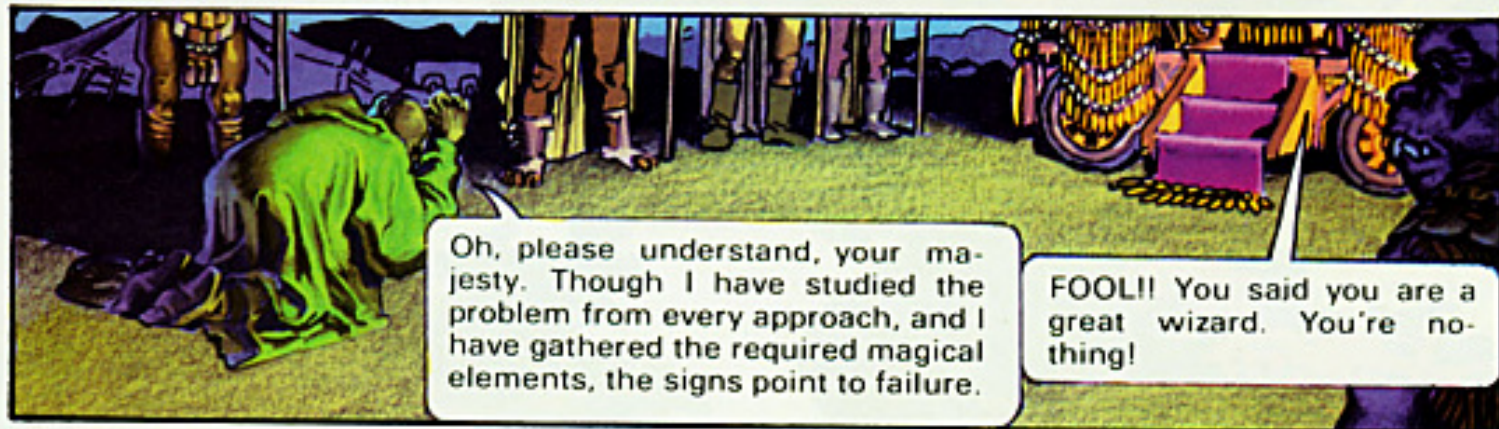
Uncle Dan's spirit is not at rest. I think he was murdered.



Look!



An encampment . . . What? I believe that is the very spot where I arrived in this world. Let's get closer.



Oh, please understand, your majesty. Though I have studied the problem from every approach, and I have gathered the required magical elements, the signs point to failure.

FOOL!! You said you are a great wizard. You're nothing!



Did you think I was too simple to separate the half-truths from your transparent fabrications? I am more versed in the dark arts than you.

You sniveling twit! At least you collected the rare stones and gases. But I realize the missing element is TIME! The cataclysmic destruction of the Locnar set back more than my promotion to power...



... It reset the geologic-cosmic relationship. Thanks to interfering upstarts, I must wait four seasonal cycles for the forces to come into precise alignment. Then I will create Locnar's brother.



ZEK, you FOOL!!! I know you were going to sabotage my plans!



Feed him to the Gulper.

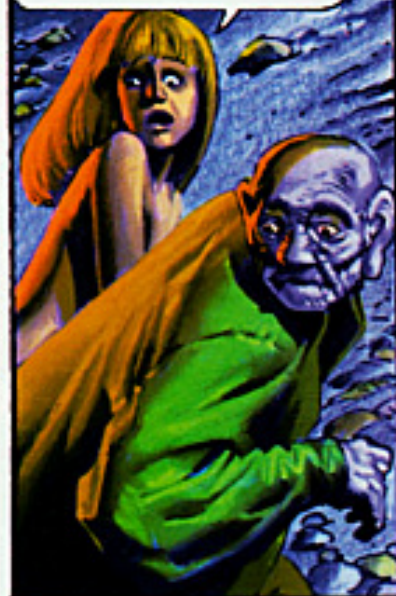


NOOOO!
No, please!

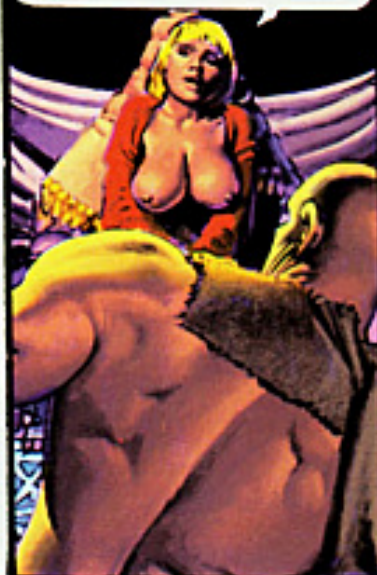




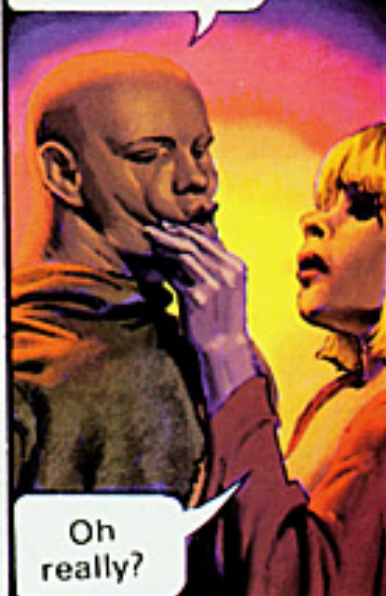
No!
They've captured
Den.



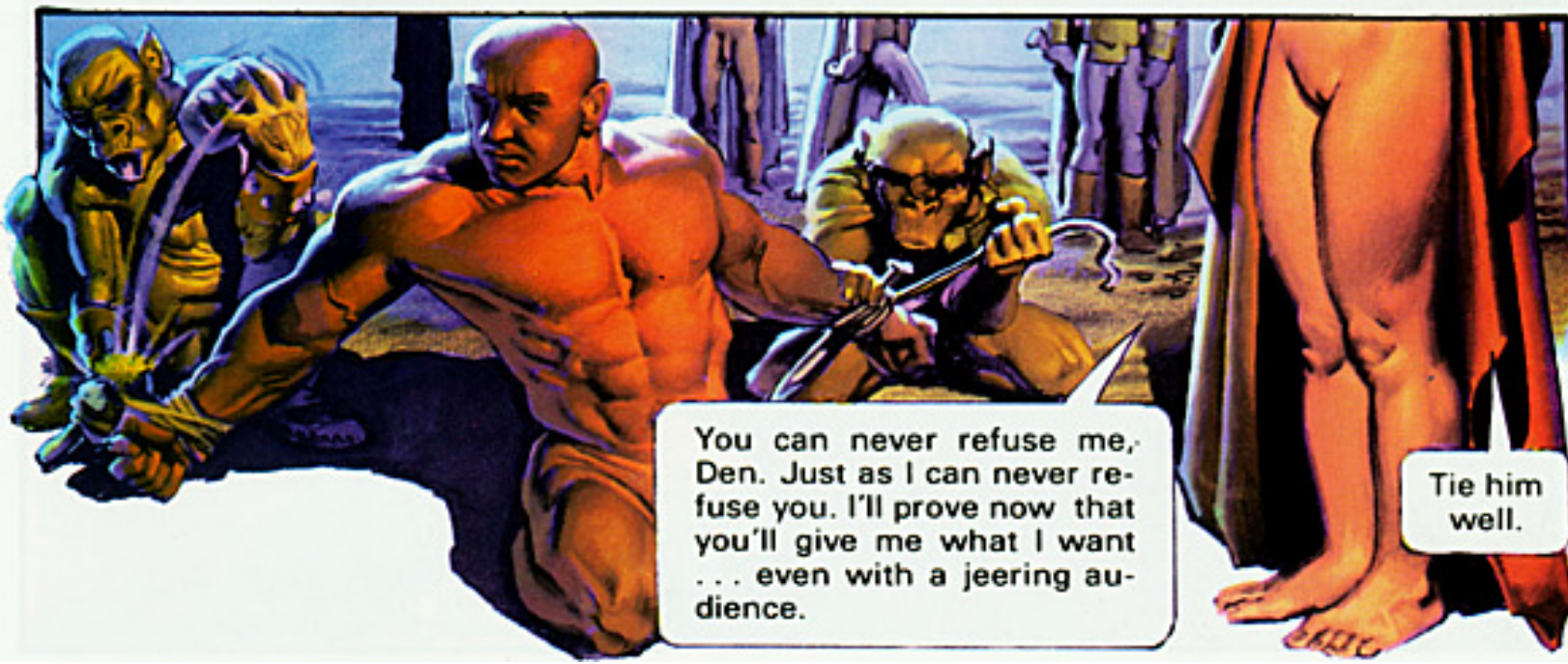
Den, Den, Den! You'll
never learn. What am
I going to do with
you?



You'll get
nothing from
me this time.

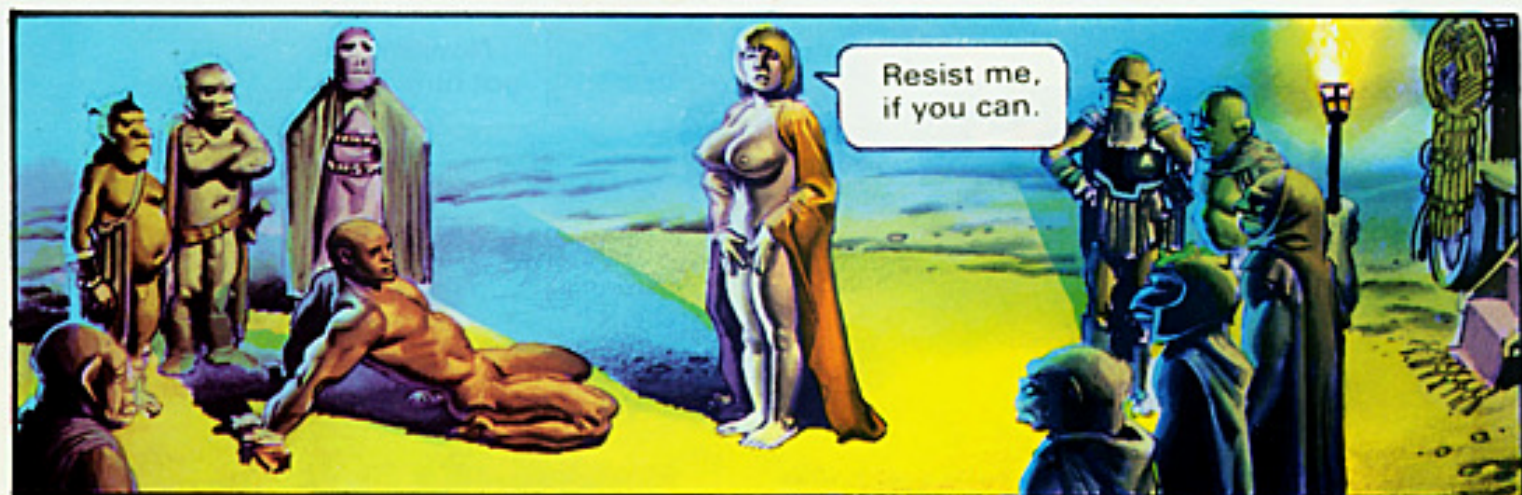


Oh
really?



You can never refuse me,
Den. Just as I can never re-
fuse you. I'll prove now that
you'll give me what I want
... even with a jeering au-
dience.

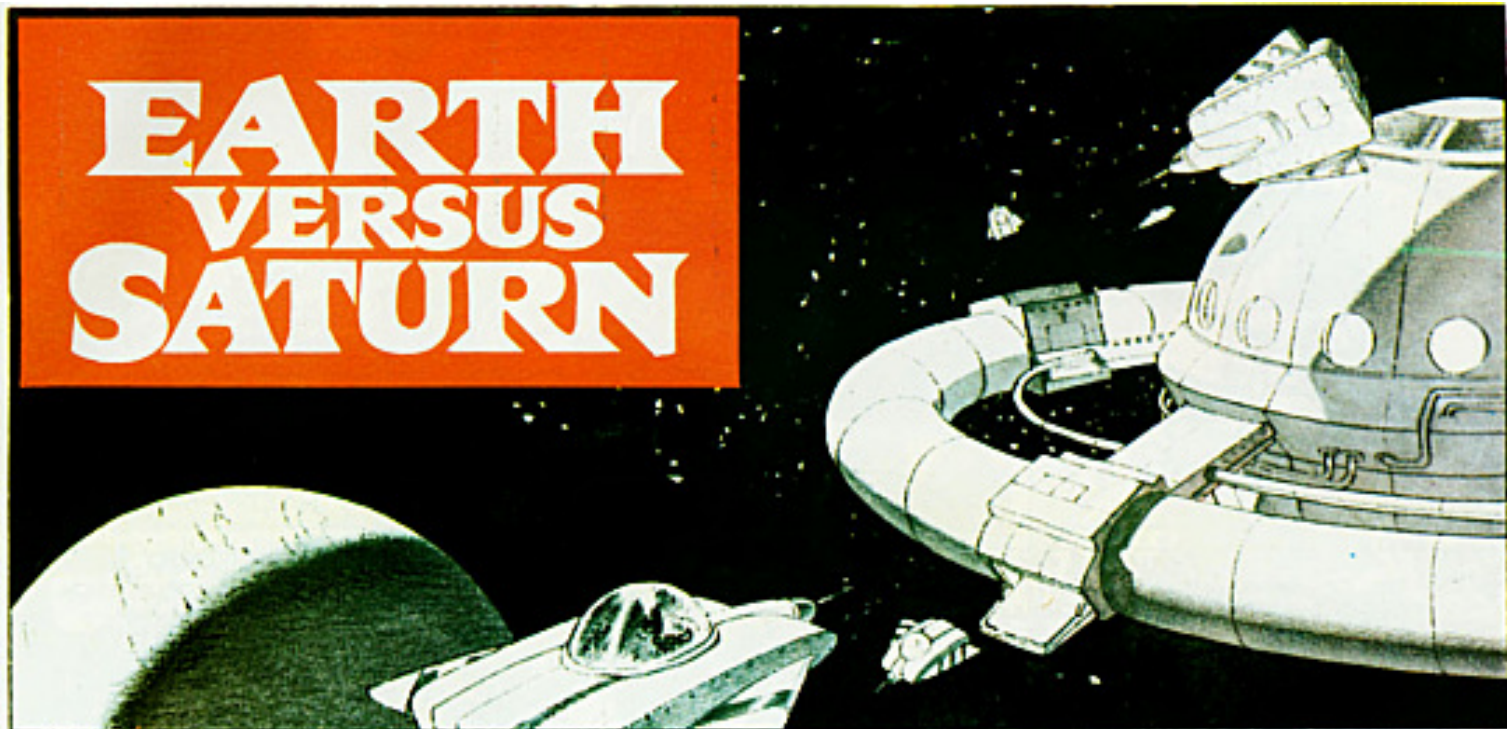
Tie him
well.



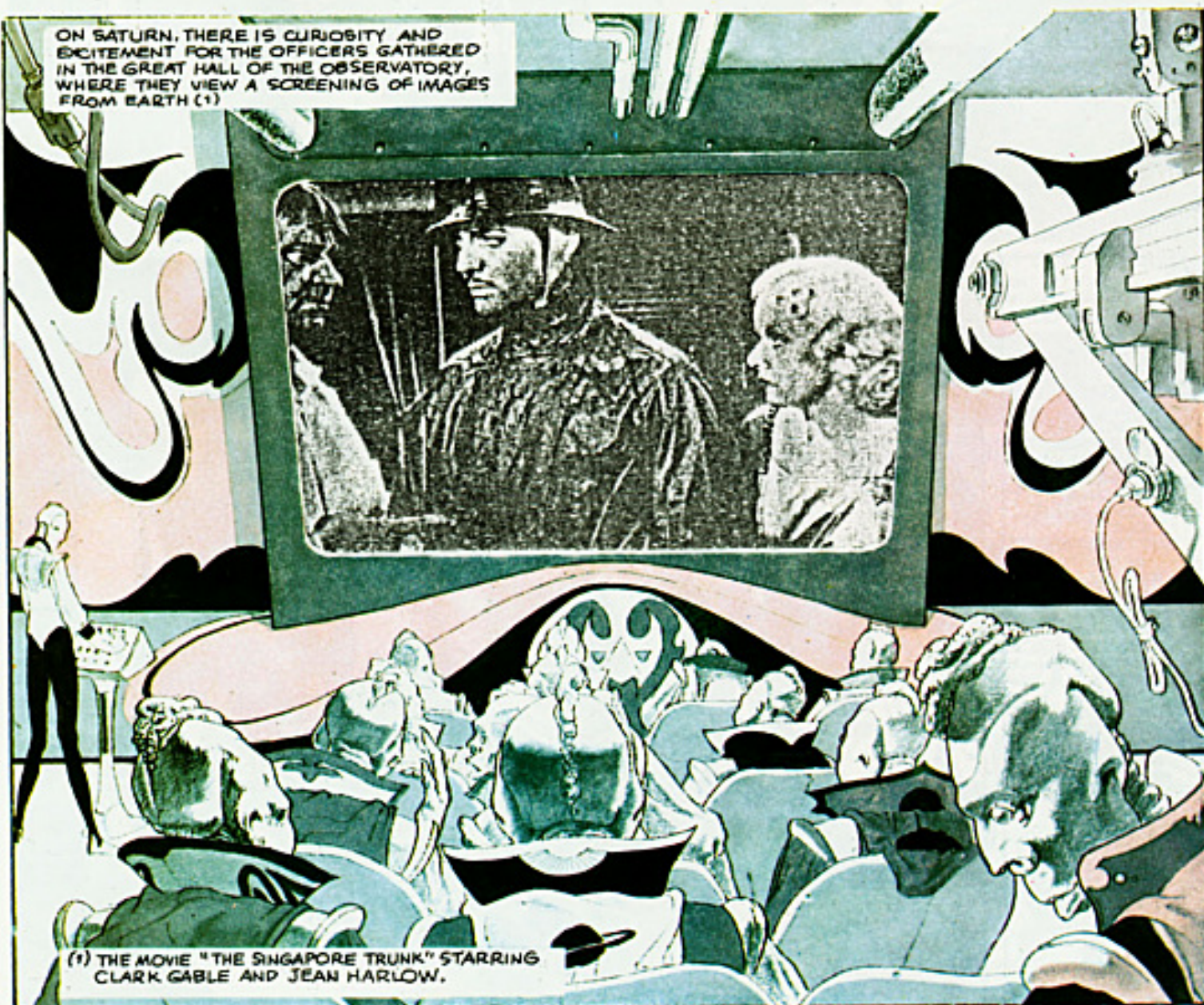




EARTH VERSUS SATURN



ON SATURN, THERE IS CURIOSITY AND EXCITEMENT FOR THE OFFICERS GATHERED IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE OBSERVATORY, WHERE THEY VIEW A SCREENING OF IMAGES FROM EARTH (1)



(1) THE MOVIE "THE SINGAPORE TRUNK" STARRING CLARK GABLE AND JEAN HARLOW.



SPEK CANAAN BARTOLI!!
(TRANSLATION: HEY, DID YOU SEE THOSE STUPID EARTHLINGS? THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GOVERN THEMSELVES. LET'S INVADE EARTH: WE NEED SLAVES FOR OUR URANIUM MINES!!)

EOVERO!
(TRANSLATION: THAT'S FOR SURE)



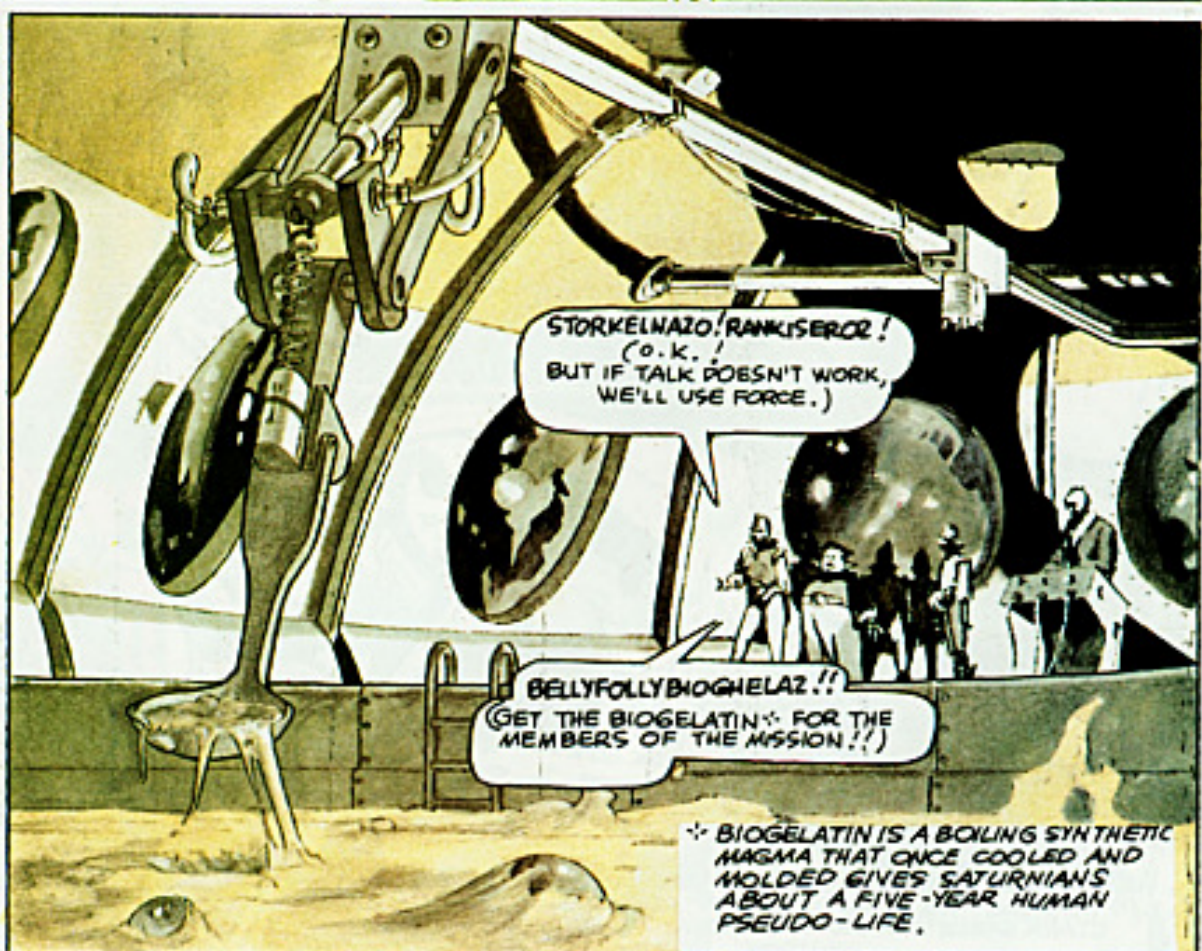
GUACK & SBARAGUAK
(NO WAY! FIRST WE SHOULD COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!)



BAUBAUBEBI-ORRO
(WE'LL SEND THEM A DELEGATION FOR HIGH LEVEL TALKS AND WE'LL SEE.)

MAMBOTIRAMBOEARS, KEDUMARRON!!
(BY THE THREE EARS OF NEPTUNE, WHAT A CROCK OF SHIT...!)

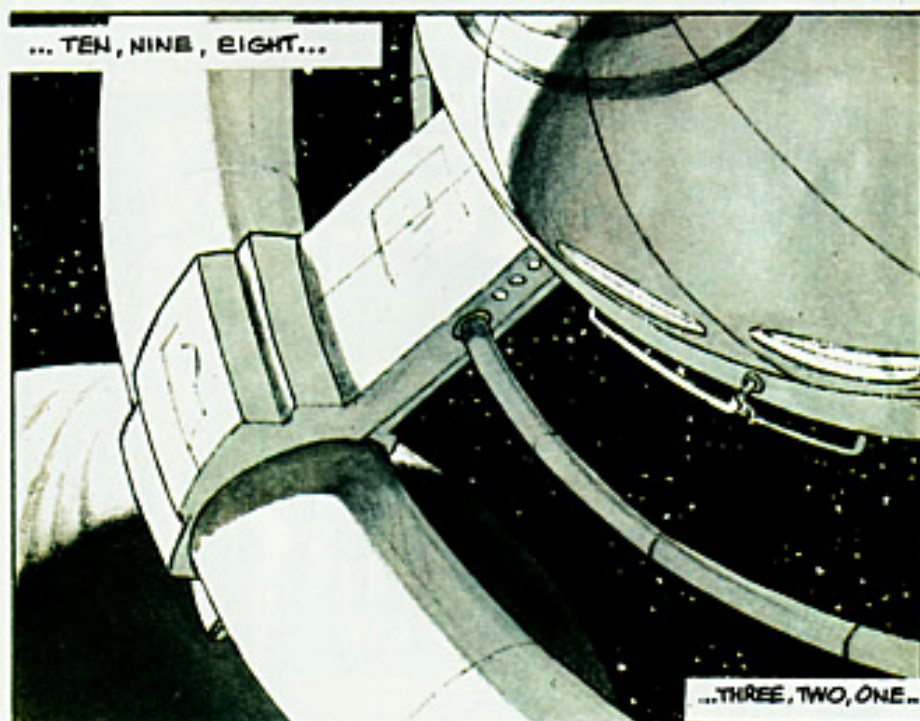
FLEBO.
THE EVIL PRIME-MINISTER OF THE EMPIRE OF SATURN IS IN FAVOR OF INVADING AND ENSLAVING EARTH, BUT HE GIVES IN TO REBEK, ONE OF THE BIG SHOTS IN THE GALACTIC COOPERATION SOCIETY, A VERY INFLUENTIAL NEUTRAL PEACE ORGANIZATION. FLEBO DECIDES TO GIVE IN UNTIL THE ELECTIONS TO TZEPS FROM THEN.



STORKELNAZO! RANKISEROR!
(O.K. BUT IF TALK DOESN'T WORK, WE'LL USE FORCE.)

BELLYFOLLYBIOGHELAZ!!
(GET THE BIOGELATIN FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION!!)

•• BIOGELATIN IS A BOILING SYNTHETIC MAGMA THAT ONCE COOLED AND MOLDED GIVES SATURNIANS ABOUT A FIVE-YEAR HUMAN PSEUDO-LIFE.



AT THE SAME TIME IN A CAFE
NEAR NAPLES...









ONE THING FOLLOWS ANOTHER
AND...



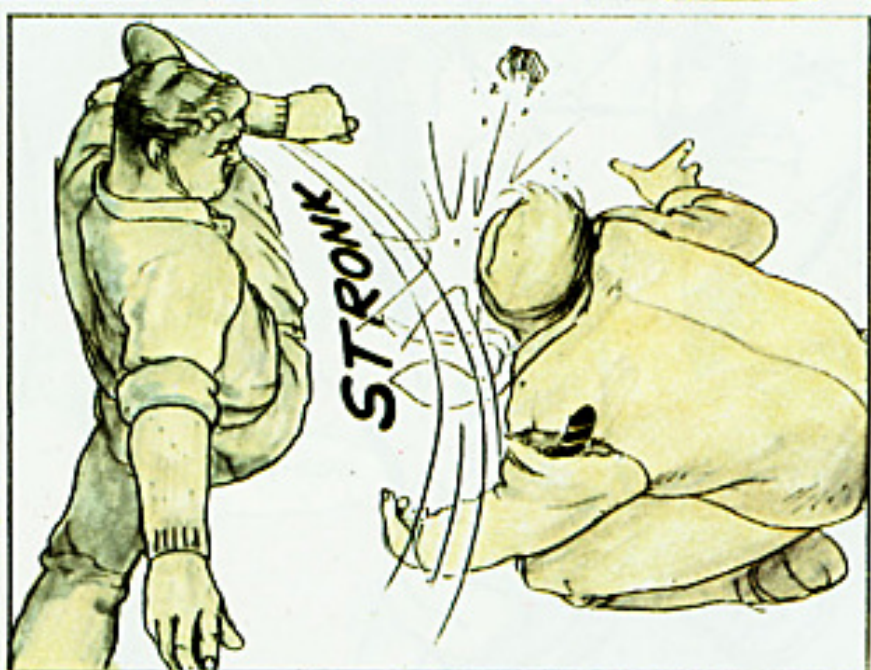
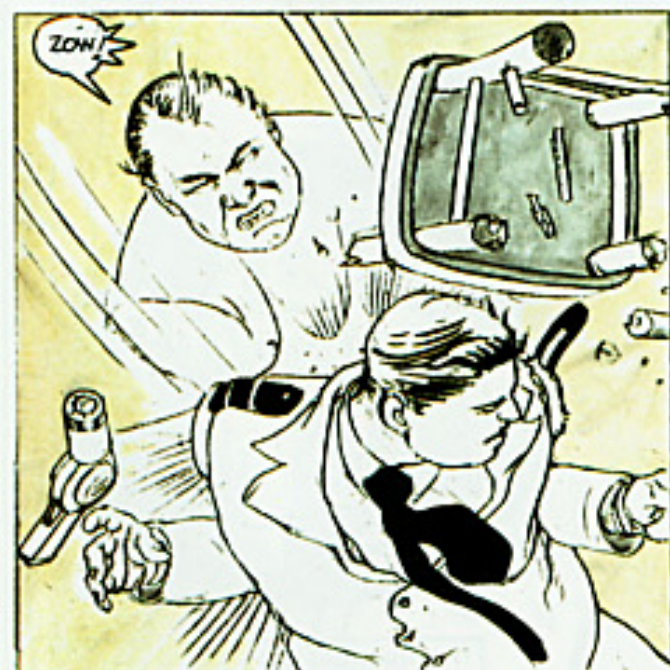
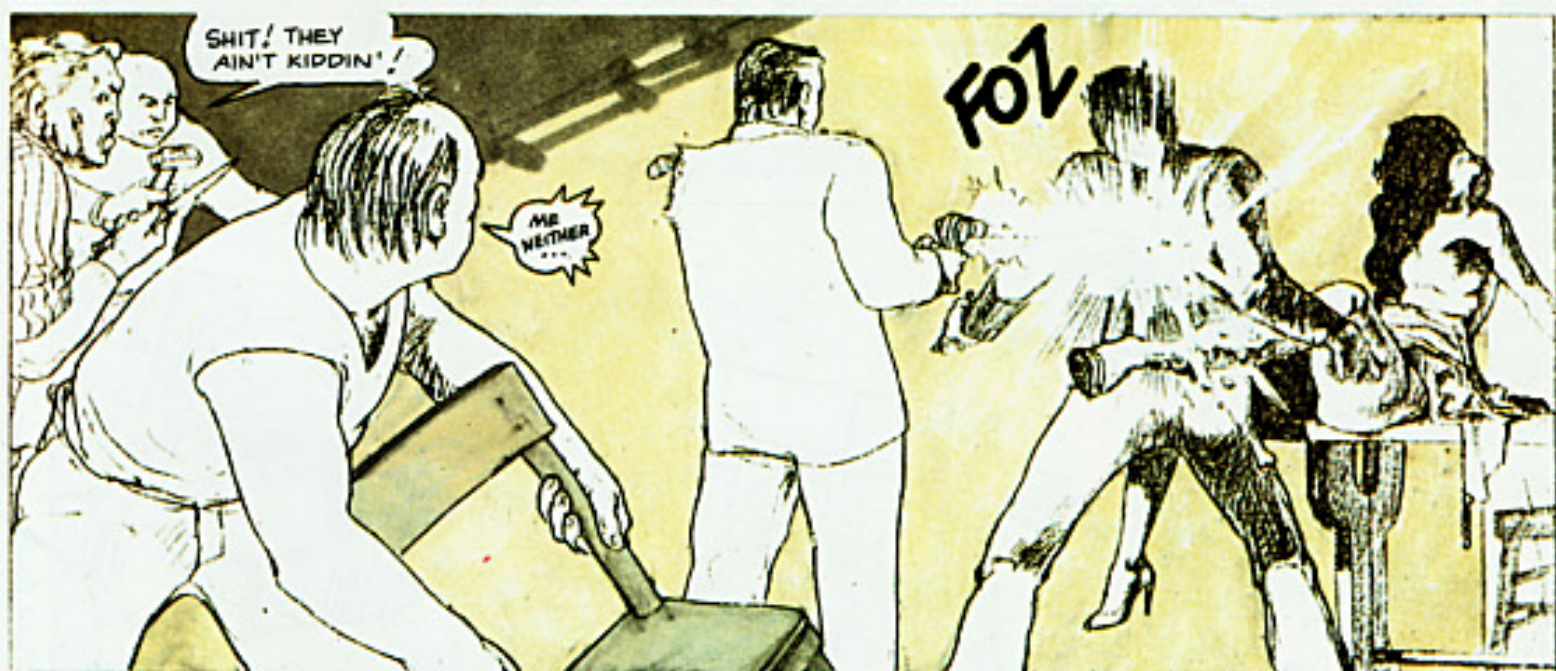
BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! THE
EARTHLINGS AREN'T COOPERATING!!
BURN THEM !!!



TAP! TAP!
TAP!

RIGHT?

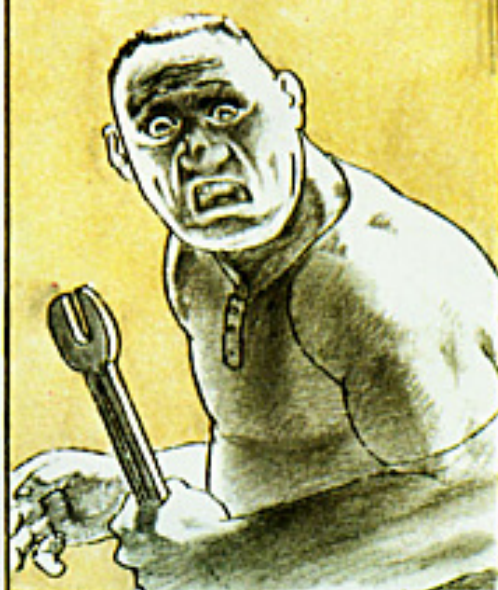




THE SATURNIANS
ARE TRAPPED....



WHO'S BEATIN' THE
SHIT OUTTA WHO ?



THE INVASION HAD STARTED...

END OF PART ONE...

the PAROCHIAL TERROR!



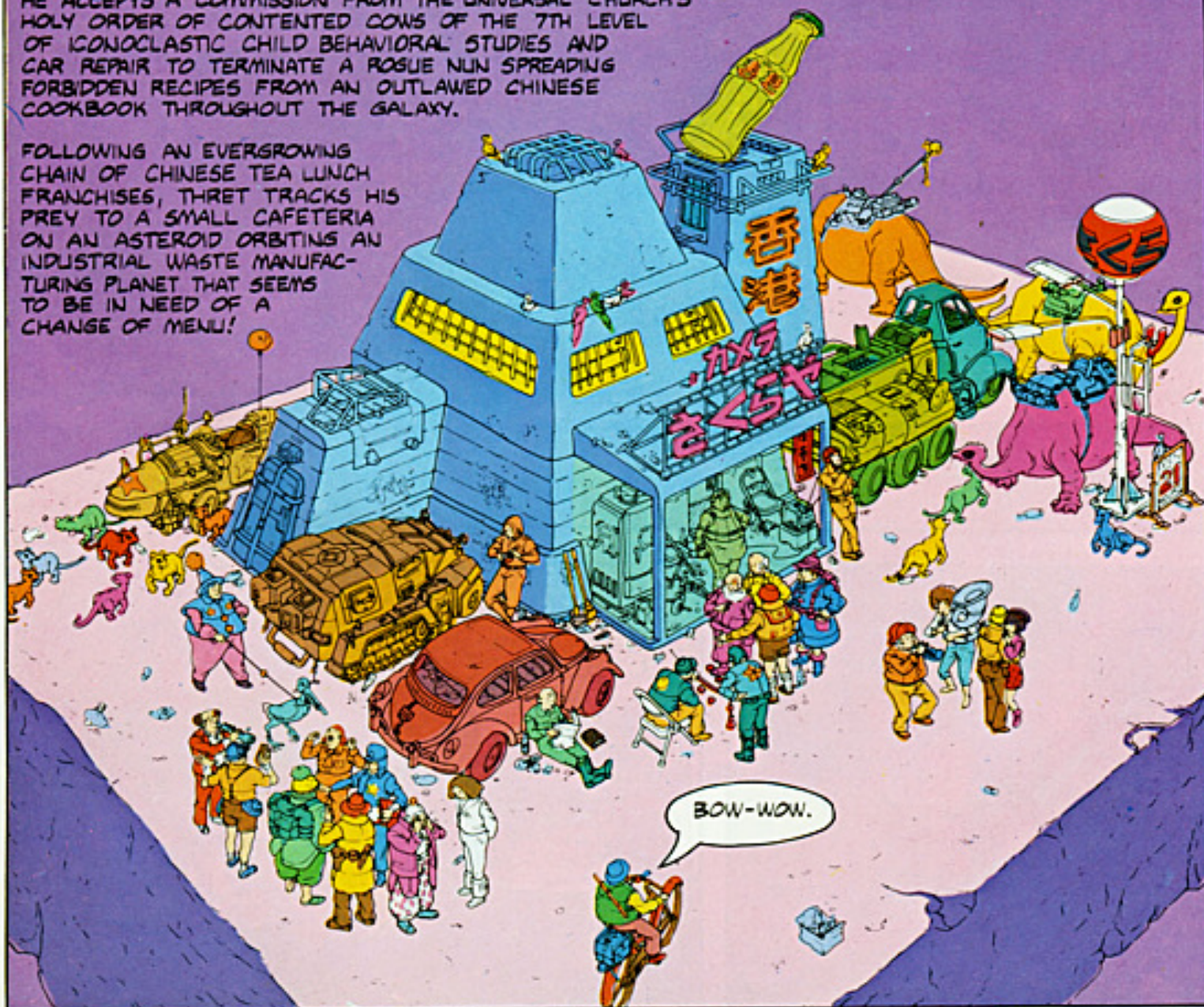
Bourbon THRET

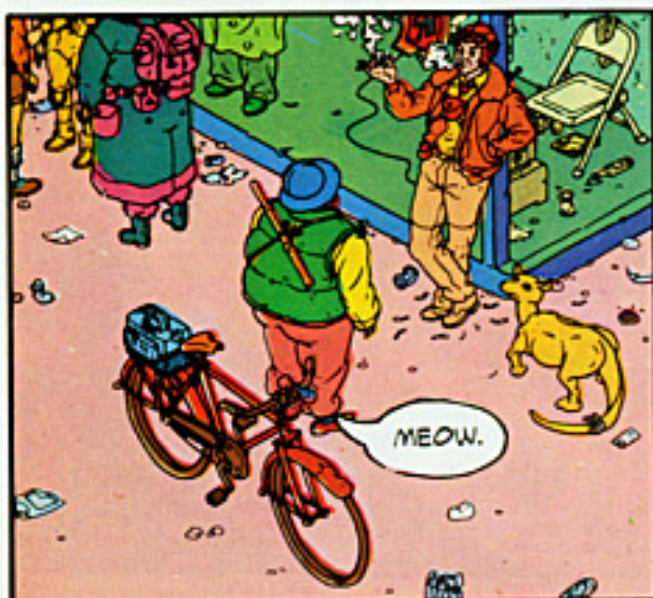
A TEFLON POLYUNSATURATED NUCLEAR BOMB LEFT OVER FROM THE COLA WARS IS ACCIDENTALLY DETONATED BY ESTROGEN MINERS WORKING BENEATH BOURBON THRET'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAMAGING THE REPRODUCER HEAD AND BROWN ARTIFICIAL LEATHER COVERING OF HIS PORTABLE 3 SPEED SILVERTONE PHONOGRAPH!!!

UNABLE TO PLAY HIS COMPLETE SET OF "ROOSEVELT SYKES" BLUES RECORDINGS, WHICH HE RECEIVED FOR RESCUING A 1ST EDITION OF HAROLD ROBBINS' "LONELY LADY" FROM THE BOOKNAPPERS OF THE DEWEY-DECIMAL SYSTEM, HE IS FORCED TO TAKE TO THE ROADS IN SEARCH OF BOUNTY TO PURCHASE REPLACEMENT PARTS FOR HIS PRIZED PHONOGRAPH.

HE ACCEPTS A COMMISSION FROM THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH'S HOLY ORDER OF CONTENTED COWS OF THE 7TH LEVEL OF ICONOCLASTIC CHILD BEHAVIORAL STUDIES AND CAR REPAIR TO TERMINATE A ROGUE NUN SPREADING FORBIDDEN RECIPES FROM AN OUTLAWED CHINESE COOKBOOK THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

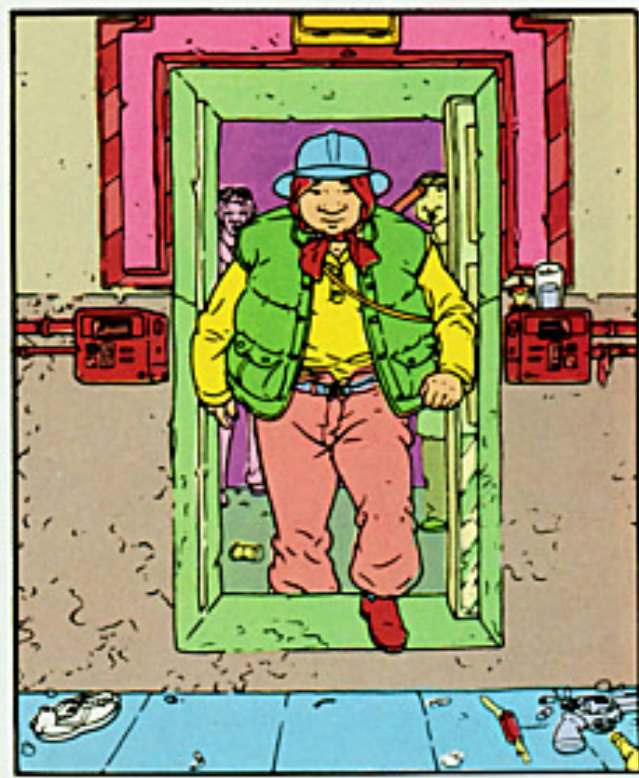
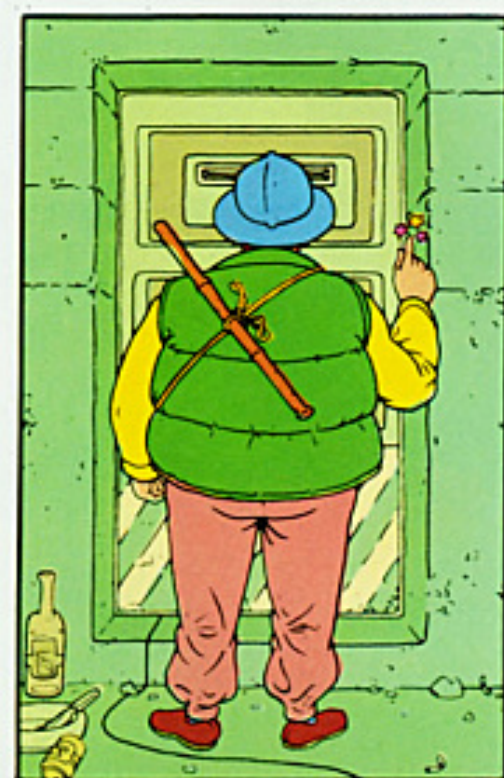
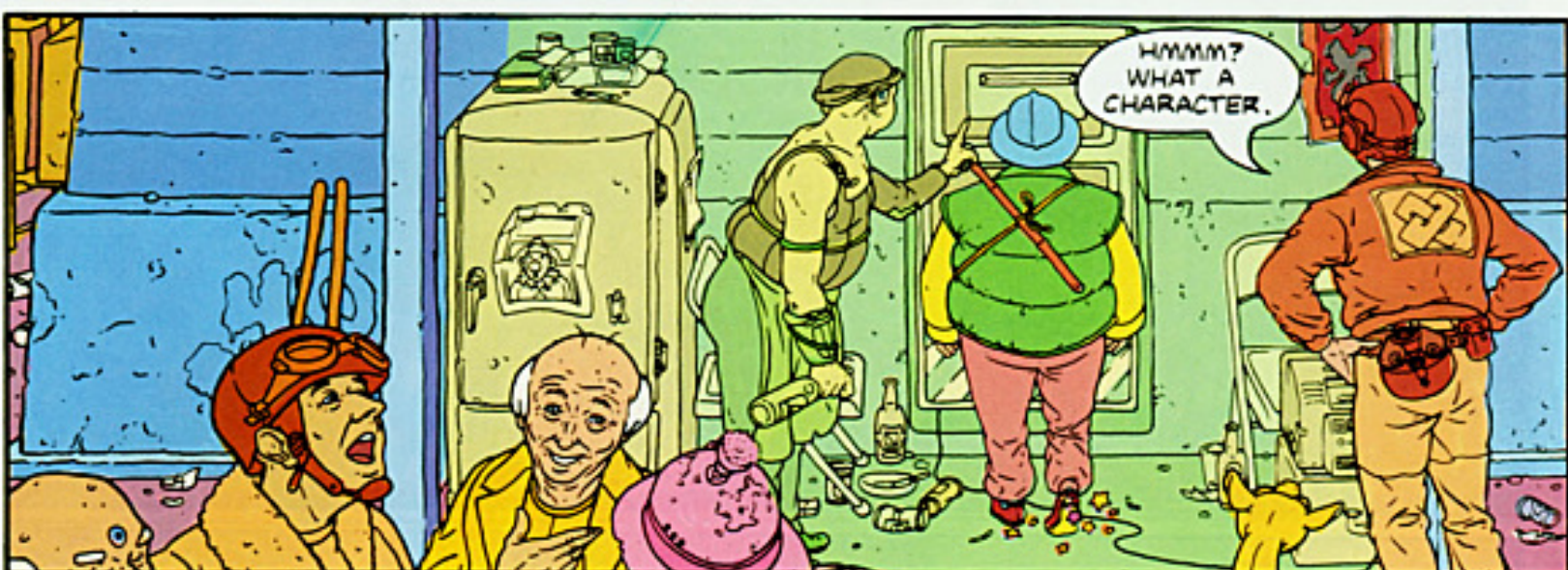
FOLLOWING AN EVERGROWING CHAIN OF CHINESE TEA LUNCH FRANCHISES, THRET TRACKS HIS PREY TO A SMALL CAFETERIA ON AN ASTEROID ORBITING AN INDUSTRIAL WASTE MANUFACTURING PLANET THAT SEEMS TO BE IN NEED OF A CHANGE OF MENU!

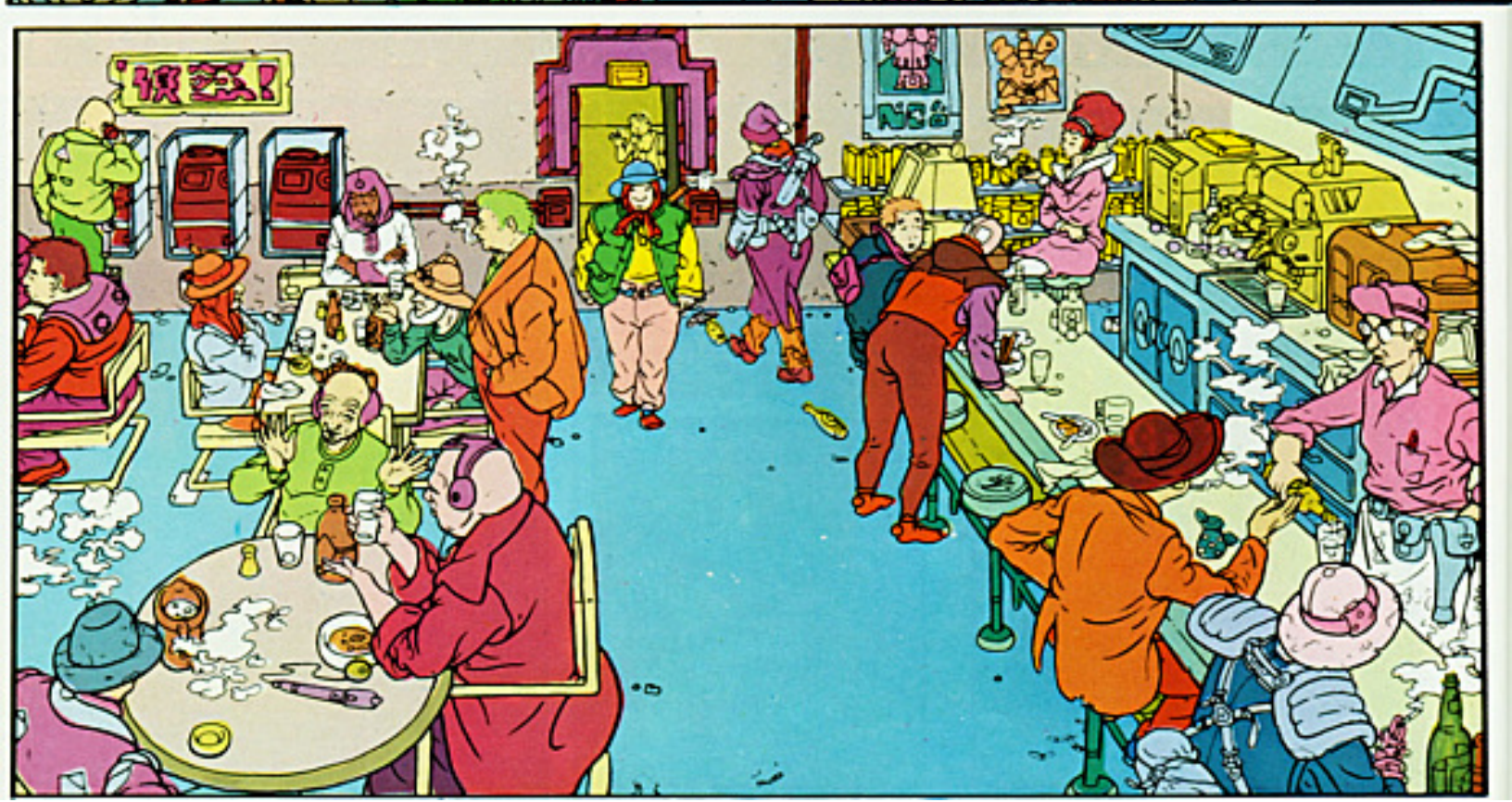
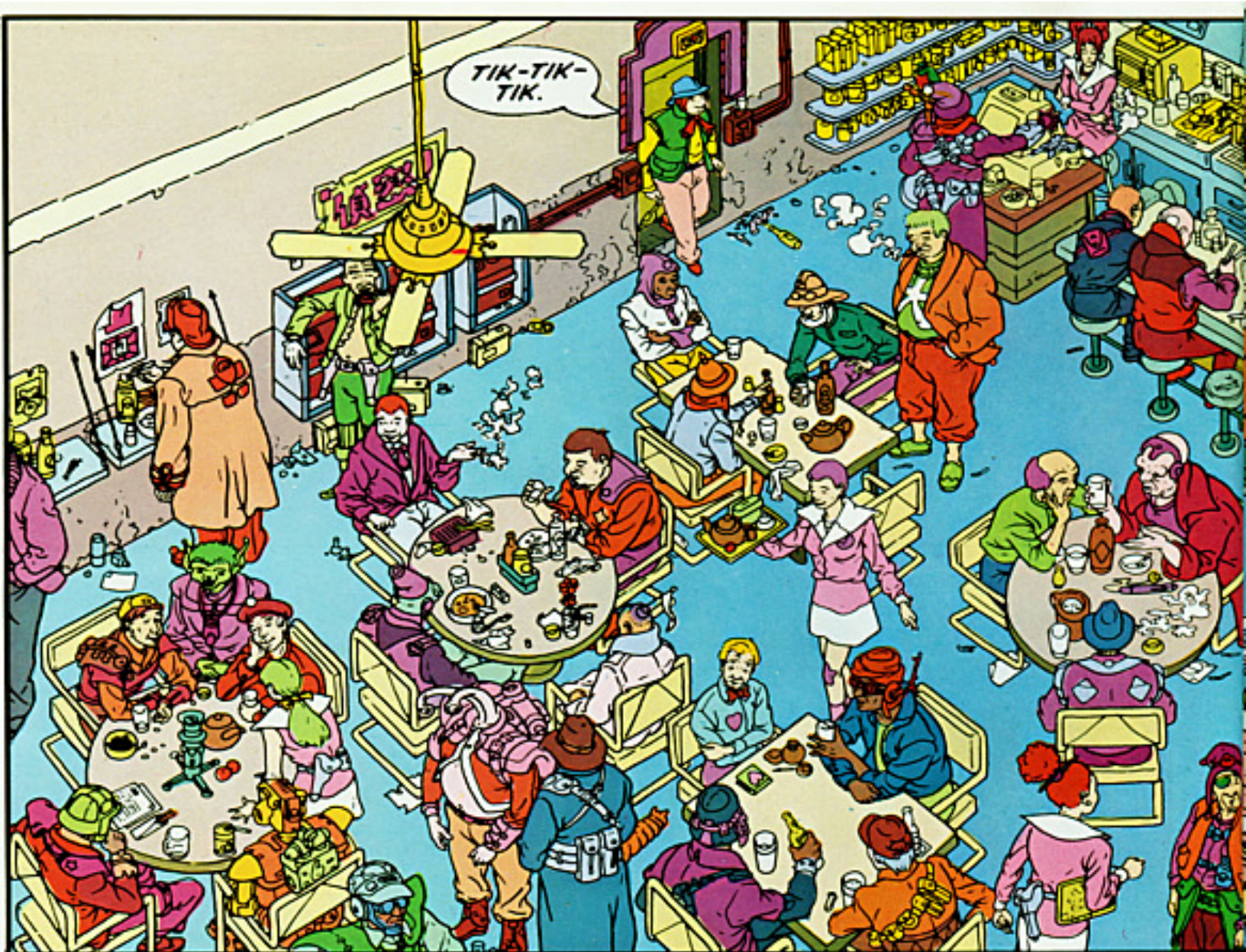


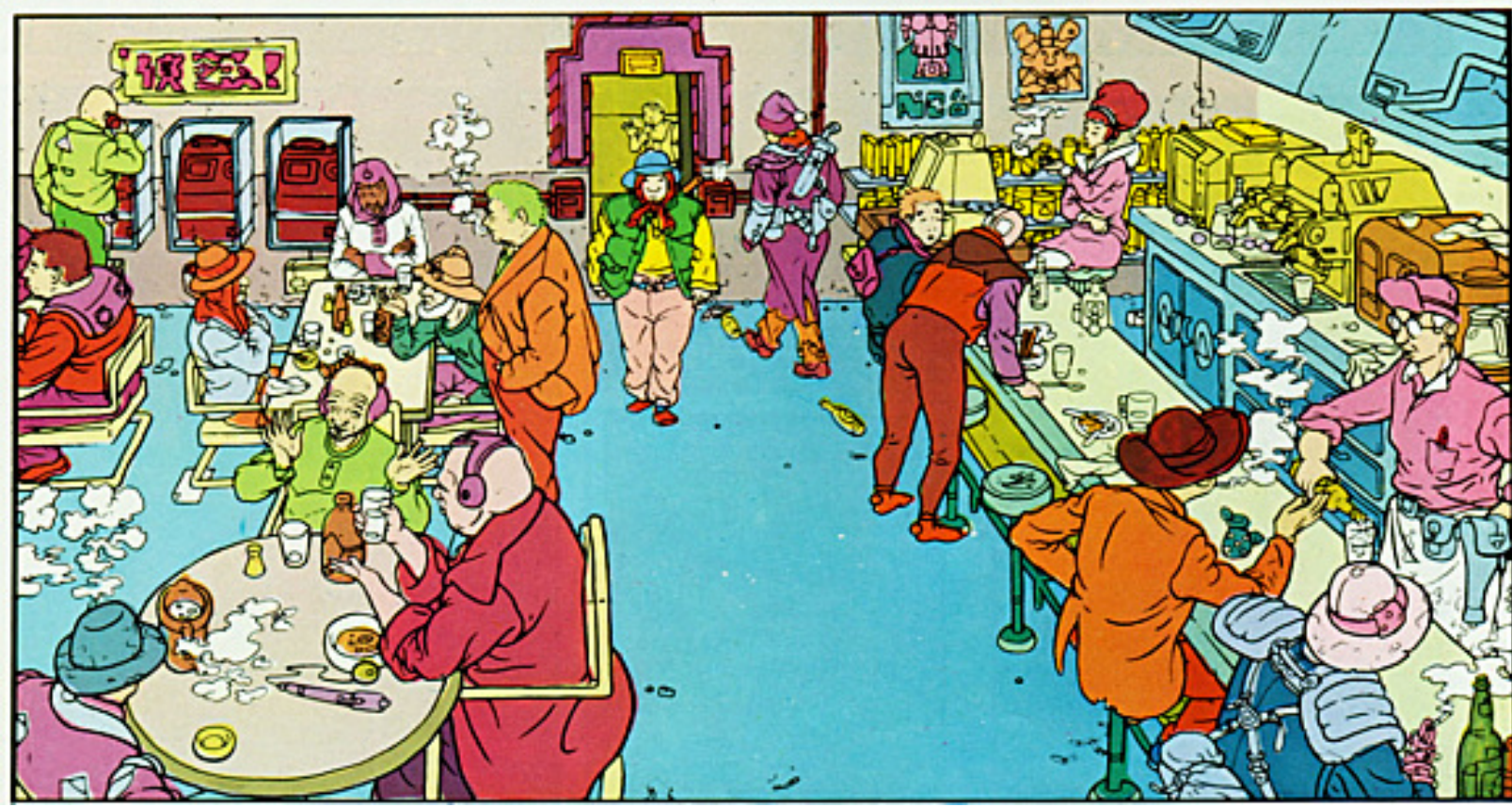
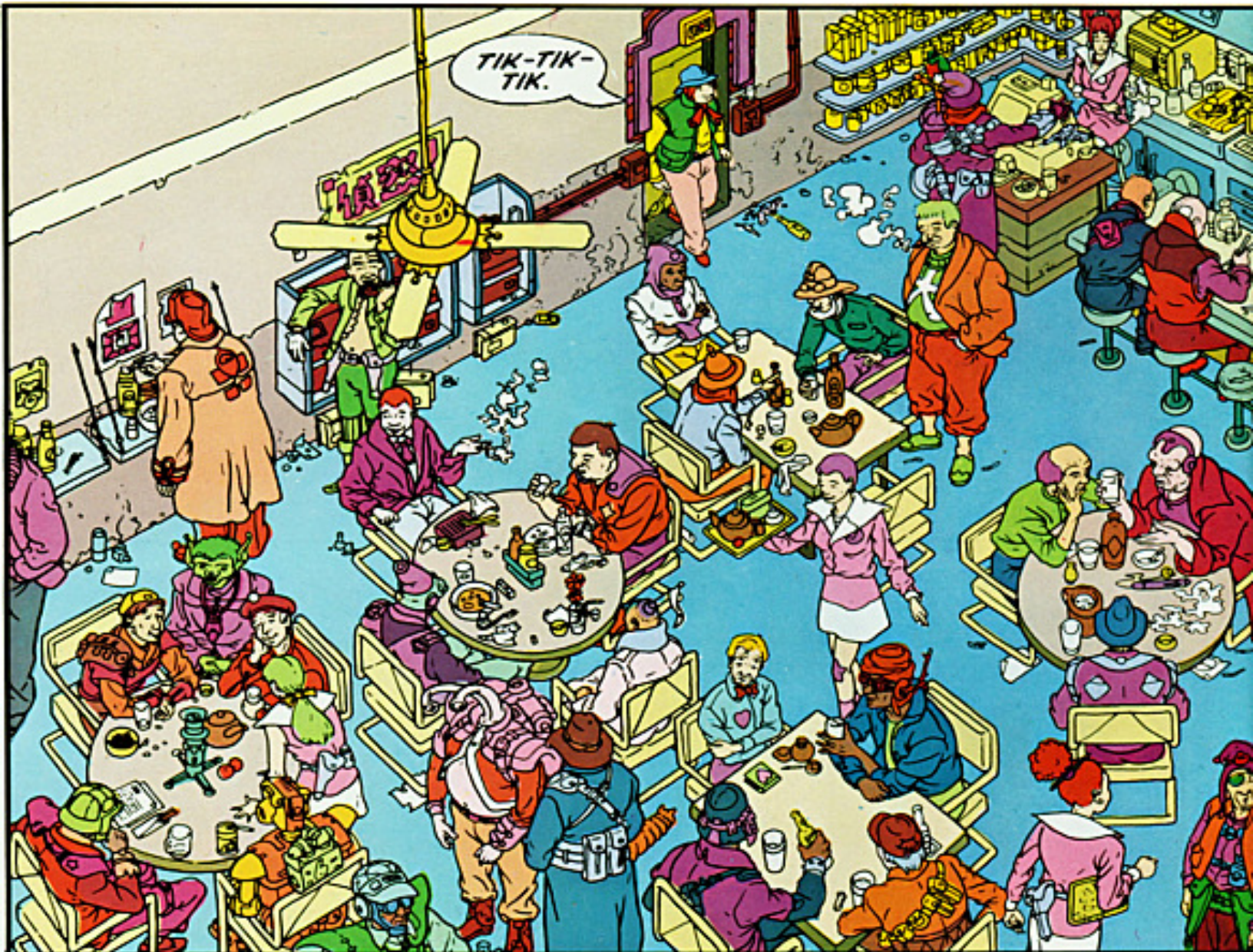


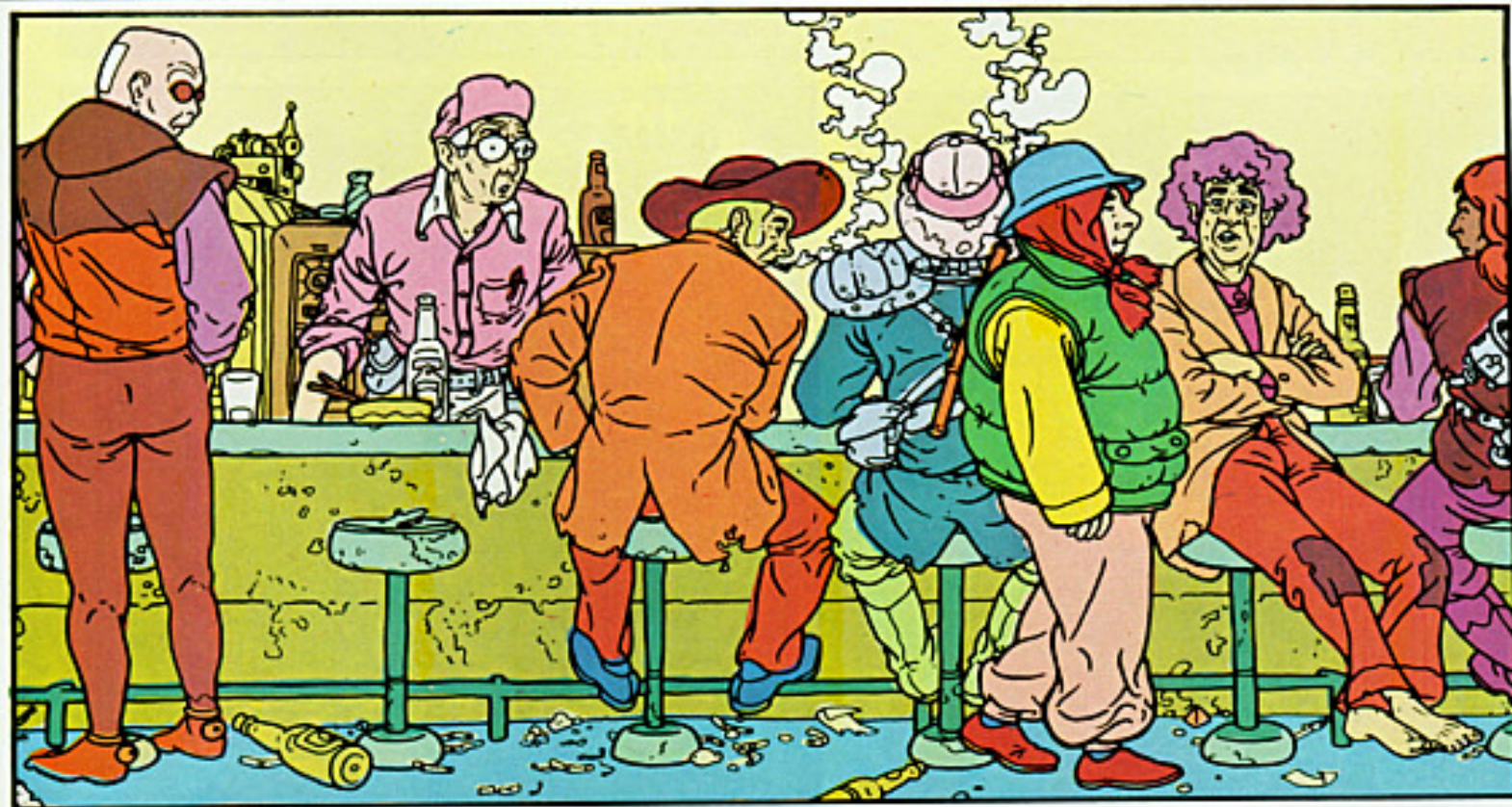
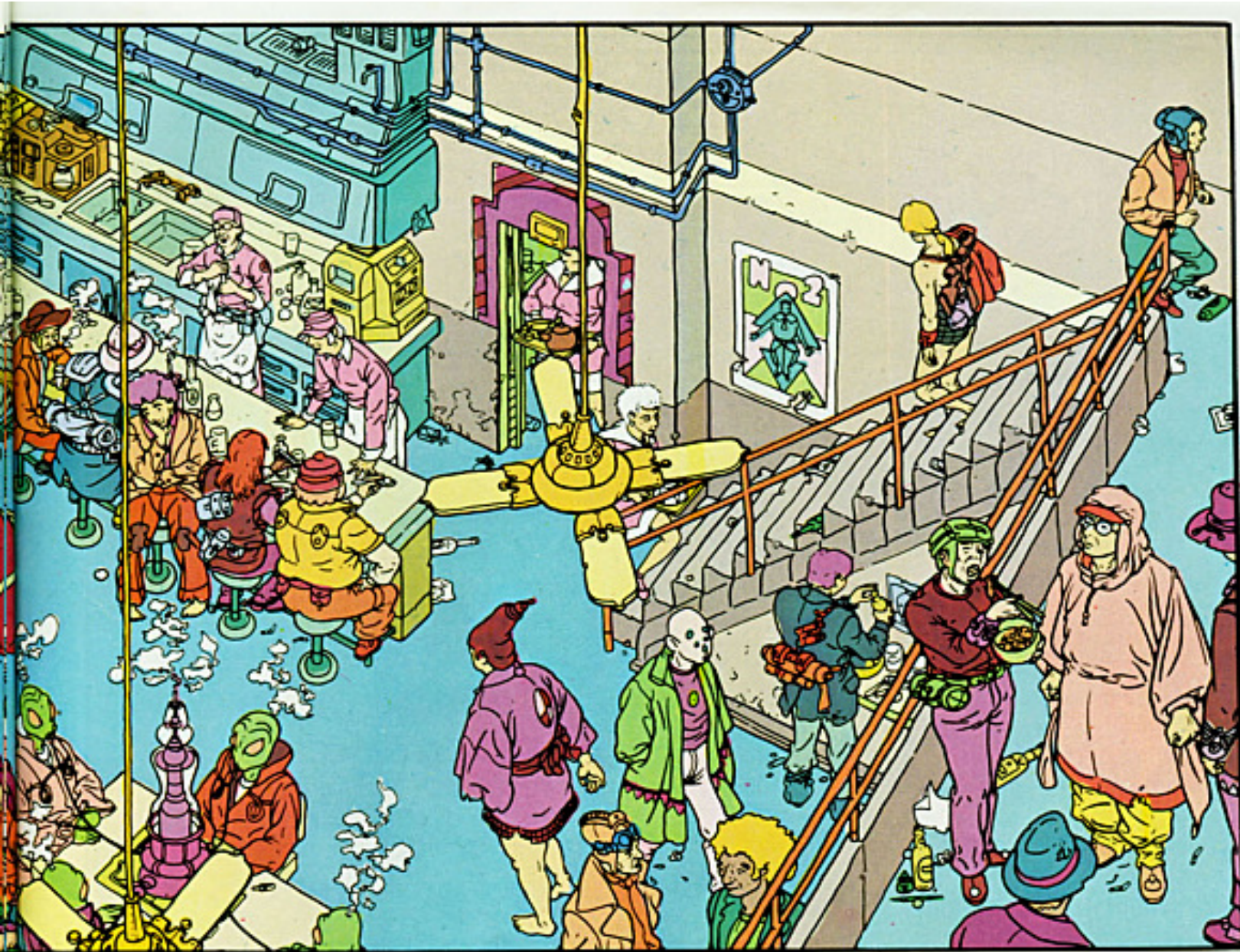
I AM A TWO DIMENSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CLONE OF "SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT" CREATED FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF IDENTIFYING MYSELF FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS PROSCRIBED BY THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH! PLEASE DISCLOSE ALL KNOWLEDGE OF HER WHEREABOUTS AS YOUR COOPERATION IS MAUDATORY! BLESS YOU FOR YOUR HELP.

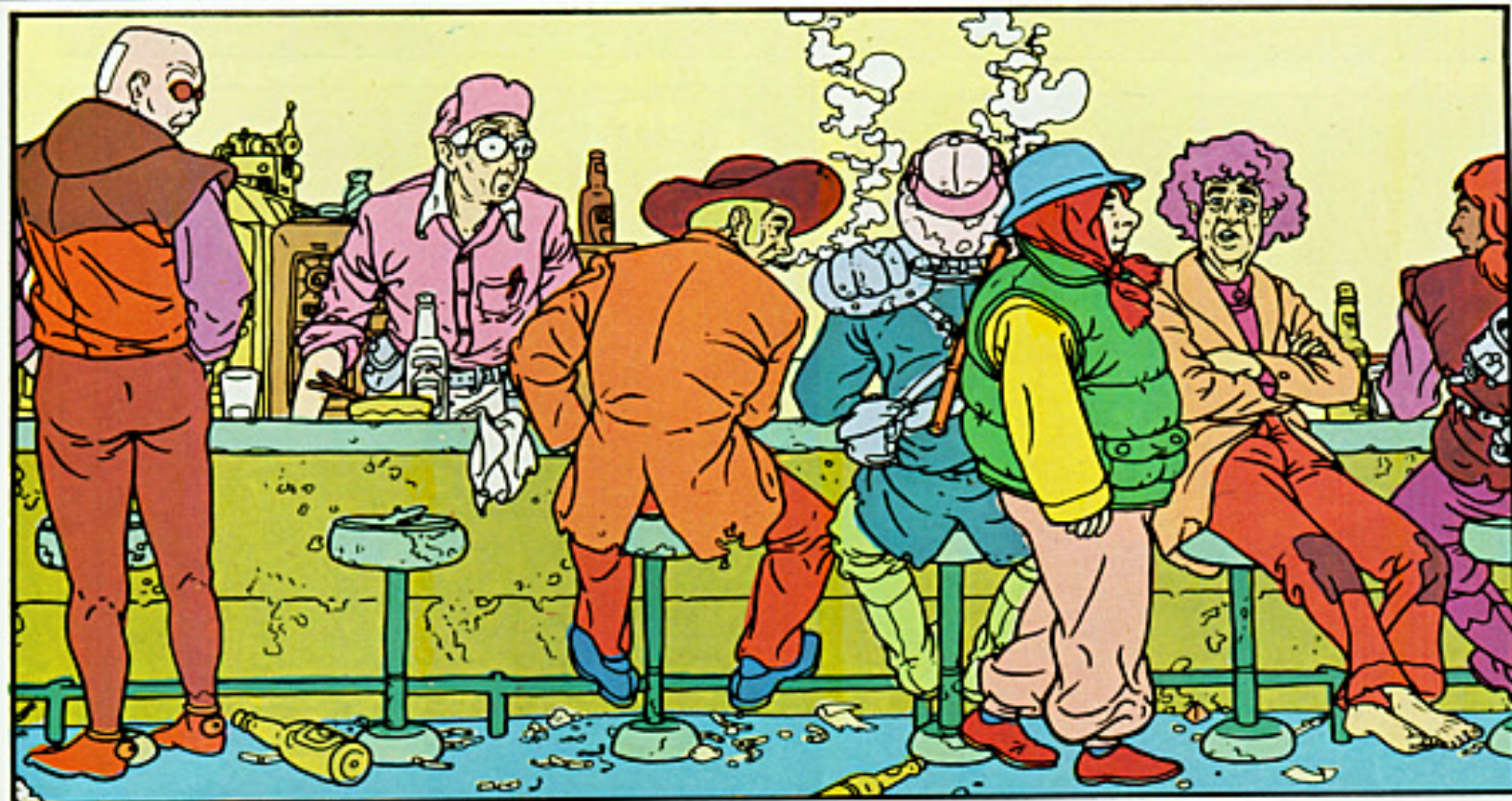
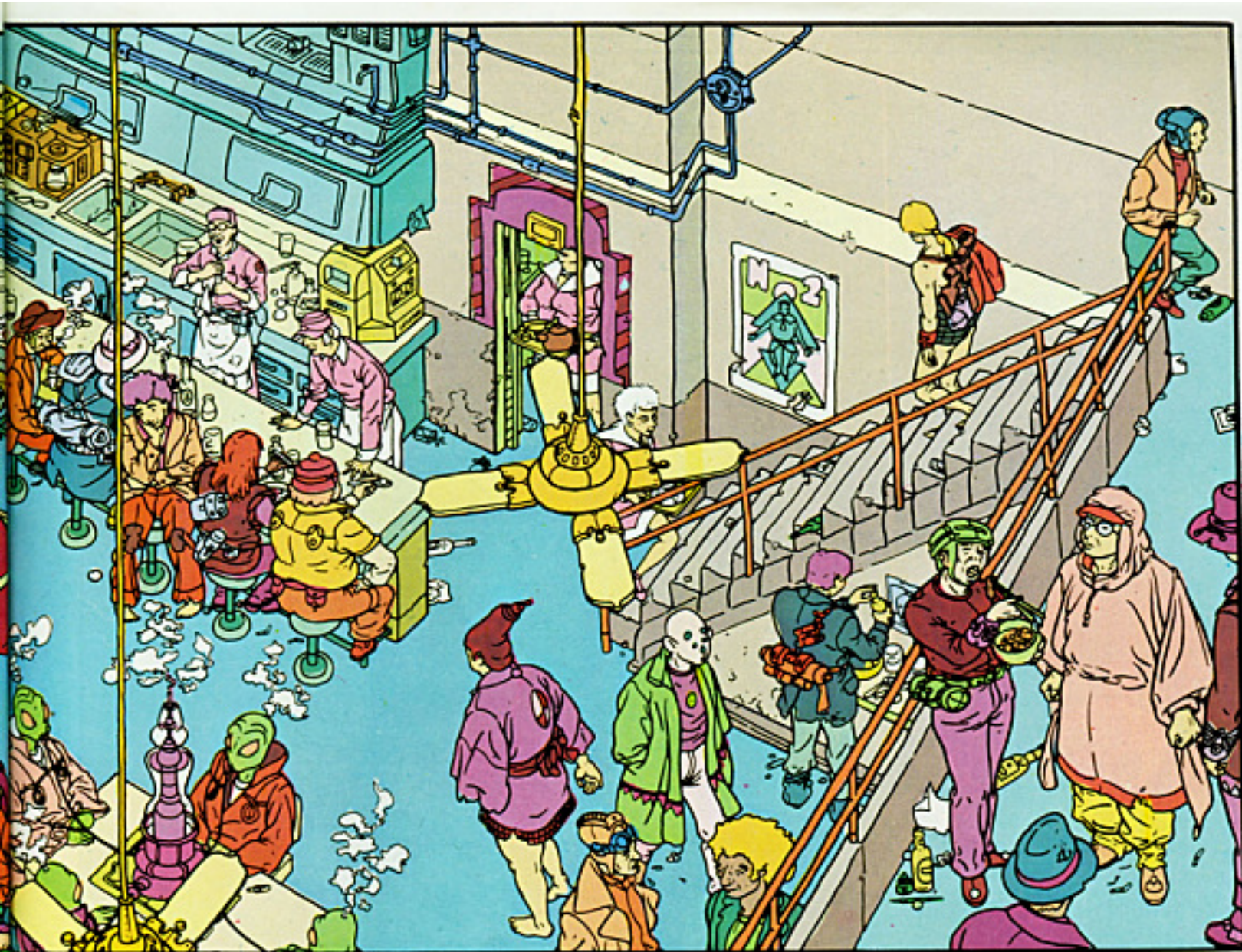






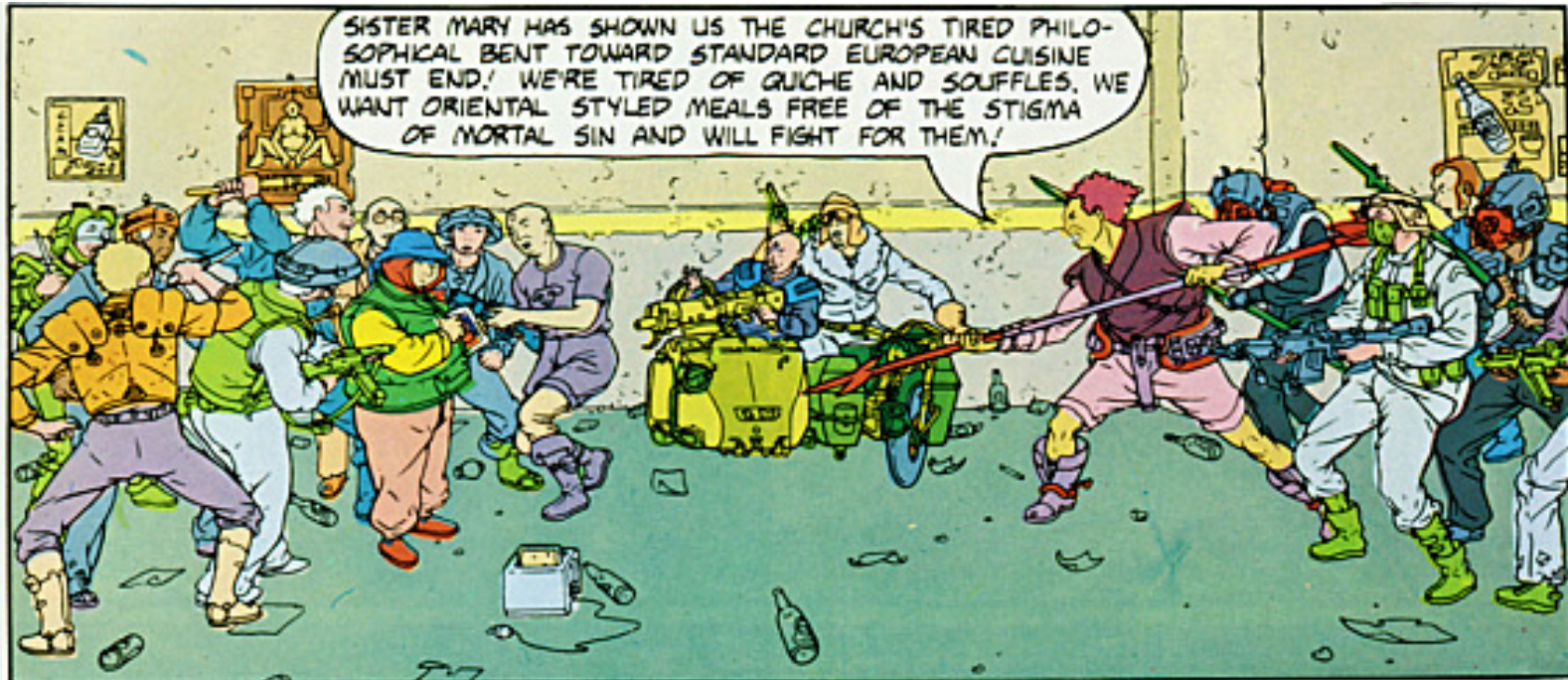


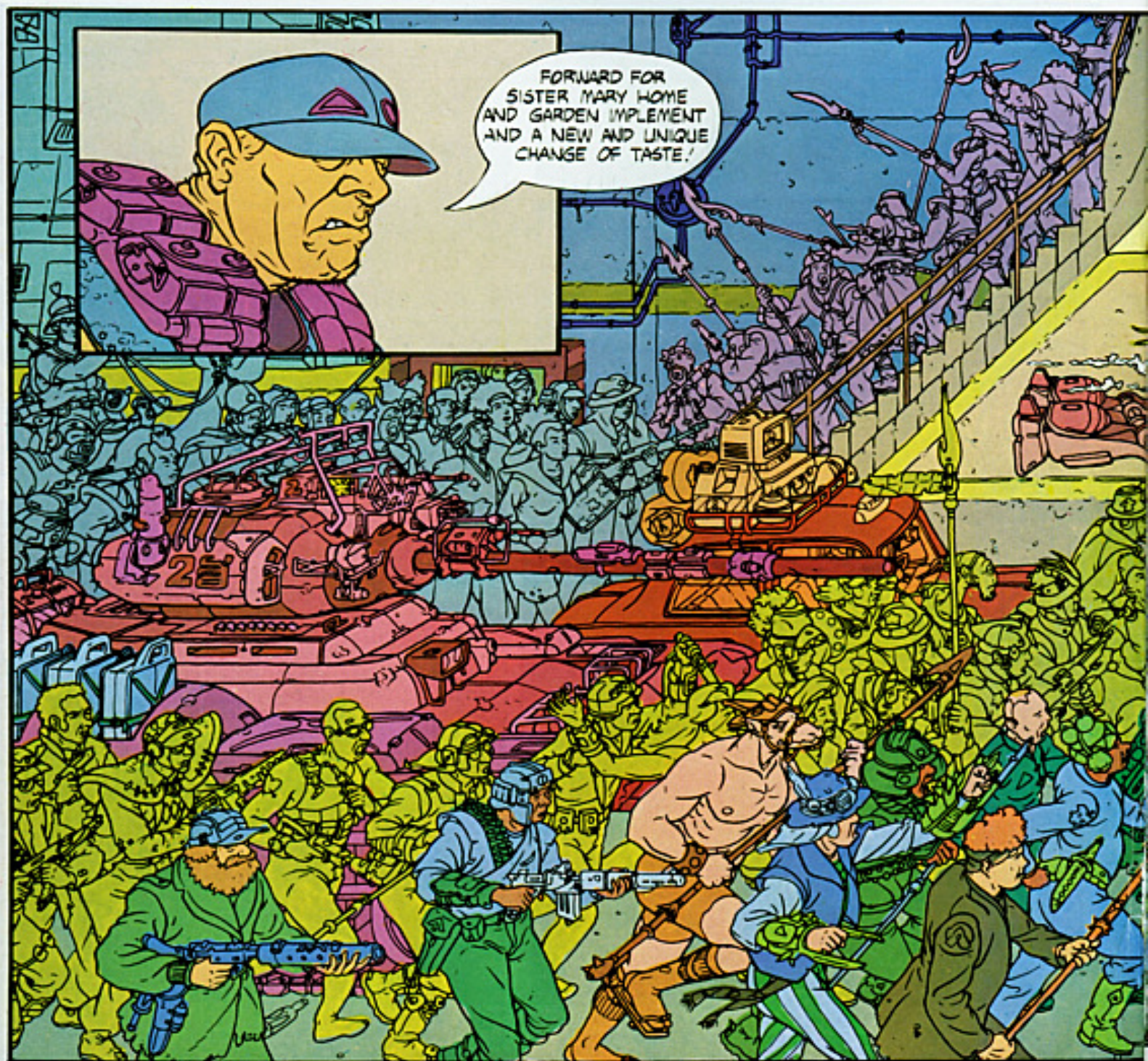
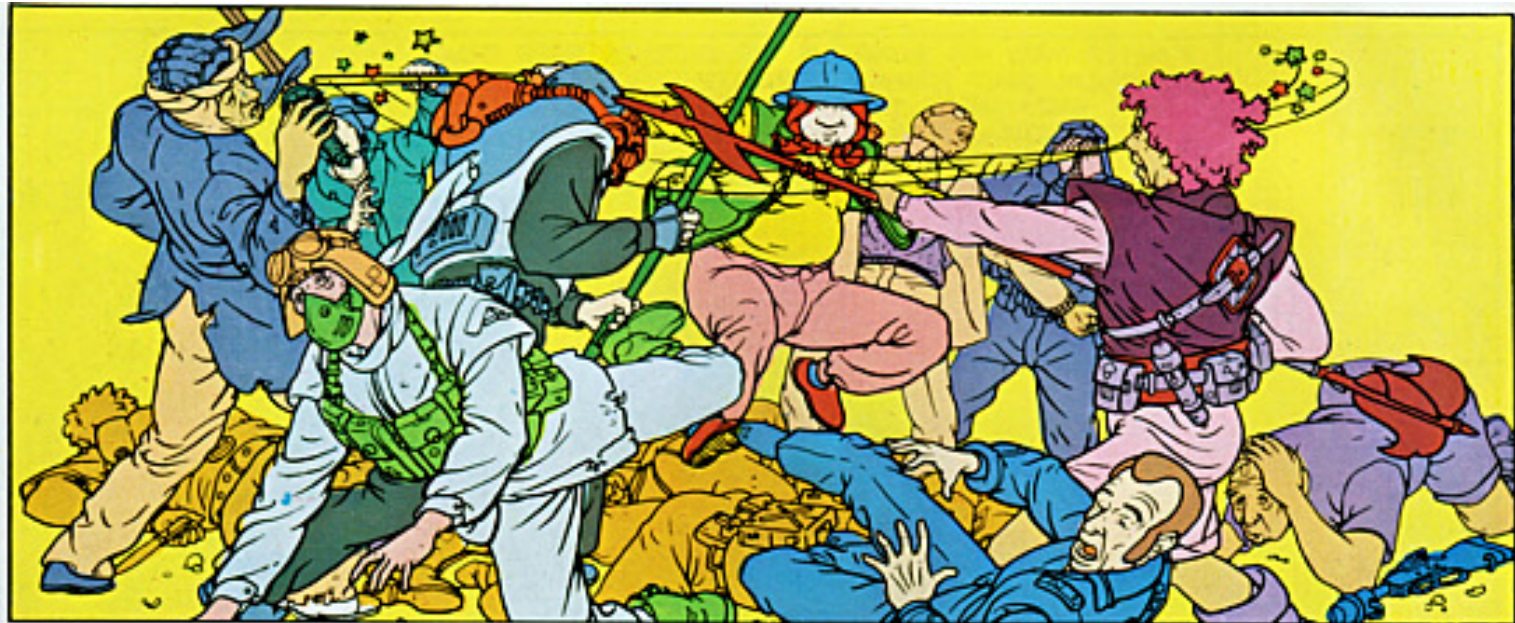


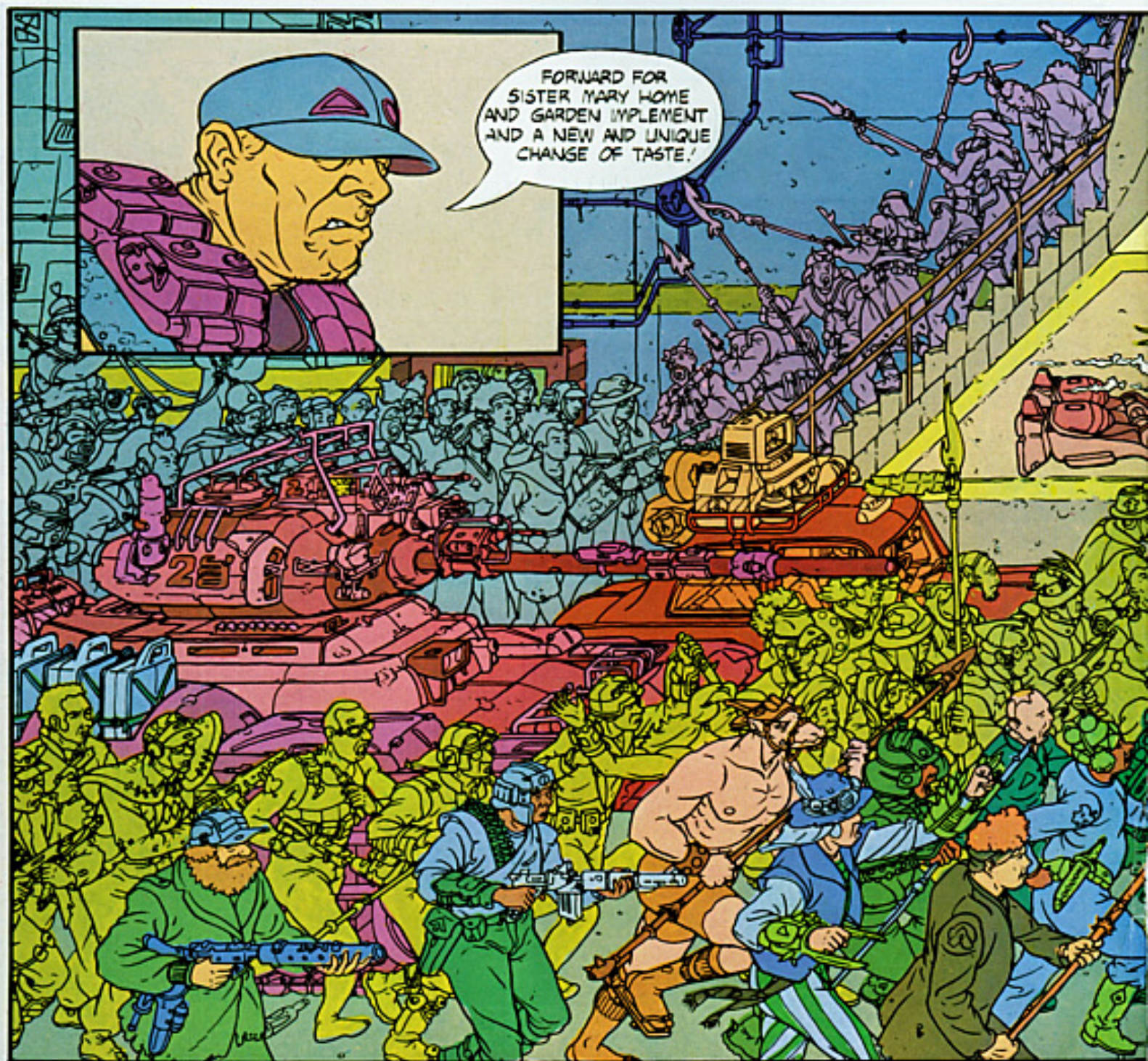
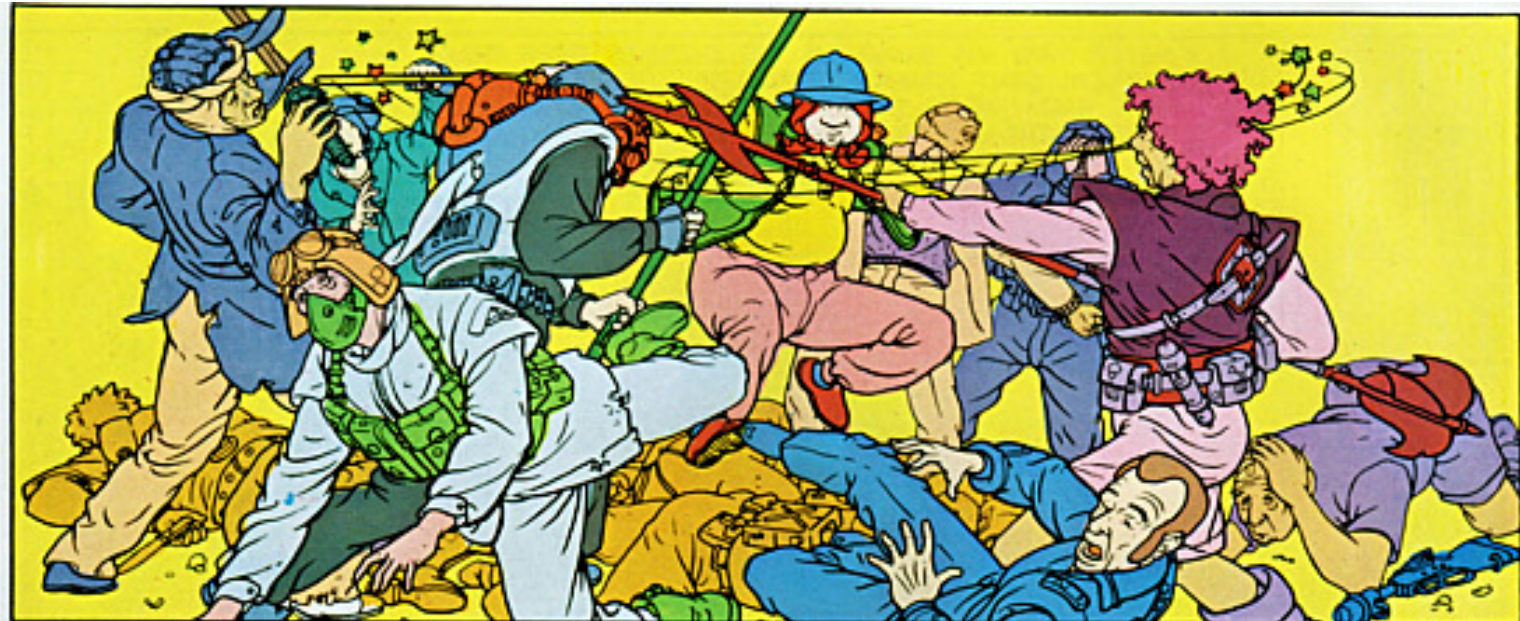


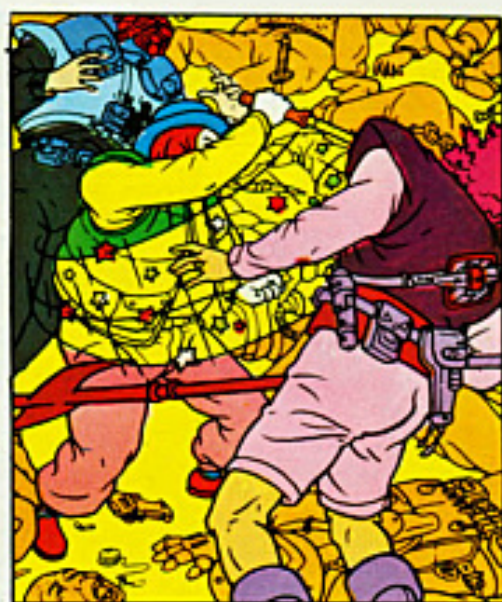


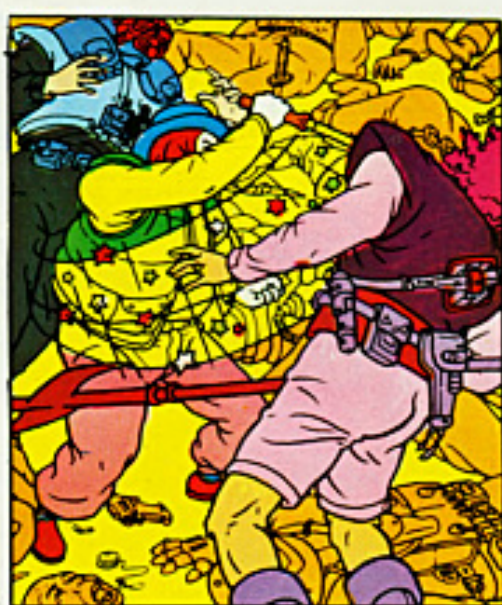
SISTER MARY HAS SHOWN US THE CHURCH'S TIRED PHILOSOPHICAL BENT TOWARD STANDARD EUROPEAN CUISINE MUST END! WE'RE TIRED OF QUICHE AND SOUFFLES. WE WANT ORIENTAL STYLED MEALS FREE OF THE STIGMA OF MORTAL SIN AND WILL FIGHT FOR THEM!









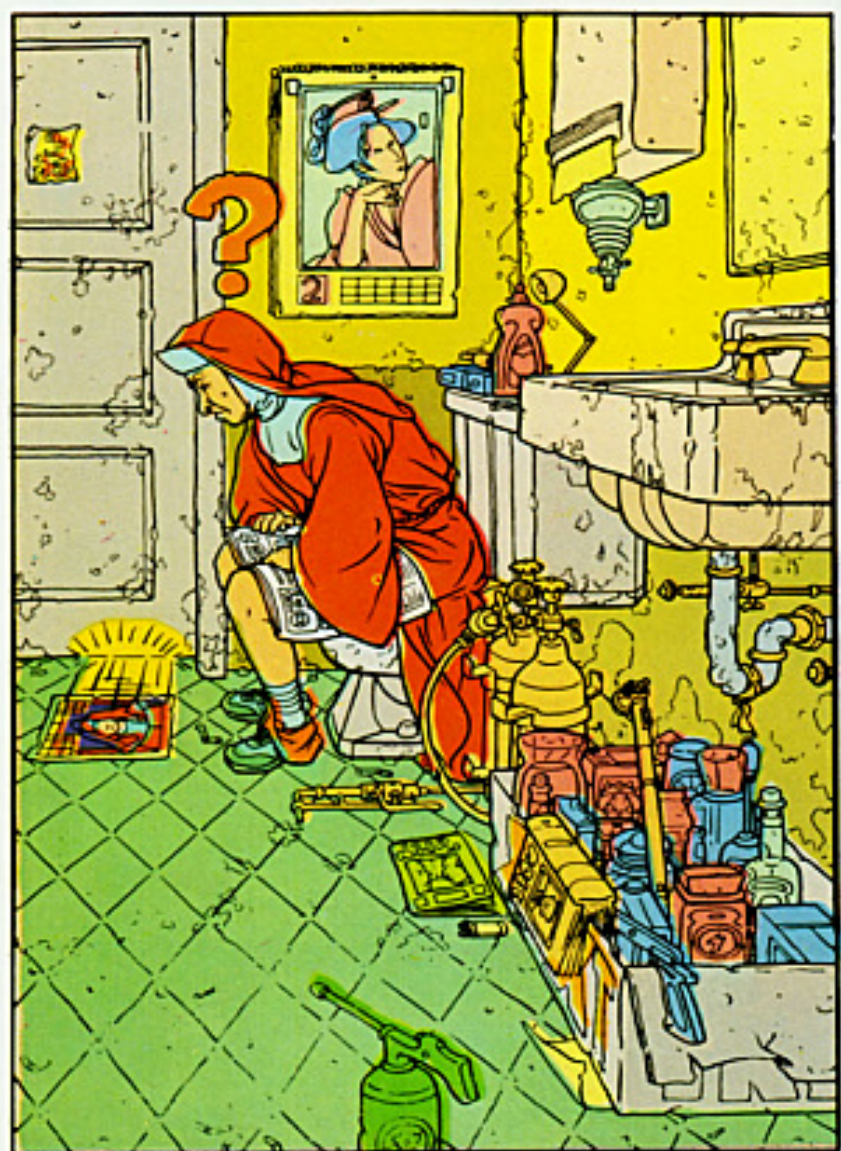


KAT-A-THA-BOOOM!

INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT SEEMS OBVIOUSLY TO THE BATTLE RAGING OUTSIDE HER SANCTUARY.

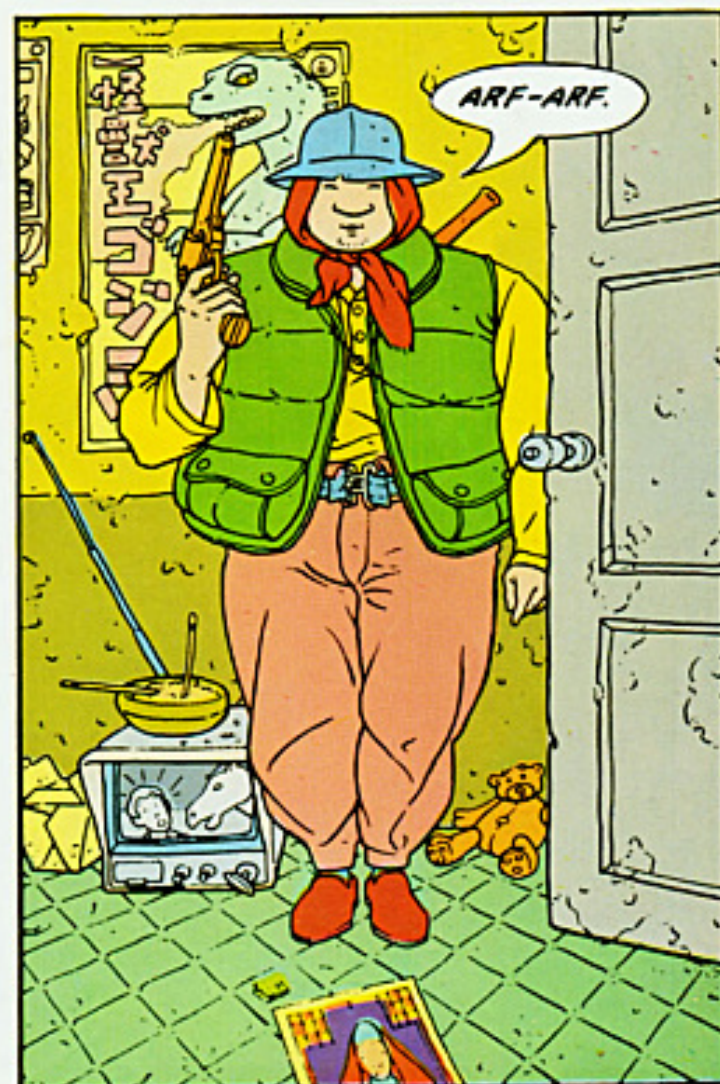
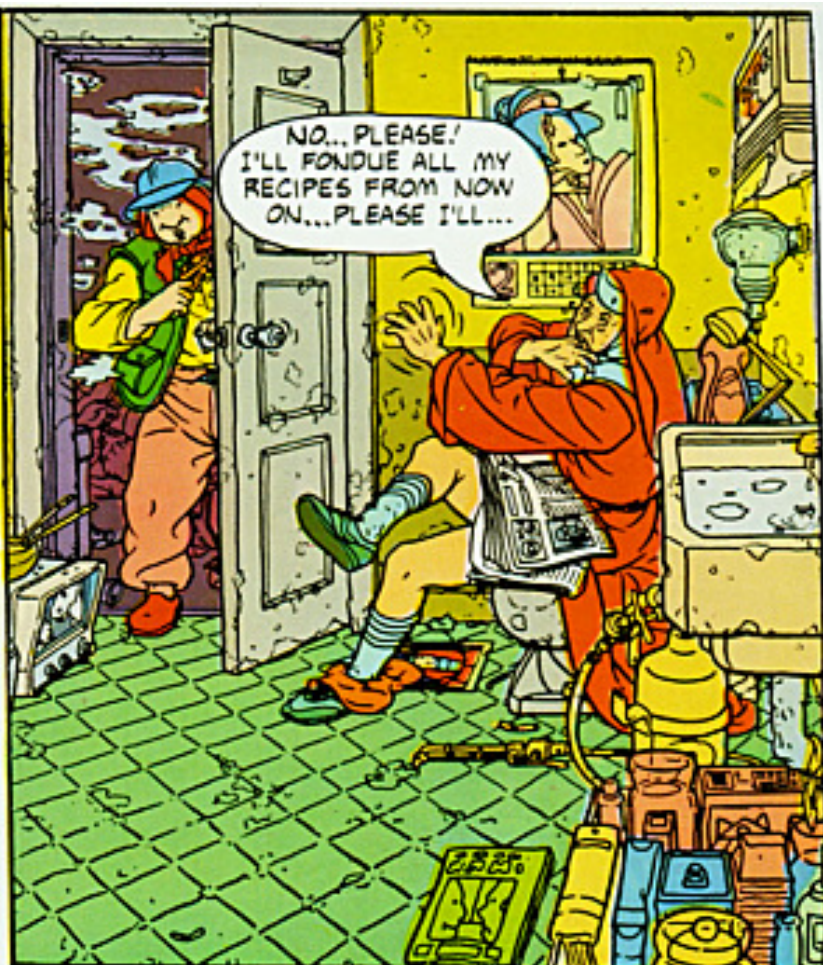


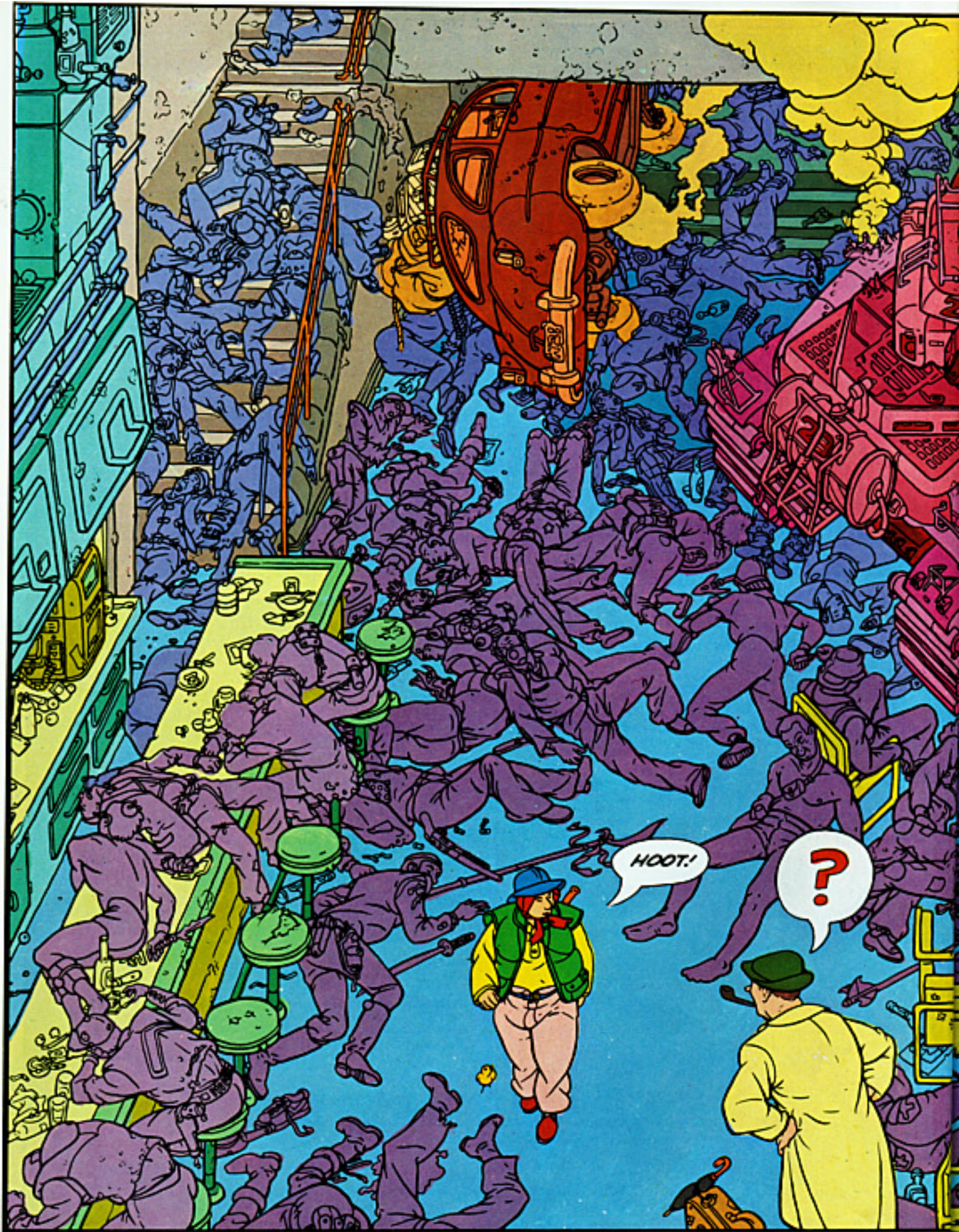
AND THEN THE ABRUPT SILENCE DRAWS SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT'S ATTENTION.

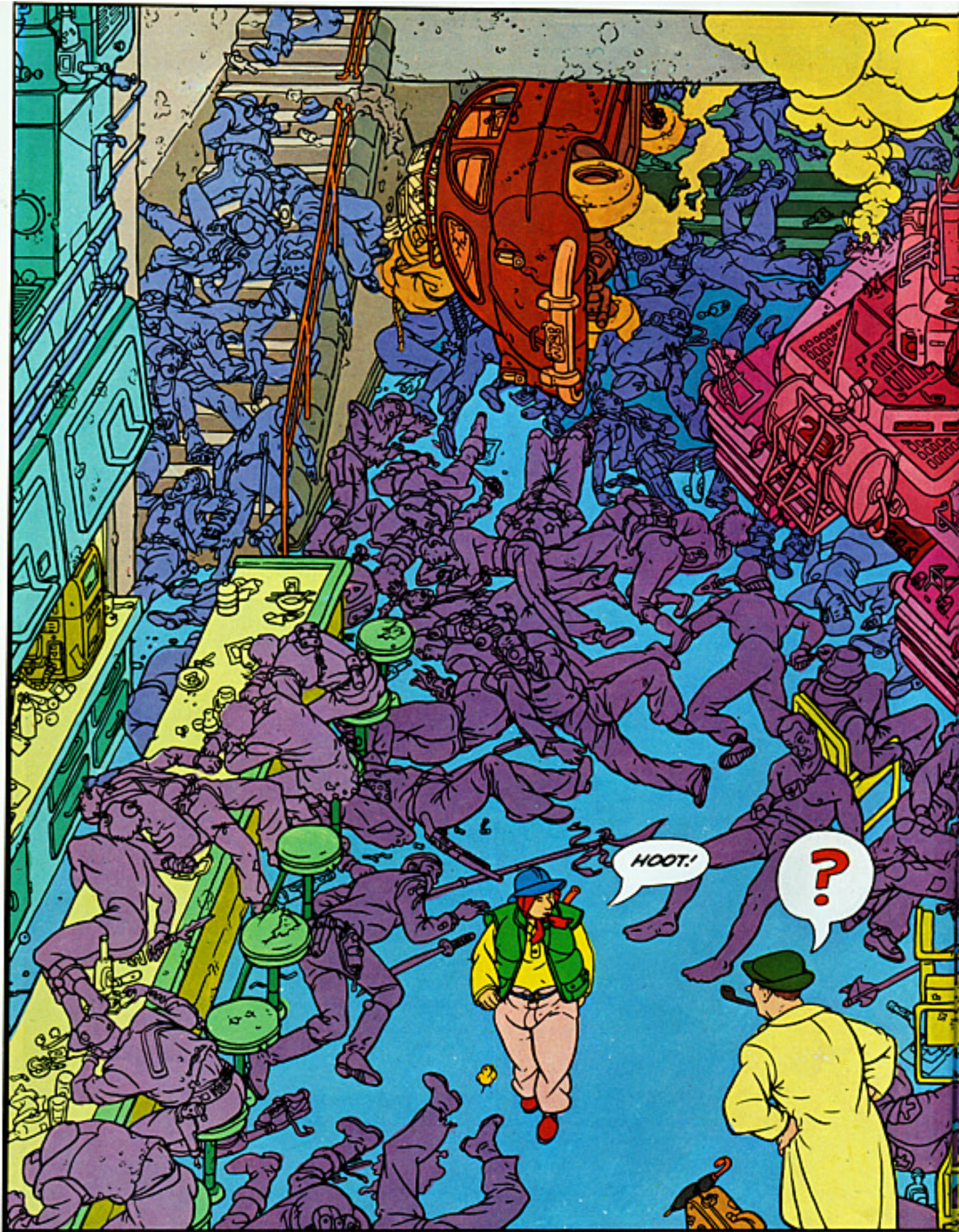


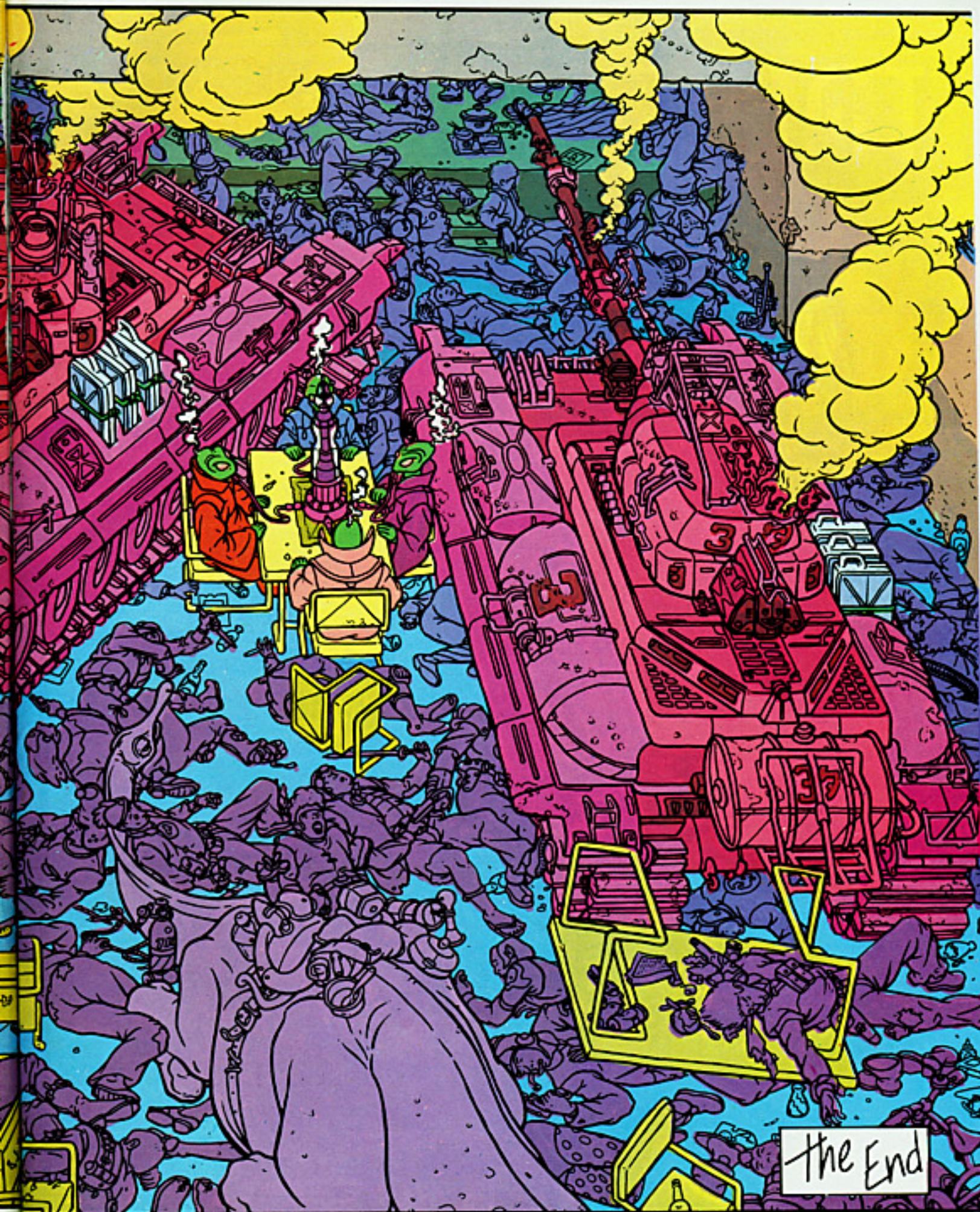
I AM A TWO DIMENSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CLONE OF "SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT" CREATED FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF IDENTIFYING MYSELF FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS PROSCRIBED BY THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH! PLEASE DISCLOSE ALL KNOWLEDGE OF HER WHEREABOUTS AS YOUR COOPERATION IS MANDATORY! BLESS YOU FOR YOUR HELP.



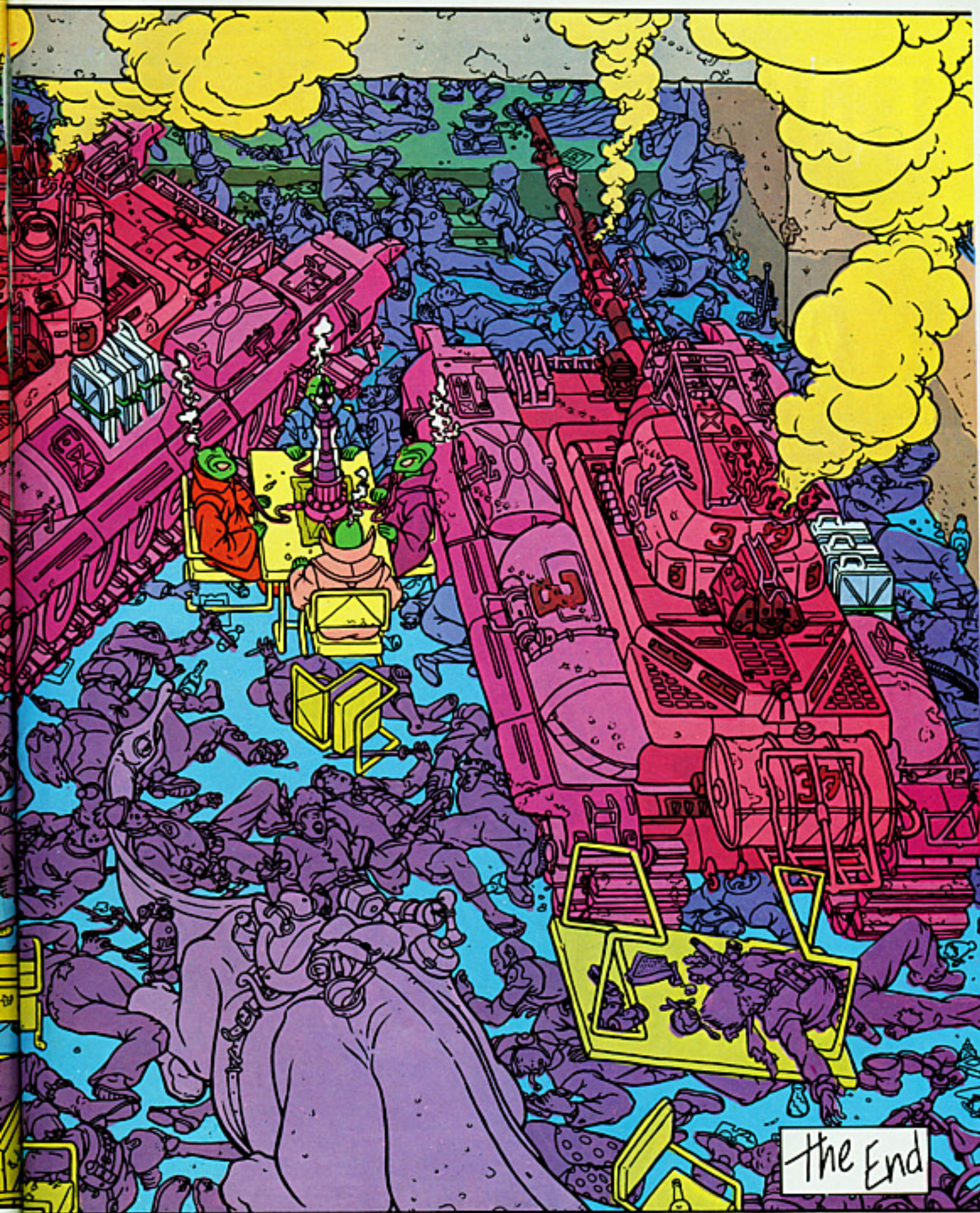








The End



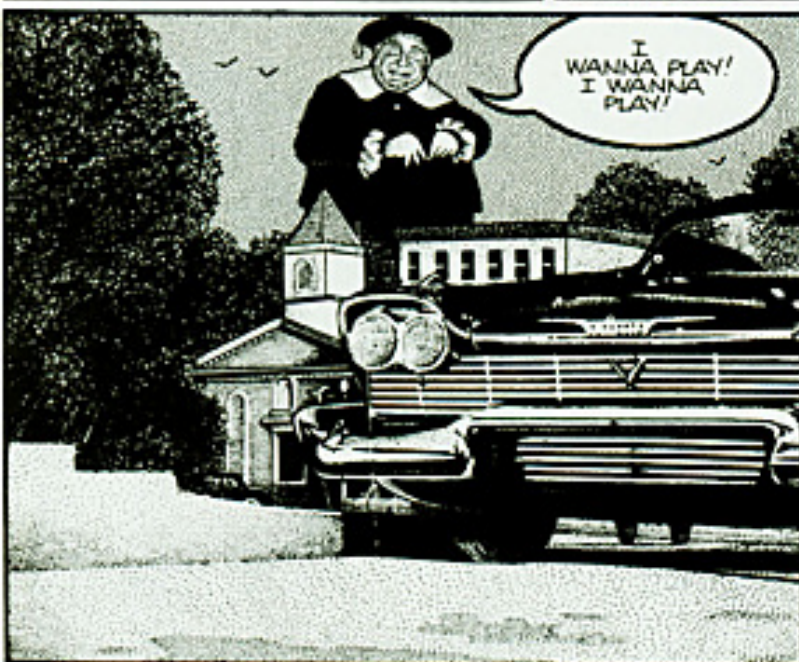
The End

ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT STINKY

SEPTEMBER, 1958...



THE LOCAL BAR...



WATCH OUT! STINKY IS ON THE LOOSE!

I AM A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT. I AM A ...

COMIC ARTIST

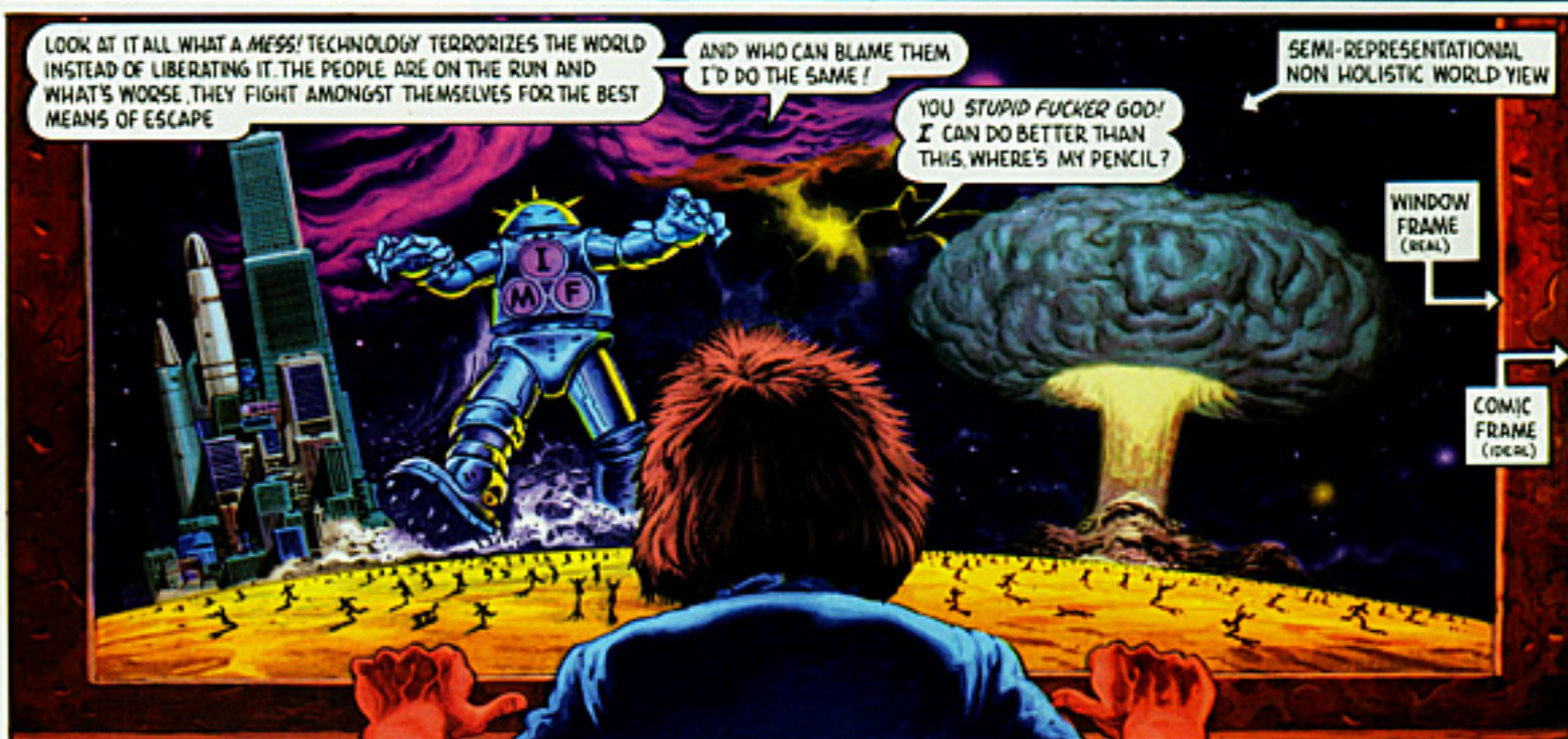
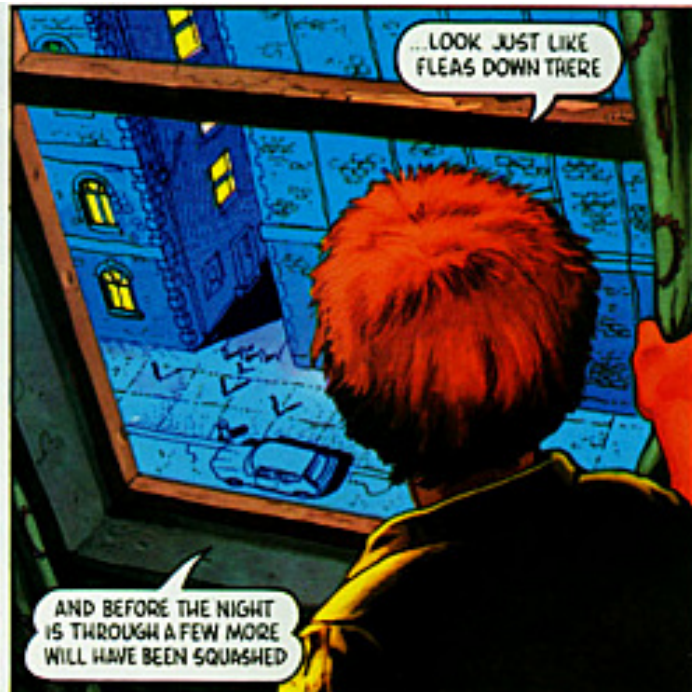


FOLDOUT
SEPARATION
CHART

THE WORLD GOES ROUND...

NO-ONE KNOWS WHAT IT ALL MEANS





SOMEWHERE A LINE **MUST** BE DRAWN...

IN ORDER TO CREATE A...

FRAME OF REFERENCE (ULTIMA THULE)

AREA OF NON-SPACE BEYOND THE NEO-HEGELIAN DIALECTIC

POINT OF VIEW

AS SOON AS I DELINEATE THE FORM I WILL DEFINE THE CONTENT

THUS I WILL REVEAL TO THE WORLD MY Gnostic THEOLOGY OF DIVINE ABSENCE IN 'EASY-TO-UNDERSTAND' COMIC STRIP FORMAT

MMM...THIS IS MORE COMPLEX THAN I THOUGHT

ONE CAN'T TALK ABOUT FRAMES OF REFERENCE IN A VACUUM

SYMBOLISM! THAT'S THE ANSWER!

I'LL USE NARRATIVE BOXES TO EXPLAIN THE FUNCTIONS OF THE SIGNS

LOOK! YOU CAN'T INCLUDE YOURSELF IN THIS COMIC STRIP BECAUSE OF...

GODEL'S THEORY OF MATHEMATICAL MODELS

I FEEL LIKE I'M TRAPPED INSIDE MY OWN HEAD!

EGASP! ENOUGH! IF I CAN JUST DRAMATICALLY SQUEEZE BETWEEN THESE NARRATIVE BOXES AND REGAIN THE THREAD OF THE NARRATIVE

WOBBLY LINE SIGNIFIES THE IMMATERIAL NATURE OF THOUGHT

NARRATIVE BOX

CYBERNETIC SYSTEM

CYBERNETIC SYSTEM

CYBERNETIC SYSTEM

SYMBOLISM OF THE COMIC STRIP - AIM; TO FORMULATE A COHERENT SET OF INTERRELATED SIGNIFIERS, A LOGICAL, STRUCTURED EDIFICE OF SIGNS WITH PRECISE RELATIONSHIPS IN ORDER TO COMMUNICATE EXACT MEANING

NEO-NARRATIVE BOX (DEUS EX MACHINA)

JAGGED LINE SIGNIFIES HEIGHTENED TENSION

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

THEORETICAL BLACK

ABSENCE OF ALL LIGHT

DUE TO IMPERFECT ABSORPTION SPECTRA OF PRINTING INKS, MUST BE SYMBOLIZED BY THREE COLOURS PLUS BLACK

THREAD OF THE NARRATIVE

FABRIC OF EXISTENCE (HARRYING)

YEW GET AWAY!

AARGH! MY OWN CREATION THREATENS TO ENGLUF ME!

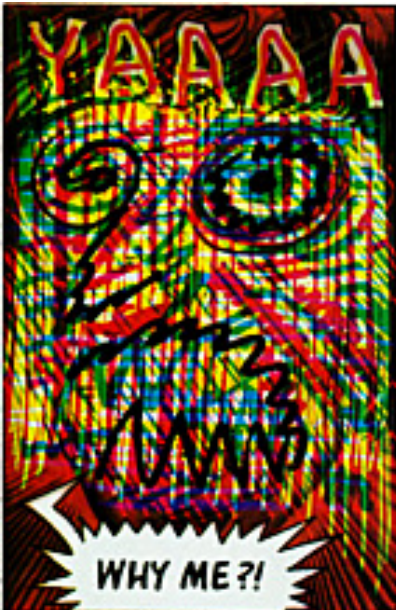
GET OUT!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I DON'T WANT TO BE THE VICTIM, THAT'S WHY I DRAW COMICS

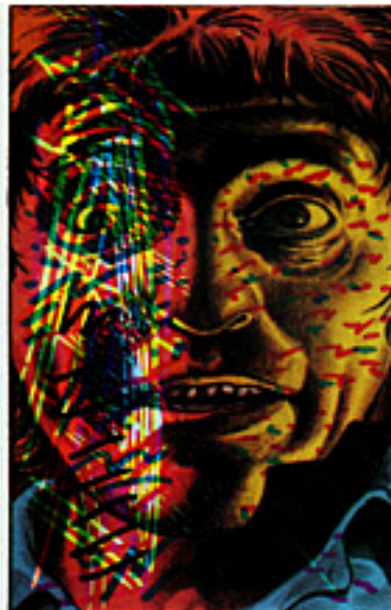
DRAWING COMICS IS A SIGN THAT YOU'RE ALREADY A VICTIM

DRAWING PINS

HOLY INDIA INK



WHY ME?!



IT'S STOPPED!

I'VE BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER
CHANCE... A NEW PAGE...
A CLEAN SHEET!

O THANK YOU, GOD
THANK YOU!

YOU MADE ME SO BADLY
EVEN MY SELF-DESTRUCT
MECHANISM WON'T WORK

YESSIR! WHEN EVERYBODY'S KICKING SHIT OUT'VE YOU
AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE... BETTER A
SINCERE ENEMY THAN AN INSINCERE FRIEND

IT IS HONOURABLE TO BE ACCUSED BY THOSE
WHO DESERVE TO BE ACCUSED

♪ I WILL NOT CEASE FROM MENTAL FIGHT,
NOR SHALL MY SWORD SLEEP IN MY HAND... ♪ TRA-LA LAA ♪

DARE I SUGGEST THE EXISTENCE OF...

AN ERECT
PENIS

THOUGHT
WHISPER

LINE OF COMMONSENSE
AND DECENCY

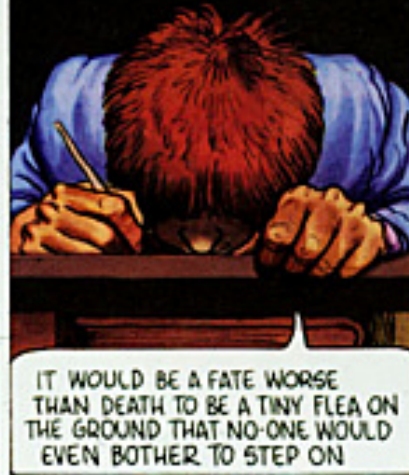
NOTE PENCIL
GOING BEYOND IT

WITH MY DISTINGUISHED HISTORY
OF ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR I KNOW
THAT ONE DAY THEY WILL
COME FOR ME

HA HA HA! LET THEM COME! THEY
WON'T BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME.
I'VE HAD A FACE JOB. NOW I
LOOK ALMOST *NORMAL*.

I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER
WAY. I'D RATHER BE A MARTYR
THAN BE IGNORED

KNOCK
KNOCK



IT WOULD BE A FATE WORSE
THAN DEATH TO BE A TINY FLEA ON
THE GROUND THAT NO-ONE WOULD
EVEN BOTHER TO STEP ON





♪ YOO HOOO ♪
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN
THERE EDDIE

♪ WE HAVE A
SURPRIIIIISE
FOR YOU ♪

YAAA!
THE SECRET
POLICE!



**BAM
BAM**

COME ON!
OPEN UP
EDDIE

NO! NO! PLEASE!
IGNORE ME!
IGNORE ME!
I'M ONLY AN
INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE
FLEA NOT WORTH
EVEN STEPPING ON!

YOU DON'T WANT TO
DIRTY YOUR NICE
SHINY JACKBOOTS
WITH MY SLIMY GUTS

OH PLEASE GOD, I
DON'T WANT TO BE
A MARTYR! WHINE
SNIVEL SOB



WE KNOW YOU'RE A COMIC ARTIST
EDDIE, THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

YEEWW!!
DIRTY COMICS, HATE
THEM! SUCH RUBBISH!
DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE DOING HERE!
GASP! WHEEZE!

KRASH



RELAX EDDIE! WE'RE NO LONGER
THE SECRET POLICE. **NOW** WE'RE
THE REVOLUTIONARY GUARD
OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT!

NOW WHY ALL THAT SILLY
TREMBLING EDDIE? WE'RE
ONLY DOING OUR JOB



I THOUGHT THE
REVOLUTION MEANT
NO GOVERNMENT

BE REALISTIC EDDIE,
THESE THINGS TAKE
TIME. YOU CAN'T
JUST **RUSH** A WHOLE
REVOLUTION THROUGH
Y'KNOW! LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT SIDE...

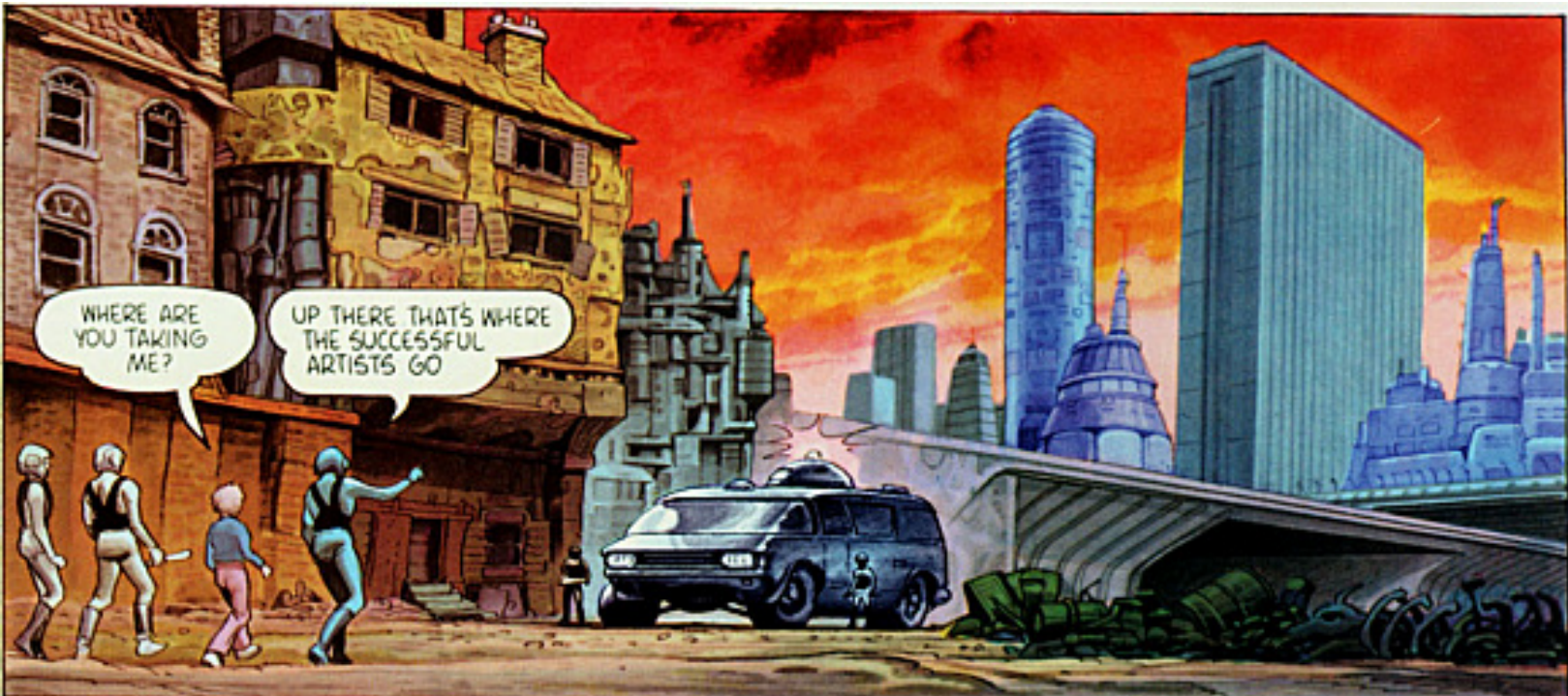


YOU SEE... THE PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN READING YOUR COMICS
THEY'VE OVERTHROWN
THE OLD GOVERNMENT
YOU'RE A NATIONAL
HERO.

OH DEAR!
I HOPE NOBODY
GOT HURT

HA HA HA! HE
HOPES NOBODY
GOT HURT

YOU'RE A NATIONAL
HERO EDDIE. YOU
DON'T GET TO BE THAT
WITHOUT HURTING
SOMEBODY



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

UP THERE THAT'S WHERE THE SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS GO

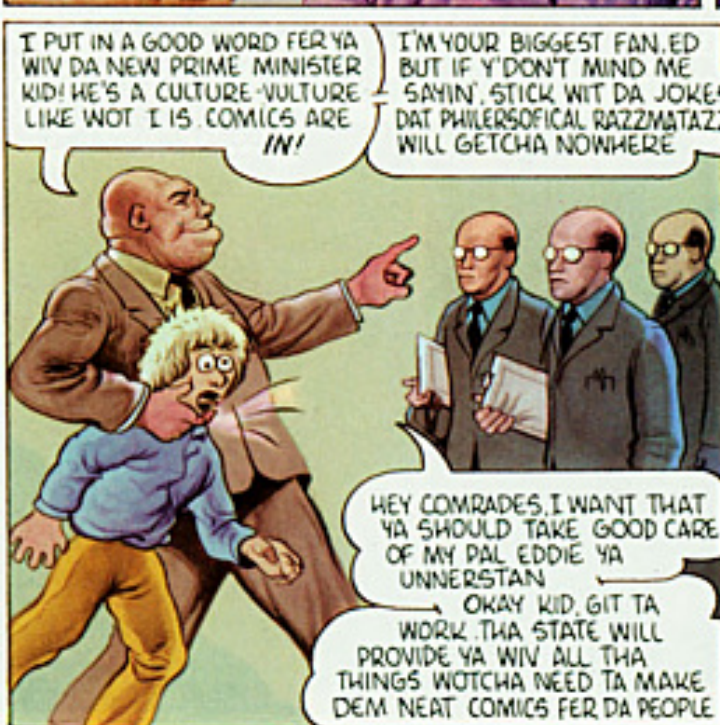


THE NEW MINISTER OF CULTURE LIKES COMICS THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE EDDIE

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... AT LAST! **RECOGNITION** OF MY TRUE WORTH.



HIYA EDDIE! ME 'N' THE BOYS AT THE MINISTRY HERE THINK YOU'RE A BARREL A LAUGHS!

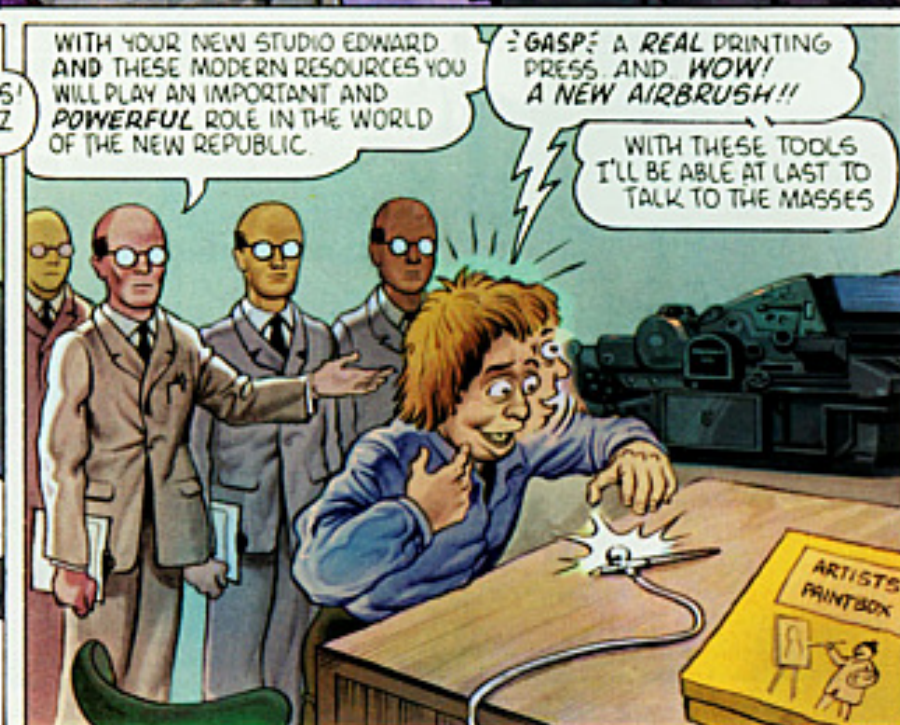


I PUT IN A GOOD WORD FER YA WIV DA NEW PRIME MINISTER KID! HE'S A CULTURE-VULTURE LIKE WOT I IS COMICS ARE **IN!**

I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN, ED BUT IF Y'DONT MIND ME SAYIN', STICK WIT DA JOKES! DAT PHILOSOFICAL RAZZMATAZZ WILL GETCHA NOWHERE

HEY COMRADES, I WANT THAT YA SHOULD TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY PAL EDDIE YA UNNERSTAN

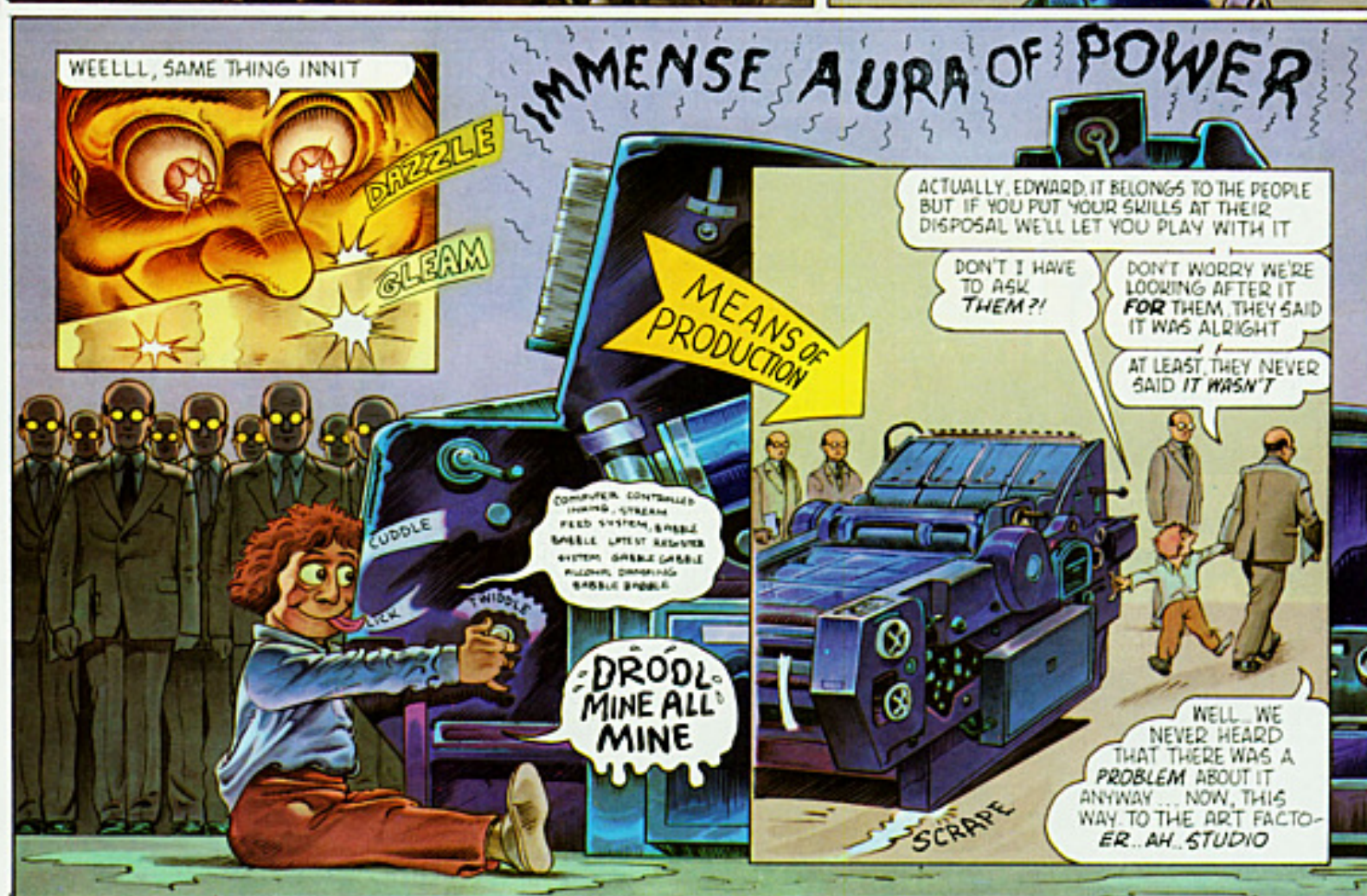
OKAY KID, GIT TA WORK. THA STATE WILL PROVIDE YA WIV ALL THA THINGS WOTCHA NEED TA MAKE DEM NEAT COMICS FER DA PEOPLE



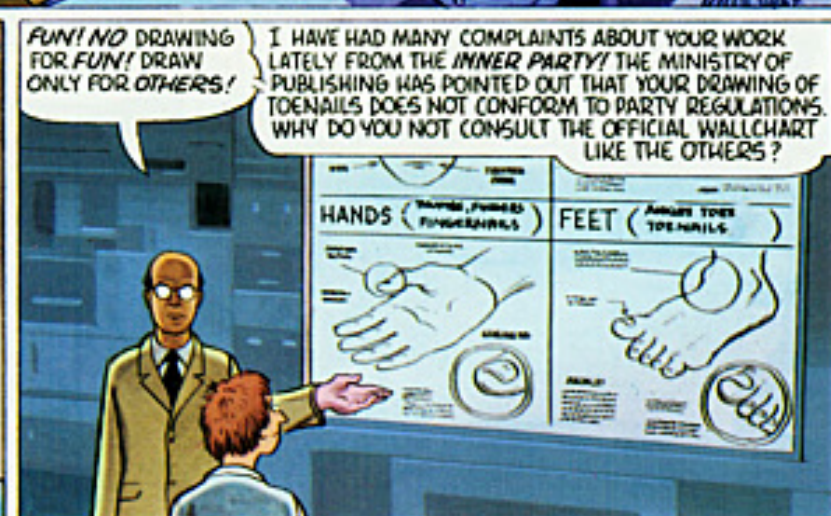
WITH YOUR NEW STUDIO EDWARD AND THESE MODERN RESOURCES YOU WILL PLAY AN IMPORTANT AND **POWERFUL** ROLE IN THE WORLD OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.

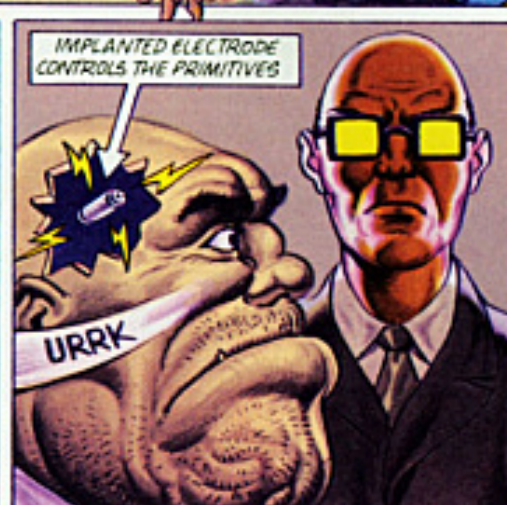
GASP! A REAL PRINTING PRESS AND **WOW!** A NEW AIRBRUSH!!

WITH THESE TOOLS I'LL BE ABLE AT LAST TO TALK TO THE MASSES









THE STATE MUST SET AN EXAMPLE...

THE STATE THIS... THE STATE THAT...







WAAH
WAAH

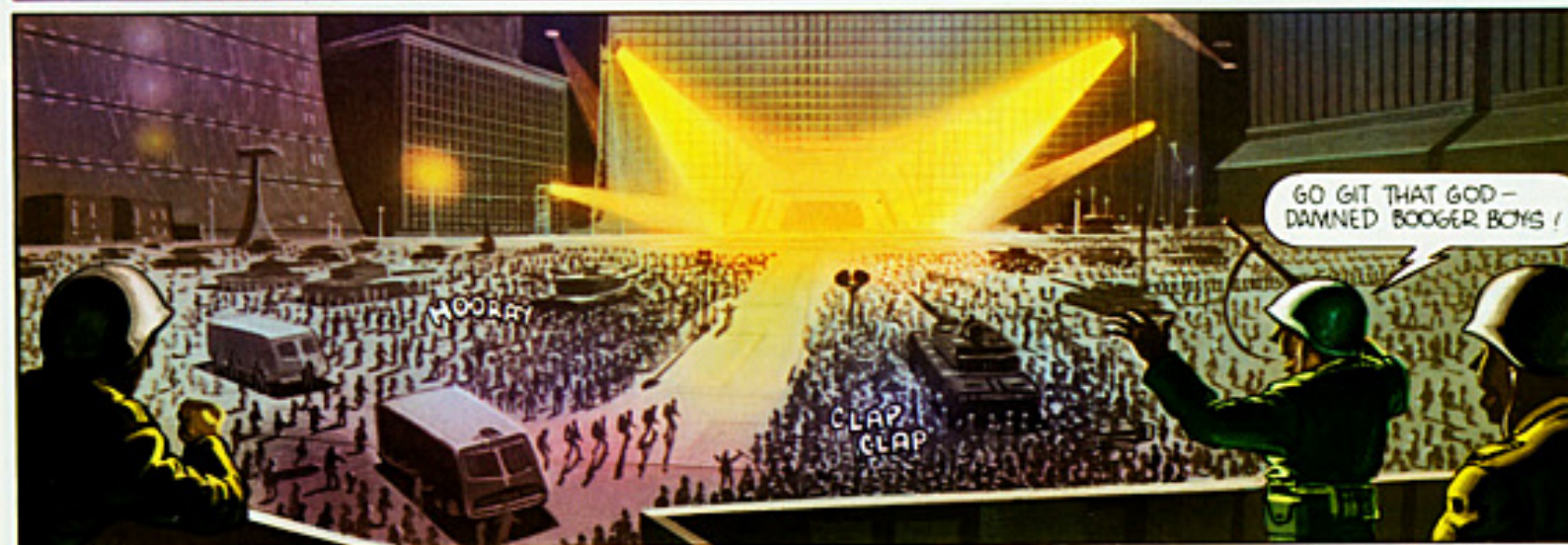
CHRIST!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

THEY SAY
THAT THE INFLATED
EGO OF SOME RAMPANT
INDIVIDUALIST
HAS GONE TOTALLY
BERSERK!



THERE'S DANGEROUSLY HIGH LEVELS OF CONTAGIOUS MORAL FALLOUT IN THE
DISASTER AREA, BOYS SO DOUBLE-CHECK YOUR ANTI-CONTAMINATION SUITS

ONE TINY LEAK IN THE HERMETICALLY
SEALED LININGS AN' BEFORE Y'KNOW IT **YOU'LL** BE THINKIN'
THEM THERE DIRTY THOUGHTS **TOO!**...MAYBE EVEN ABOUT YOUR OWN WIFE AN' KIDS!



GO GIT THAT GOD-
DAMNED BOOGER BOYS!

MOORAY

CLAP
CLAP



...M...MY GOD! IT'S H..HORRIFIC!

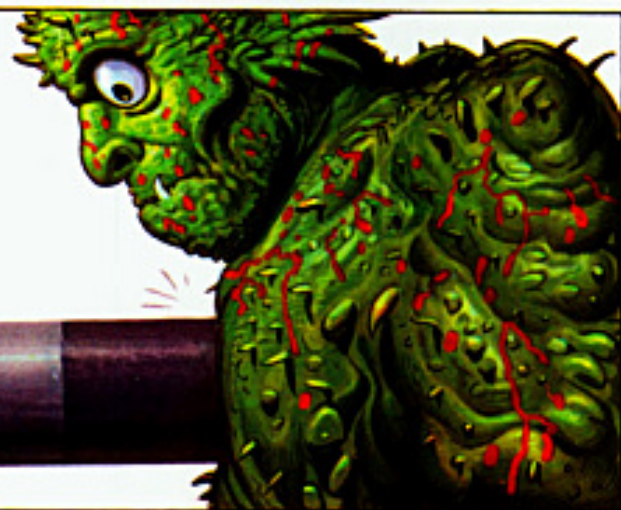
SUGHE A DISGUSTING, REVOLTING
MOCKERY OF HUMAN
NATURE!

AN JUST LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF HIS . . . THINGIE . . .



YOU HAVE ARRIVED IN THIS WORLD WITHOUT A STATE ENTRY VISA.
RETURN TO HADES, HELLSPAWN!

CLICK



BLAM





HE'S GONE! OUT INTO THE DARKNESS. ALL THE POWER OF THE GOVERNMENT COULDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN!

W. WHAT IS IT? THE LAST SYMBOL OF A HEALTHY INSTINCT IN A BLIND, SENILE AND CASTRATED WORLD, OR... IS IT THE MACHISMO DARKSIDE OF HUMAN NATURE PREYING UPON AN INNOCENT AND MISINFORMED PEOPLE?

IF THE AUTHOR DOESN'T KNOW HOW THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT ME TO?!



WHO KNOWS WHAT MORNING WILL BRING?!

WHERE WILL HE RUN TO? WHERE WILL HE HIDE?

HE'LL SEEK OUT HIS OWN KIND AND VANISH INTO THE CROWD

VANISH INTO THE CROWD! THEY'D HAVE T'BE *SOME* CROWD.

DOWN BY THE RIVER SLUMS... WHERE THE SALTIMBANQUE WANDER... AT THE DARK END OF THE STREET... ON THE LUNATIC FRINGE... WITH THE ZANIES OF SORROW... **THERE YOU WILL FIND ME**

THE MORE FORTUNATE CITIZENS OF UPTOWN HURRY FEARFULLY BY.

PLUMED TO MEET YOU... HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME

EYAH!
W...WHO...OR
WHAT
ARE YOU?!

MY HOME IS WITH THE HOMELESS
I WALK WITH ANGELS THAT HAVE NO PLACE



**I AM A
CREATURE
OF THE
NIGHT**

**I AM A
COMIC
ARTIST**

THE REVOLUTION IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!

LATELY, IT SEEMS YOU CAN HARDLY PICK UP A MAGAZINE WITHOUT FINDING ONE FEATURED PROMINENTLY... YOU CAN BARELY TUNE INTO A T.V. TALK SHOW BEFORE THE DISCUSSION TURNS TO THEM... AND SO WE ASK--

WHAT IS IT WITH THE BUS?

CONSIDER...

TIME MAGAZINE BROKE TRADITION BY CHOOSING A MUNICIPAL BUS FROM AMES, IOWA, FOR ITS YEARLY "MAN OF THE YEAR" ISSUE...



MILLIONAIRE MALCOLM FORBES SWAPPED HIS CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN STRETCH LIMO FOR A ROOMIER "BUS-FOR-ONE"...

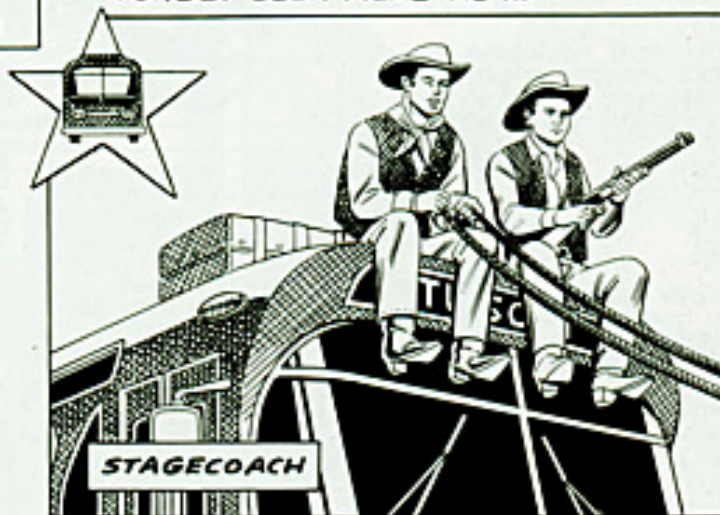


FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1957 BUS DRIVER IS THE LEADING VOCATIONAL CHOICE OF HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS SURVEYED...

IN CAR-CONSCIOUS CALIFORNIA, CUSTOMIZED BUSES ARE ALREADY A COMMON SIGHT!



HOLLYWOOD, OF COURSE, WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO CAPITALIZE ON THIS ENTHUSIASM... NO ONE WILL SOON FORGET SUCH FILMS AS ...



12 O'CLOCK HIGH



ROBINSON CRUSOE



YET LET US NOT FORGET THAT THERE ARE MANY AMONGST US, ESPECIALLY IN RURAL AREAS, WHO HAVE ONLY THE MOST RUDIMENTARY NOTION OF WHAT A BUS ACTUALLY IS. FOR THEM, THE FOLLOWING INTRODUCTION.

VITAL STATISTICS... *

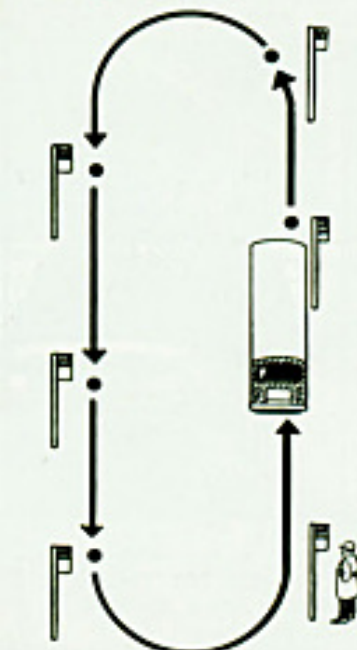
FRONT

SIDE

BACK



ITS FUNCTION...



THE BUS FOLLOWS A SET ROUTE, STOPPING FREQUENTLY AT DESIGNATED POINTS.

* REMEMBER THAT THESE FIGURES ARE BASED ON STATISTICAL NORMS. INDIVIDUAL VARIATIONS MAY BE CONSIDERABLE. FOR EXAMPLE, DEPENDING ON AGE AND BUILD, A BUS MAY WEIGH ANYWHERE FROM SEVERAL HUNDRED TO 40,000 POUNDS!

PROCREATION AND UPBRINGING...

COURTSHIP



MATING



PREGNANCY



BIRTH



NURTURING



EDUCATION

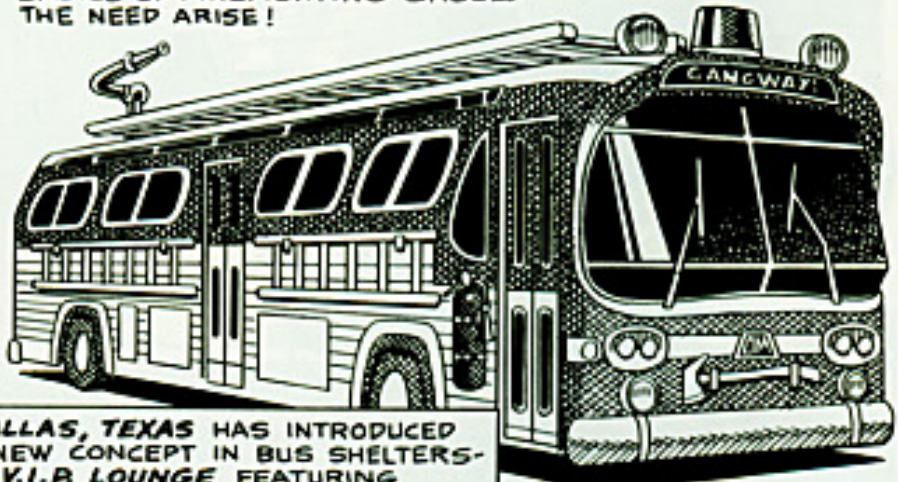


NEW CONCEPTS IN THE BUS ARE KEEPING THIS AGE-OLD FRIEND OF MAN IN STEP WITH THE TIMES!

IN NEW YORK, BUGES ARE GOING CONDO--AS A PART OWNER OF A BUS, YOU PAY ONLY A MAINTENANCE FEE OF PERHAPS \$3 A RIDE--AND YOU CAN RENT OUT YOUR SEAT WHEN YOU'RE NOT USING IT!



BOSTON, MASS... RATHER THAN TIE UP CITY FUNDS IN LITTLE-USED EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT, BUSES DOUBLE AS FIRE ENGINES, WITH COMMUTERS BRIEFED IN THE BASICS OF FIREFIGHTING SHOULD THE NEED ARISE!



IN DAYTON, OHIO, BUS TRAVEL IS FREE! THE SYSTEM TURNS A PROFIT BY LEASING AISLE SEATS TO REAL ESTATE PROMOTERS, INSURANCE SALESMEN, AND SPOKESMEN FOR THE UNIFICATION CHURCH!



DALLAS, TEXAS HAS INTRODUCED A NEW CONCEPT IN BUS SHELTERS--A V.I.R LOUNGE FEATURING VIDEO GAMES, NAUTILUS EQUIPMENT, EVEN A SUSHI BAR!



IT HAS NOT BEEN THE PURPOSE OF THIS ARTICLE TO MAKE VALUE JUDGEMENTS ON THE COMPLEX AND CONTROVERSIAL ISSUES RAISED HEREIN. TO ITS SUPPORTERS, THE BUS REPRESENTS ALL THAT IS GOOD IN THE AMERICAN SPIRIT...TO ITS CRITICS, IT EPISTEMIZES THE WORST ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT, LIKE IT OR NOT, BUSES ARE HERE TO STAY!

THE AUTUMN OF
2318... GONE -
WHERE ON THE
NORTHEASTERN
FRONT...

OH,
MY GOD!
OH...
GOD!

BIRD - A PRODUCT OF THE DEVIL.
FLOCK OF BIRDS - A SYMBOL OF
CHAOS AND ANARCHY.
MEN WERE CREATED TO CRAWL,
CARRY WEAPONS AND
CARRY OUT ORDERS...

AN EXTRACT FROM THE GENERAL
MILITARY DOCTRINE OF THE CENTRAL CONTI-
NENTAL UNION, IN THE YEAR 2314.

THE IRON WHEEL

ŽELJKO PAHEK

SERGEANT!
SERGEANT!!! KESPER
HAS Laid DOWN HIS
GUN AND LOCKED HIM-
SELF UP IN THE
KITCHEN.

KESPER??
PLACE THAT
DEPETER
IN CHAINS!

NO ONE DARES GET CLOSE TO
HIM, SERGEANT. THE THING IS
... HE'S... WELL... OH, GOD...

COME ON, COME ON,
NEWMER. LET'S
HAVE IT.

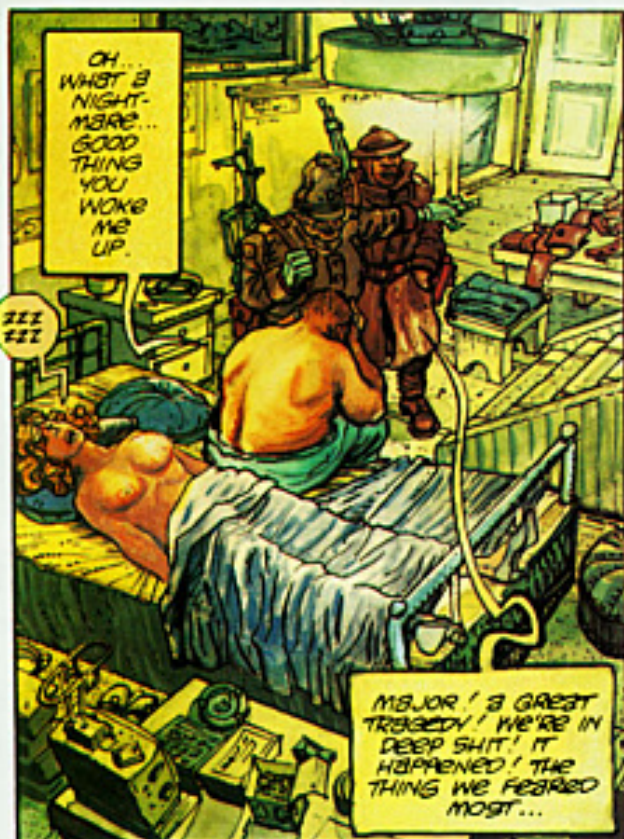
OH... I'M TOO
SCARED TO EVEN
SAY IT.

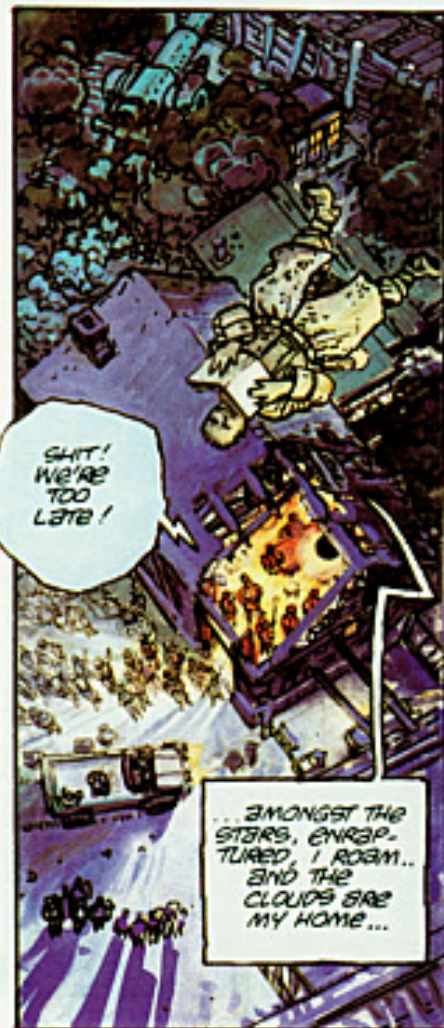
GOD-
DAMN
IT!
TALK!!

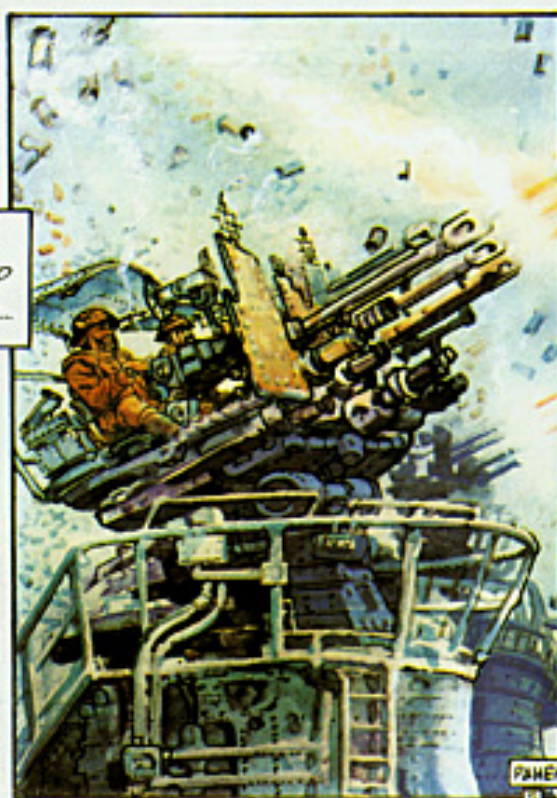
KESPER'S
RE... READING P...
POETRY...

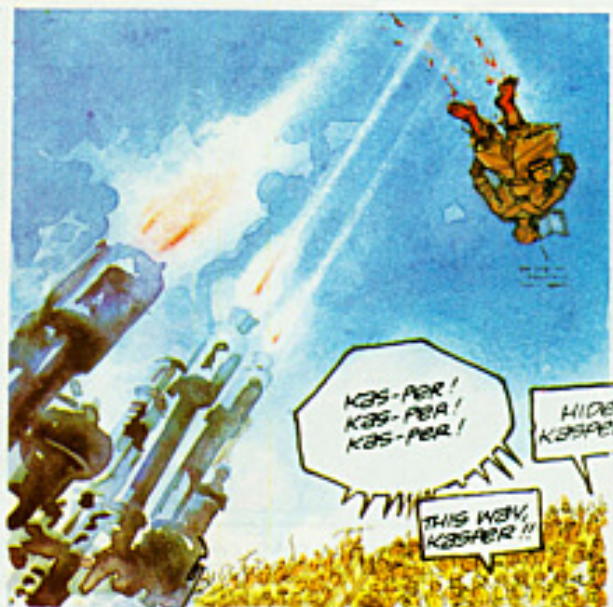
POETRY???
HOLY SHIT!!

STEP ON IT, DRIVER, WILL YA!
THE MAJOR MUST HEAR
ABOUT THIS... OH, GOD, WHY
ME!? WHY IS IT THAT ONE OF
MY MEN HAD TO START
READING POETRY!!!









KBS-PER!
KBS-PER!
KBS-PER!

HIDE,
KEESER!!

THIS WENT
KEESER!!



AUGH!!



KAS

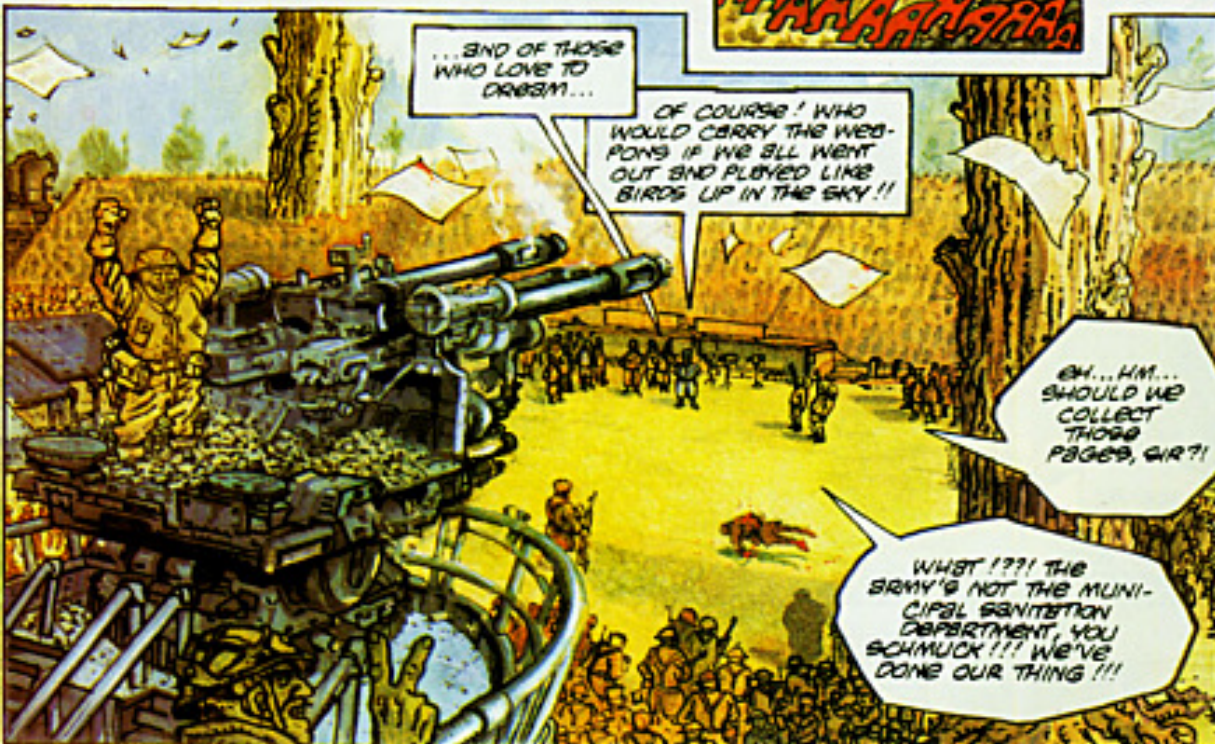


AAAAA

YOU WERE RIGHT, MAJOR.
SERIOUS LITERATURE IS FETAL
FOR SOLDIERS!



EHM... WELL!!!
THAT'S THE FATE
OF ALL WHO
READ BOOKS!



...END OF THOSE
WHO LOVE TO
DREAM...

OF COURSE! WHO
WOULD CARRY THE WEAPONS
IF WE ALL WENT
OUT AND PLAYED LIKE
BIRDS UP IN THE SKY!!

EH... HM...
SHOULD WE
COLLECT
THOSE
PAGES, SIR?

WHAT??! THE
ARMY'S NOT THE MUNI-
CIPAL SANITATION
DEPARTMENT, YOU
SCHMUCK!!! WE'VE
DONE OUR THING!!!





AM... SHOULD
HAD GIFT HIM
NEW BOOTS, M3-
JOKER? A SOLDIER
GOES NOWHERE
WITHOUT HIS BOOTS.

YES!
NOT
EVEN
TO
DIE.



HOLD
IT!
SMILE!

HE! HE! I'M
GONNA SEND THIS
ONE HOME. THE
KIDS WILL BE SO
PROUD OF THEIR
DADDY!

CLIC

WHAT ARE YOU STARRING
AT, YOU IDIOTS! GET
THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS OUTTA
HERE. THIS IS A SECRET
OPERATION!



...AND LET
US REMEMBER
KASPER
FOR THE FINE
SOLDIER HE
WAS BEFORE
HE HAD SO
TRAGICALLY
FALLEN PREY
TO THIS
HORRENDOUS
FLYING
DISEASE...



...AND REMEMBER
THIS WELL,
PISSHEADS:

NO BOOKS!
NO POETRY!!!
NO DREAMS!
THE IRON WHEEL AWAITS ALL THOSE
WHO SUCCEUM TO TEMPTATION!!!
(ALL GLORY BE TO IT)

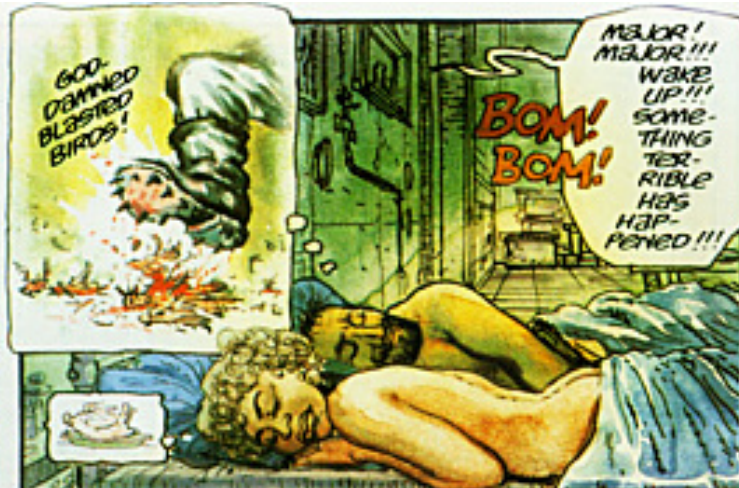


AND NOW:
CRY!!! POOR
KASPER! NGE!
NGE!
NGE!

POOR KASPER!!!
NGE! NGE! NGE!



KASPER TIA
2238-2318



600-DAMNED
BLASTED
BIRDS!

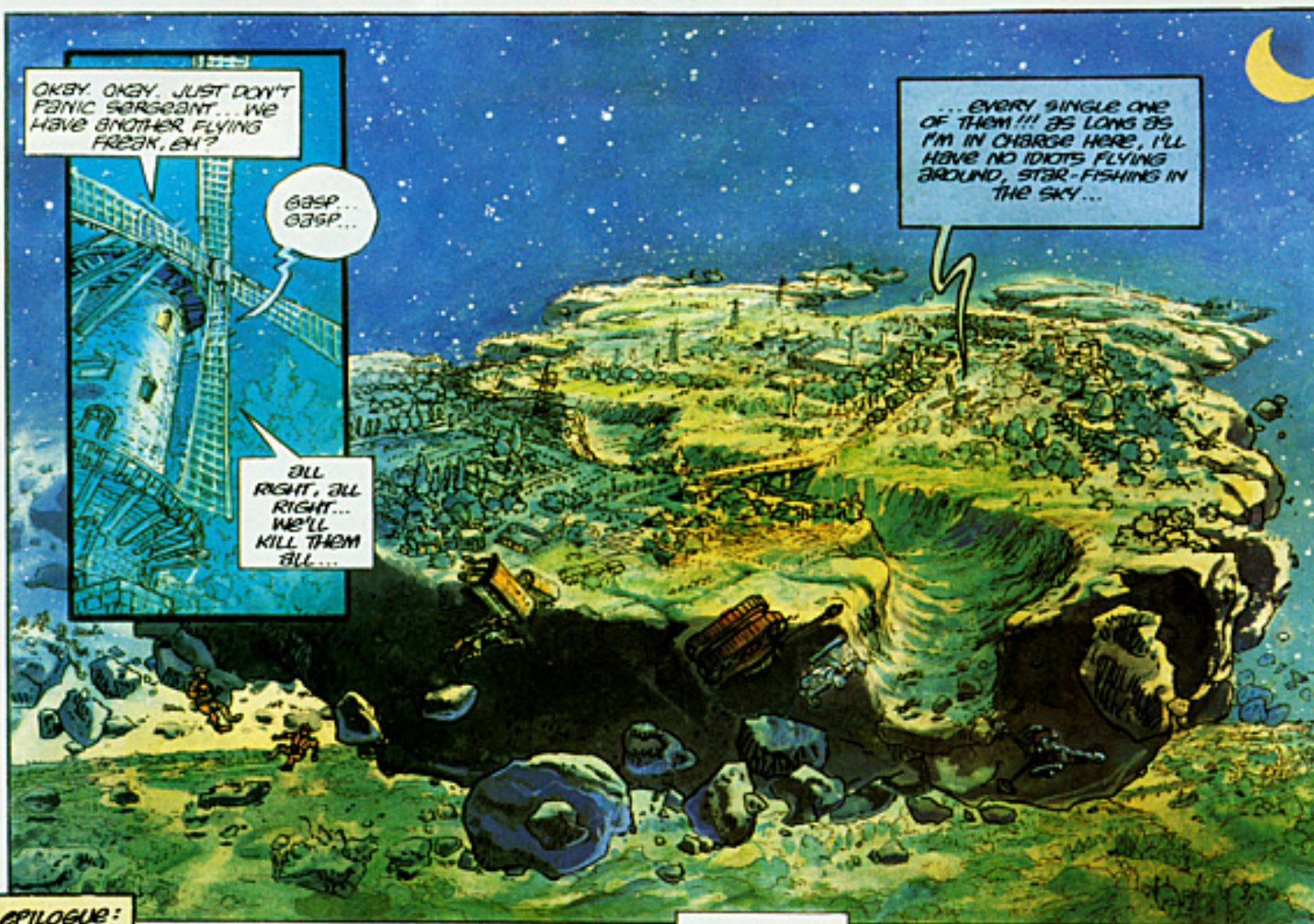
**BOM!
BOM!**

MAJOR!!!
MAJOR!!!
WAKE
UP!!!
SOME-
THING
TER-
RIBLE
HAS
HAP-
PENED!!!



OH...? WHAT
IS IT NOW?

I...I...WELL...WE...
I MEAN HE...IT'S
FLYING... ARGH...
GASP... GASP...



OKAY, OKAY, JUST DON'T
PANIC SERGEANT... WE
HAVE ANOTHER FLYING
FREAK, EH?

GASP...
GASP...

ALL
RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT...
WE'LL
KILL THEM
ALL...

... EVERY SINGLE ONE
OF THEM!!! AS LONG AS
I'M IN CHARGE HERE, I'LL
HAVE NO IDIOTS FLYING
AROUND, STAR-FISHING IN
THE SKY...

**EPILOGUE:
MORNING...**

WHAT?
THEY
REPRIMANDING ME ???
DAMN...! NO!!! I'M
NOT PANICKING...!
...JEEZ!! I
JUST
WANT
TO
HEAR
FROM
THE
GEN-
ERALS!

THEY
MENTIONED
YOU A LOT,
MAJOR...
YOU
BEHEVED
RATHER
CARELESSLY
YESTER-
DAY...

IS THAT
ALL ?? DAMN!
AND WHAT
DECISION
DID THE
WISE
GENERALS
MAKE ???
WHAT
WILL
BECOME
OF US ??!



THEY'RE STILL
DISCUSSING IT,
MAJOR. STILL
DEBATING...

THE END
Z. FISHER



THE ADVENTURES OF GLENN DYKSTRA

© Controlled by NORMA.





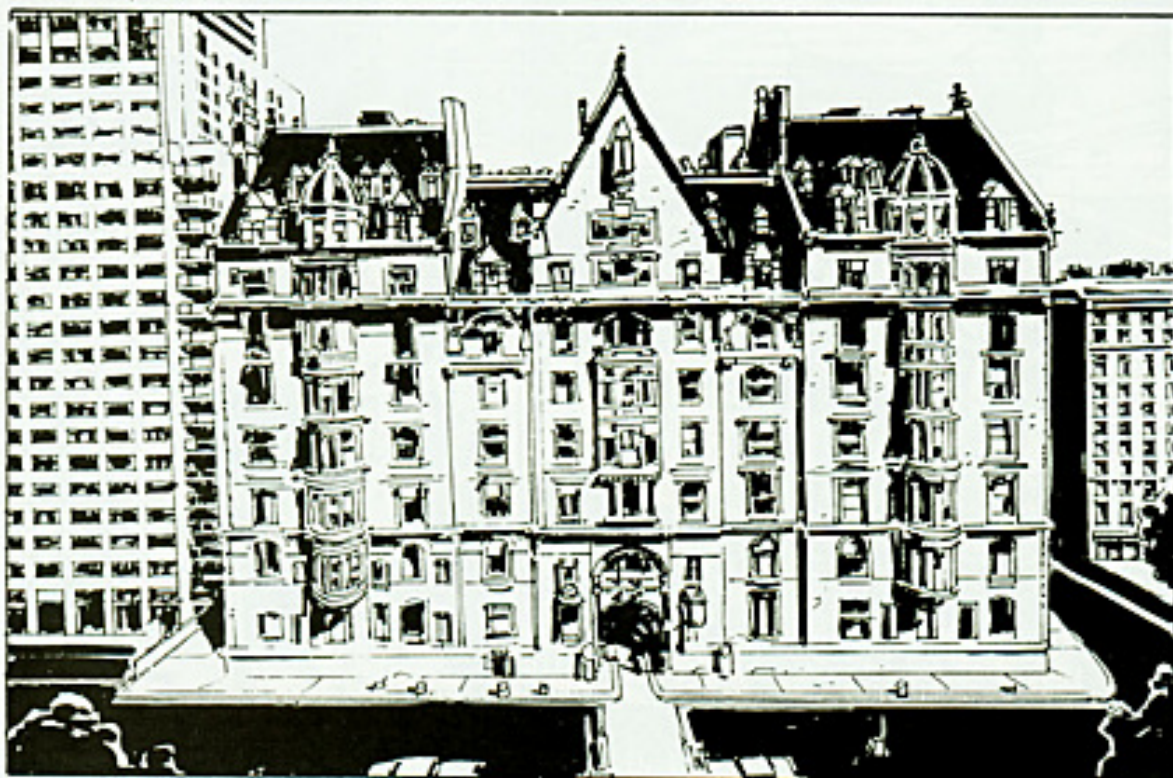






















A SHOOTING
STAR... MAKE
A WISH...

EVERY-
THING STARTED WITH
THIS WINDOW AND I
HOPE WILL END HERE,
ONCE AND FOR
ALL.

EVERY-
THING?

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

WHO IS
HELEN? YOU
BECAME SO
FRIGHTENED
WHEN...

OH, THAT...
HELEN IS MY
DAUGHTER... SHE MUST
BE ABOUT 15 YEARS OLD
NOW... I HAVEN'T SEEN
HER FOR THE LAST
10 YEARS...

YOU'RE FULL
OF SURPRISES!
YOU'VE NEVER
SPOKEN OF YOUR
DAUGHTER
BEFORE...

IT'S A VERY
OLD STORY... HEY,
DID YOU SEE THAT? IT
STOPPED RIGHT ABOVE
"THE DAKOTA"!

AND WHAT
IF ALL THOSE
STORIES WERE
ACTUALLY
TRUE?

3-DIMENSION



CAN YOU SEE
THAT? "THE DAKOTA"
IS A MARTIAN
LANDING STRIP...
...HA! HA!

IMAGE

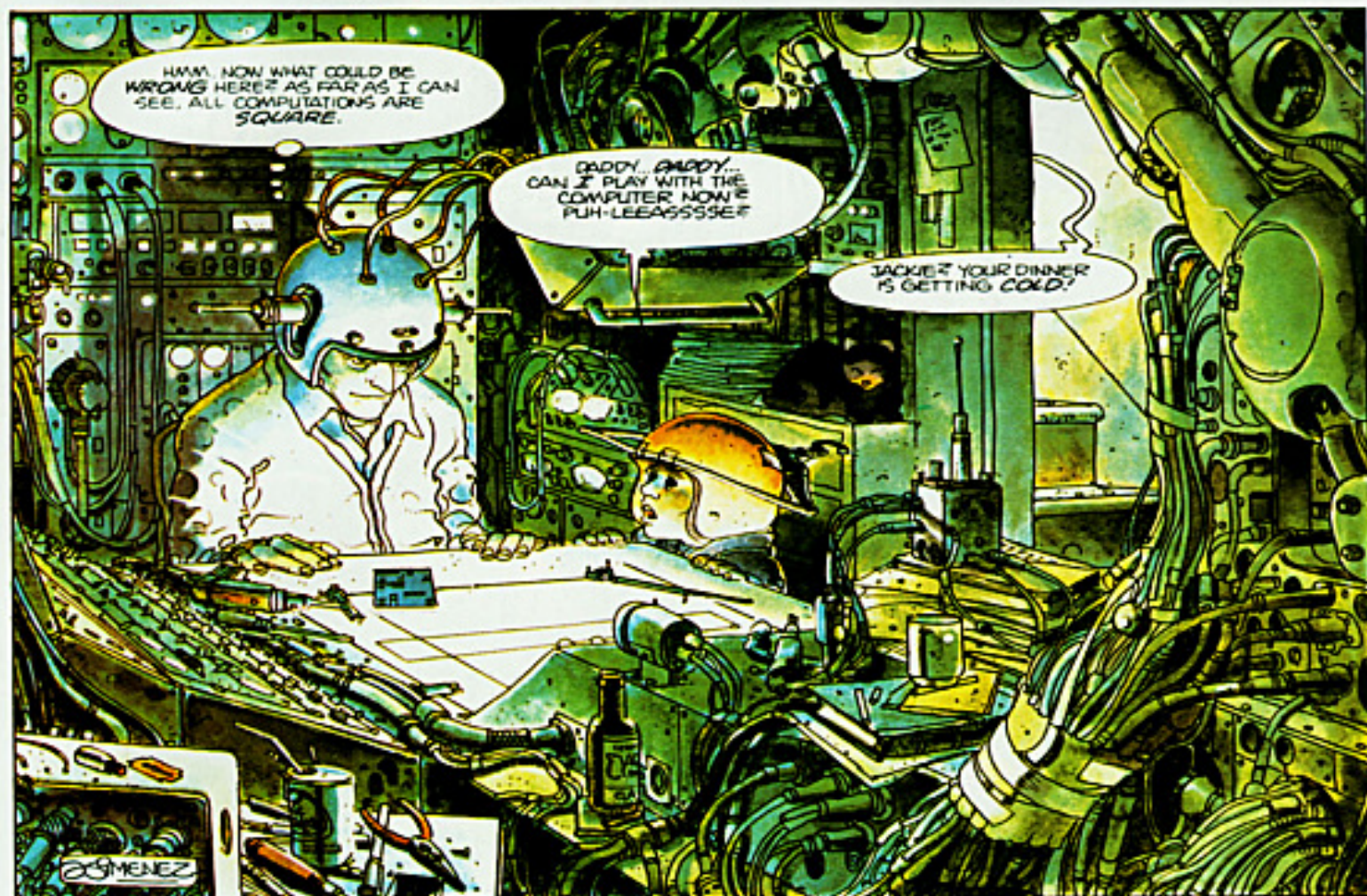


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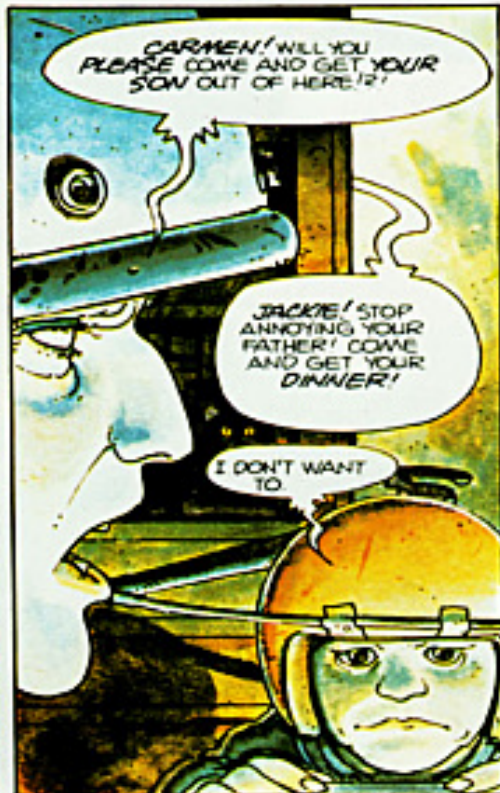


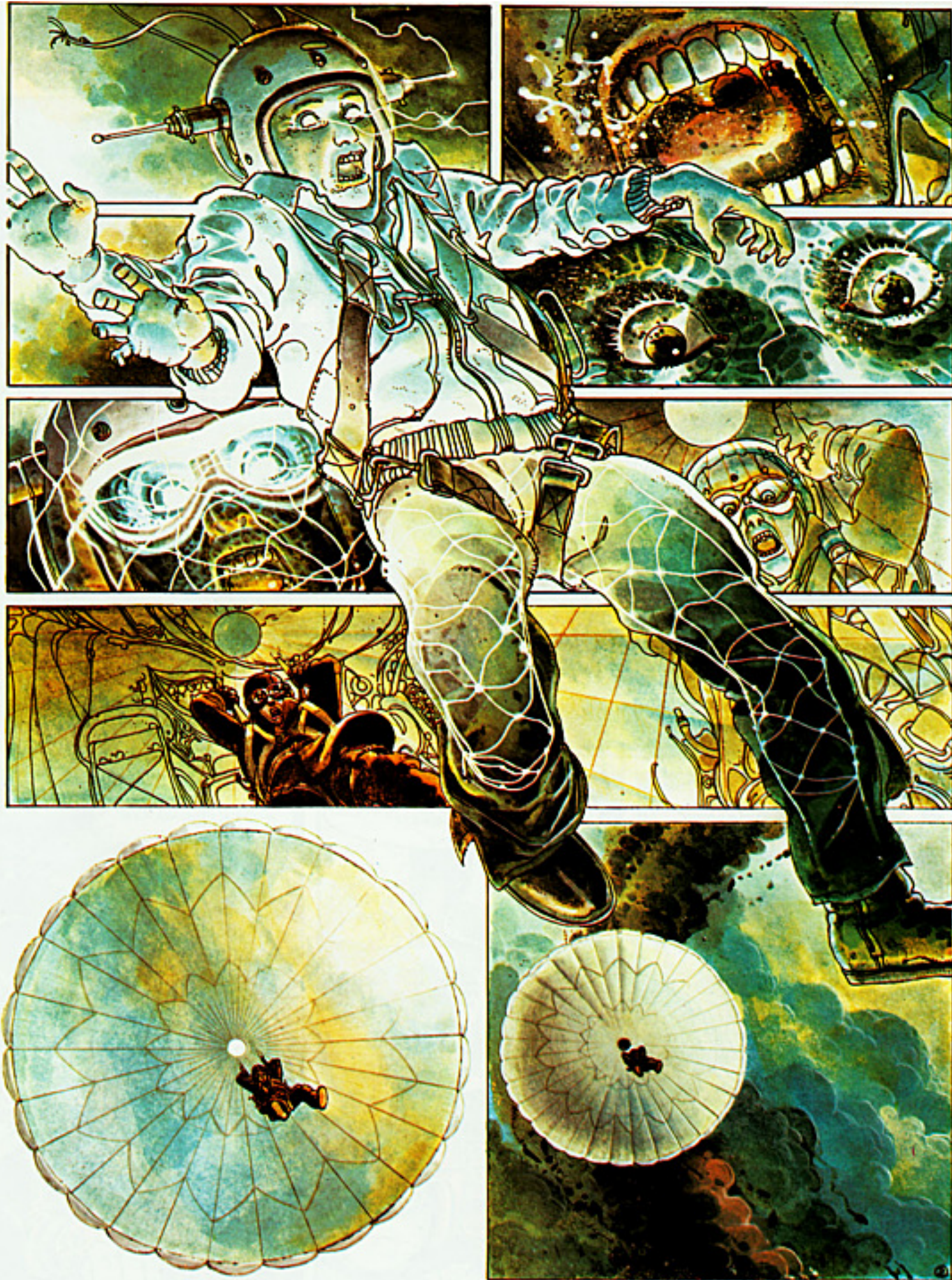
A Matter of Time

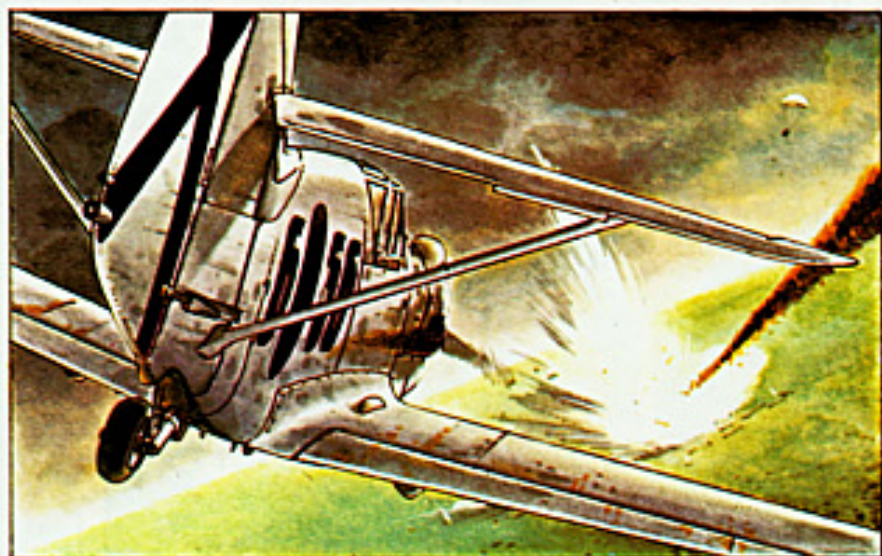
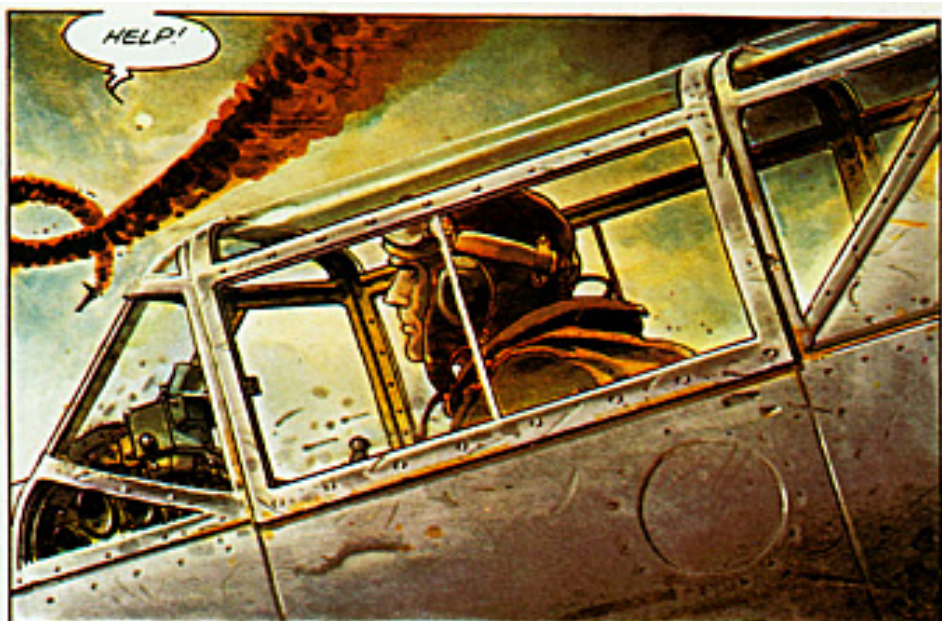
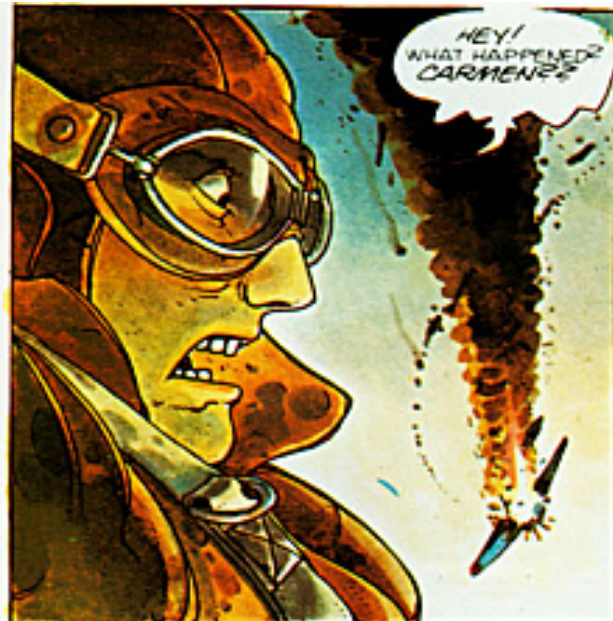
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Giménez

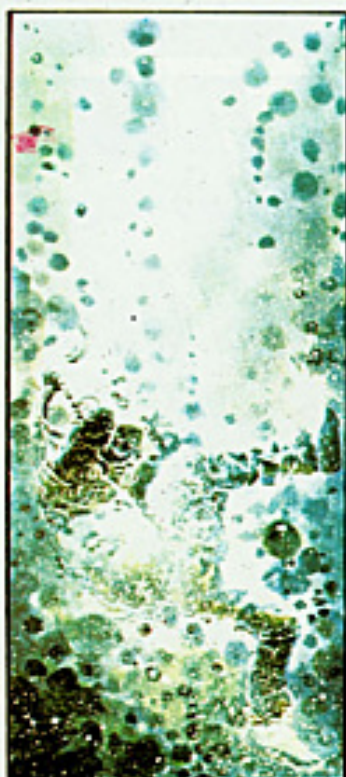
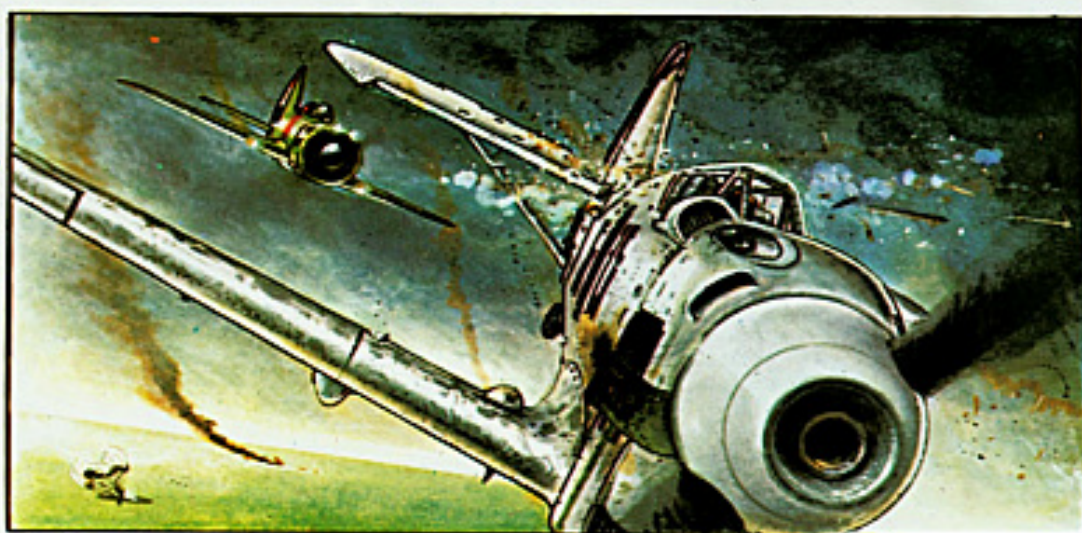


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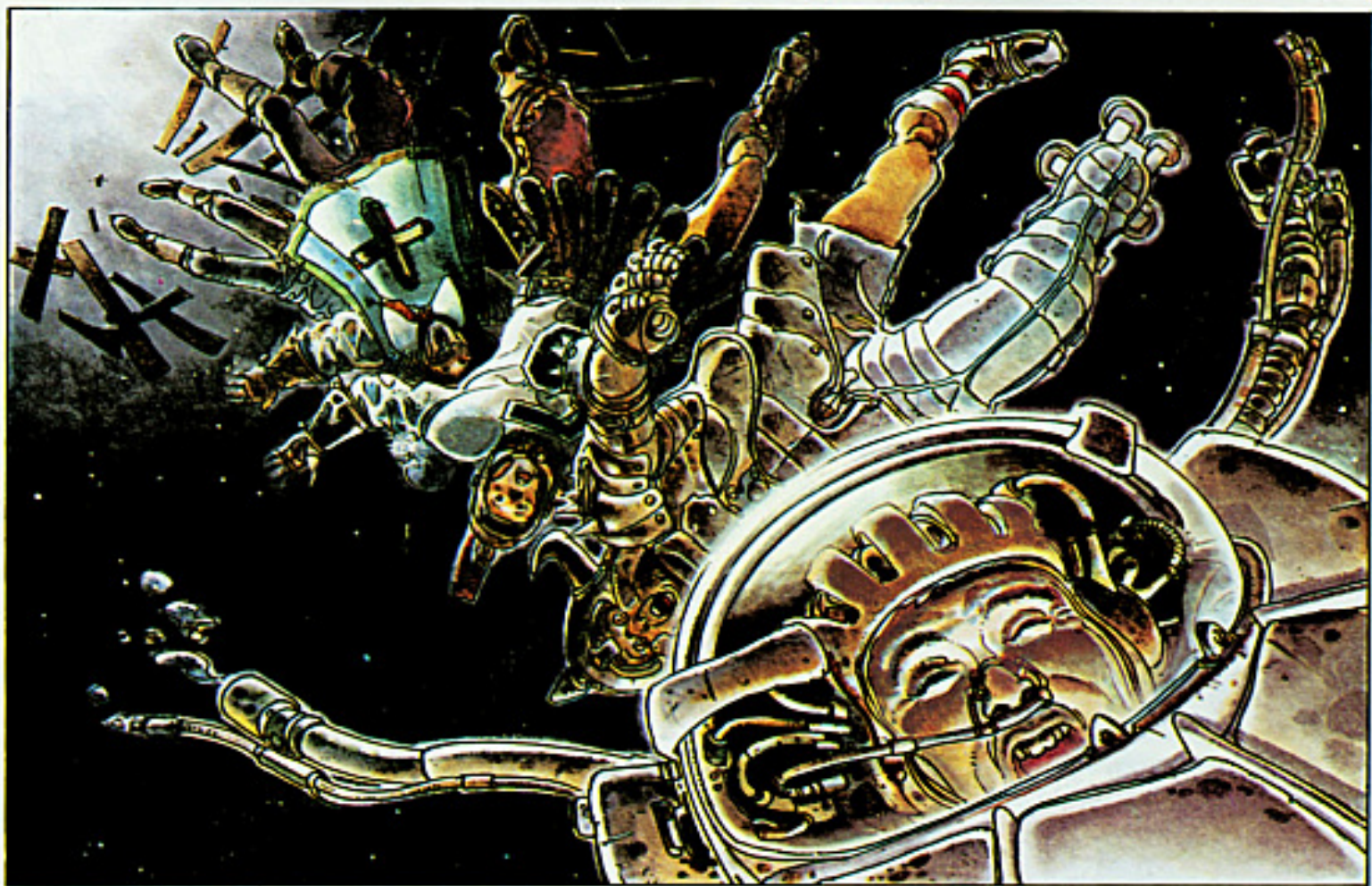


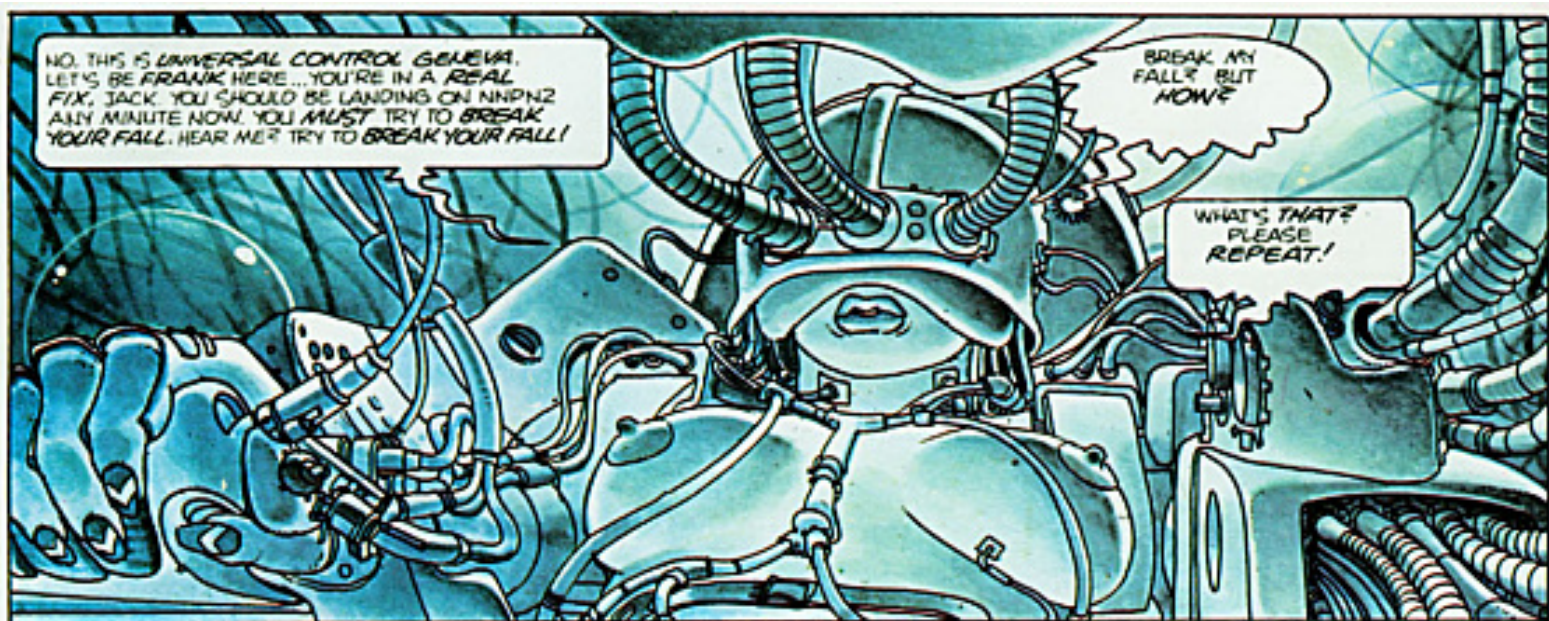








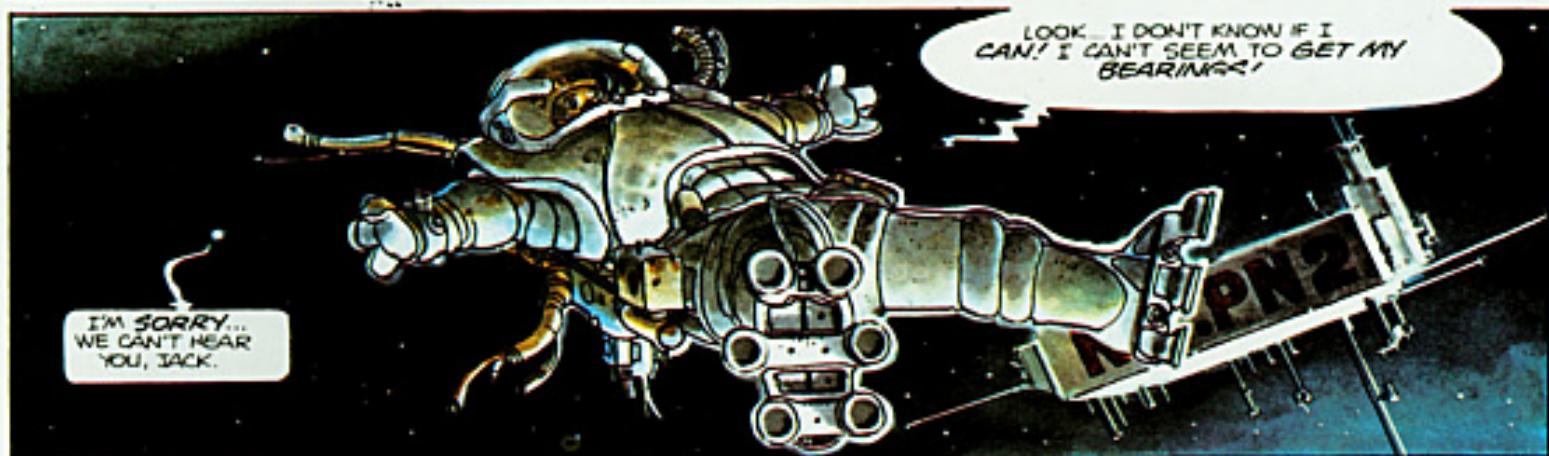




NO. THIS IS UNIVERSAL CONTROL GENEVA.
LET'S BE FRANK HERE...YOU'RE IN A REAL
FIX, JACK. YOU SHOULD BE LANDING ON NNPN2
ANY MINUTE NOW. YOU MUST TRY TO **BREAK**
YOUR FALL. HEAR ME? TRY TO **BREAK YOUR FALL!**

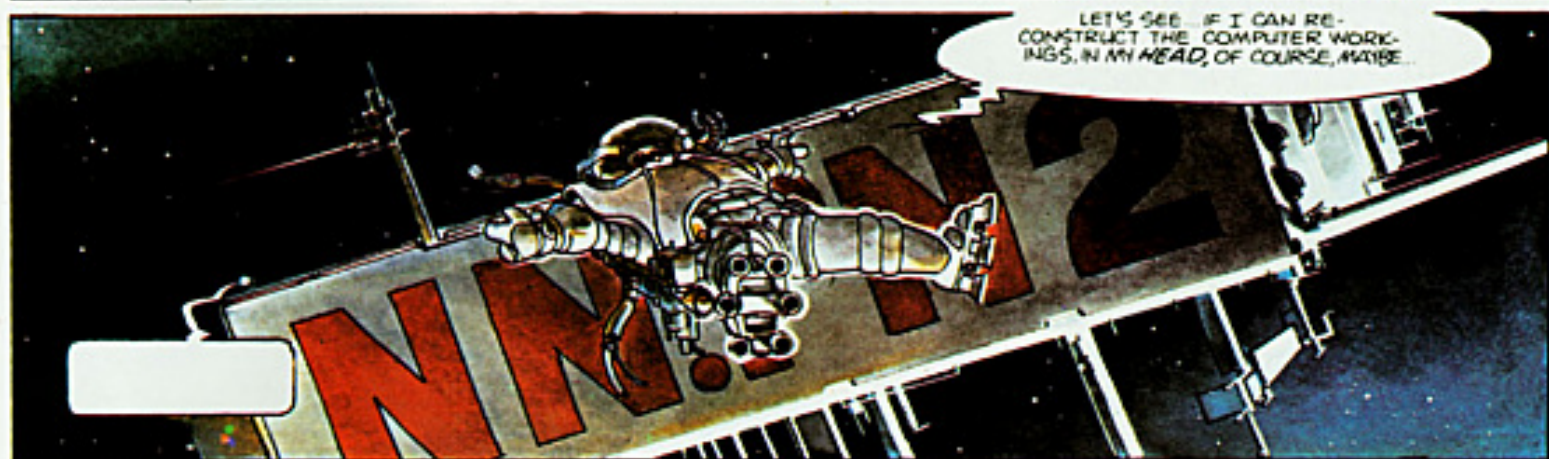
BREAK MY
FALL? BUT
HOW?

WHAT'S THAT?
PLEASE
REPEAT!



LOOK... I DON'T KNOW IF I
CAN! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY
BEARINGS!

I'M SORRY...
WE CAN'T HEAR
YOU, JACK.



LET'S SEE... IF I CAN RE-
CONSTRUCT THE COMPUTER WORK-
INGS, IN MY HEAD, OF COURSE, MAYBE.



I COULD SUBLIMINALLY HOOK
INTO THE OXY KIT THERE, I
GOT IT!

JACK.
JACK?!

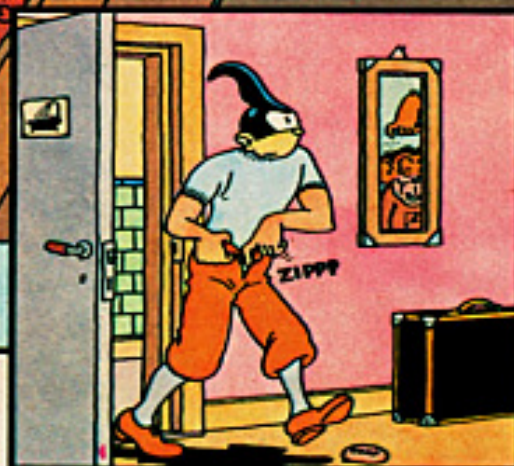
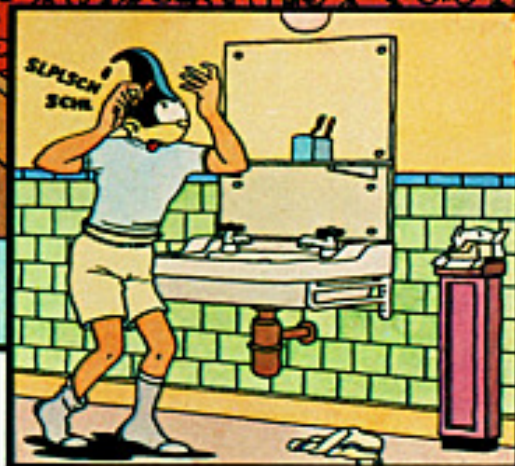
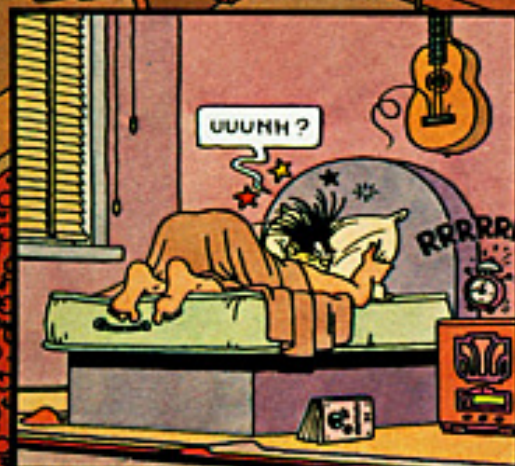


JODI DE JOJO

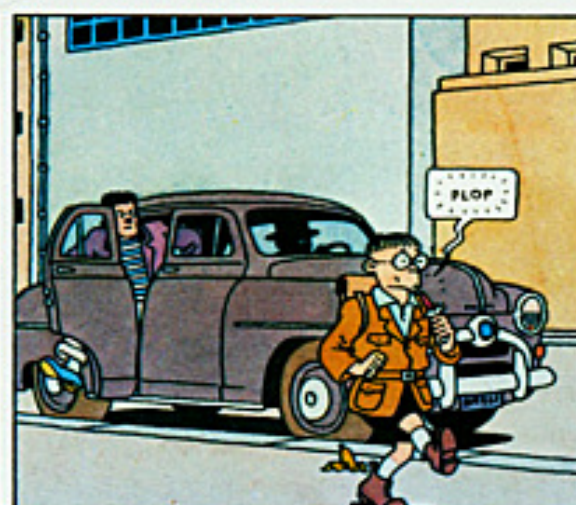
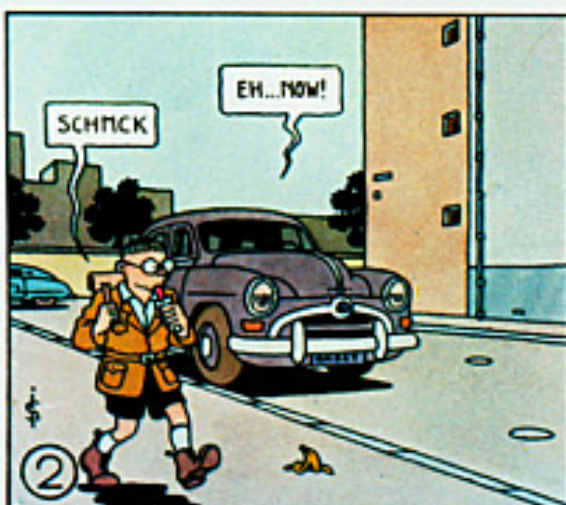
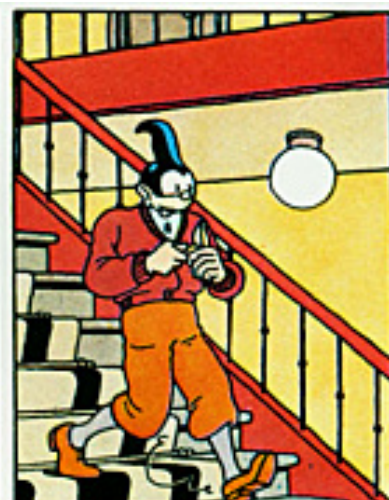
UNE CHANCE SUR CENT MILLE^(*)

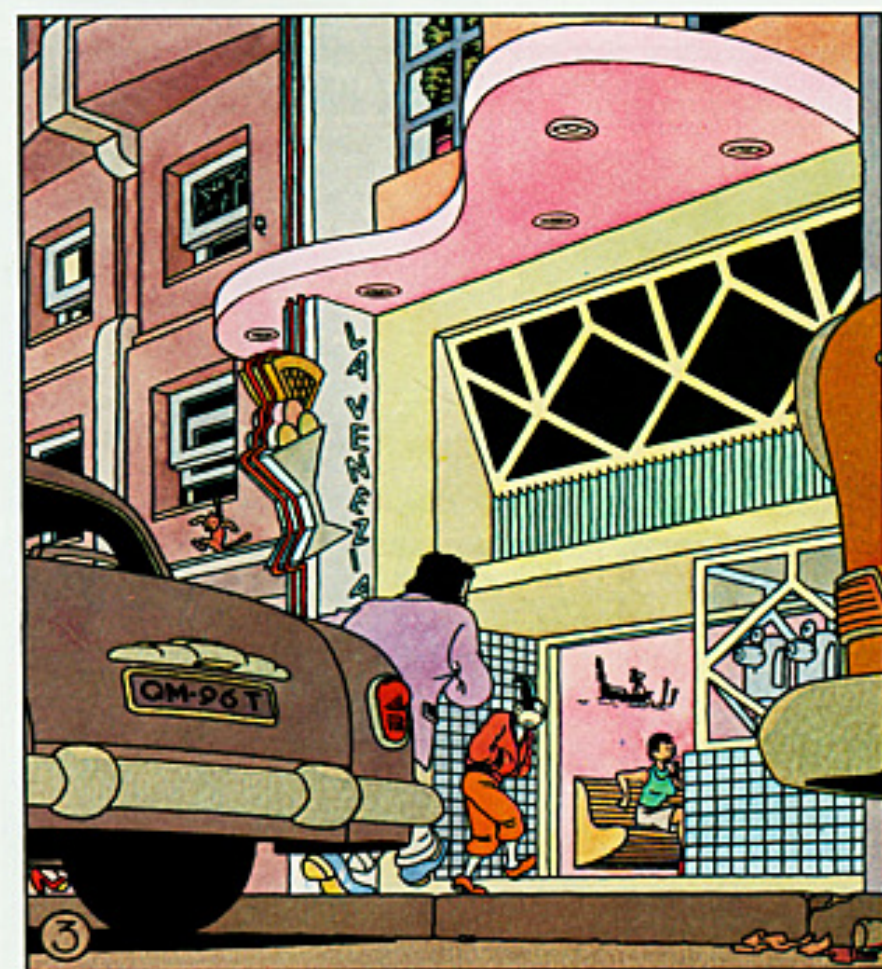
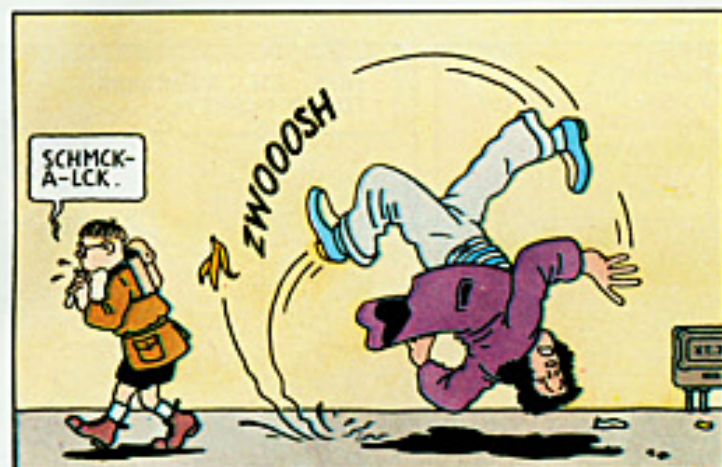
MY GOD! TAXES. NOTHING BUT TAXES. I MADE TOO MUCH MONEY.....WHAT TO DO?

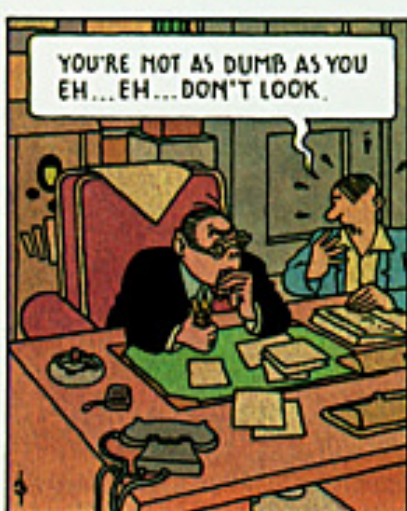
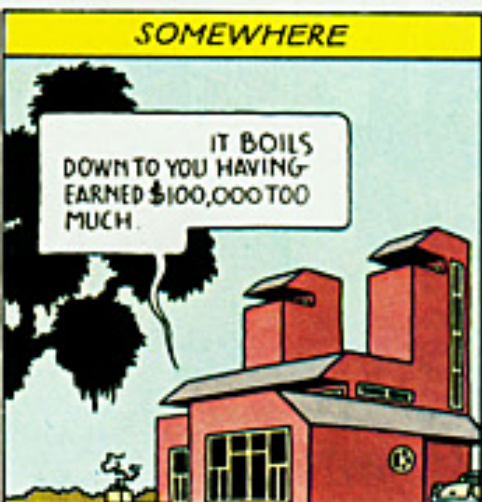
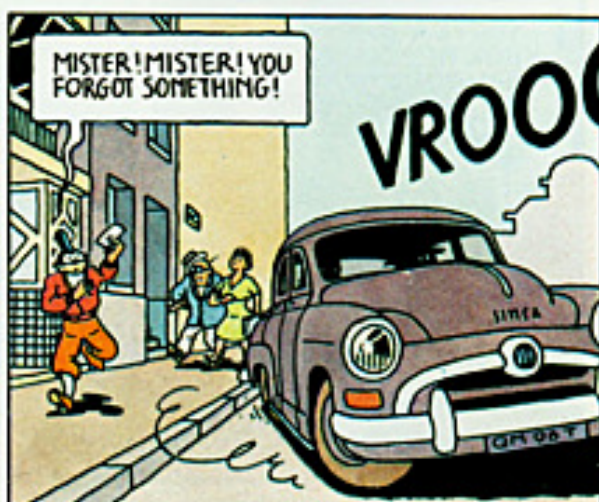
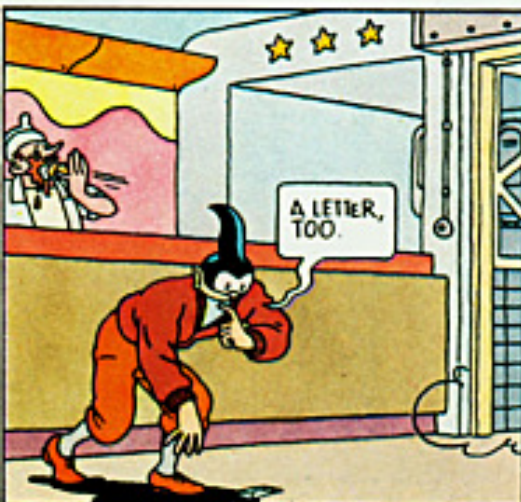
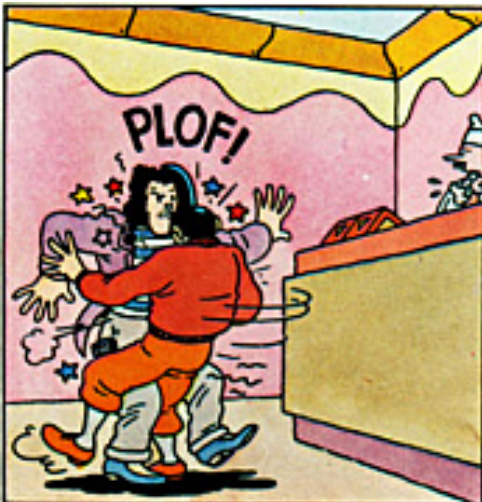
DO NOT
WASTE

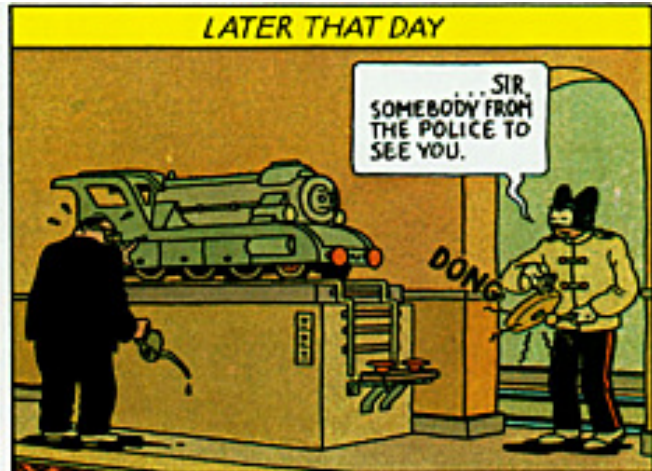
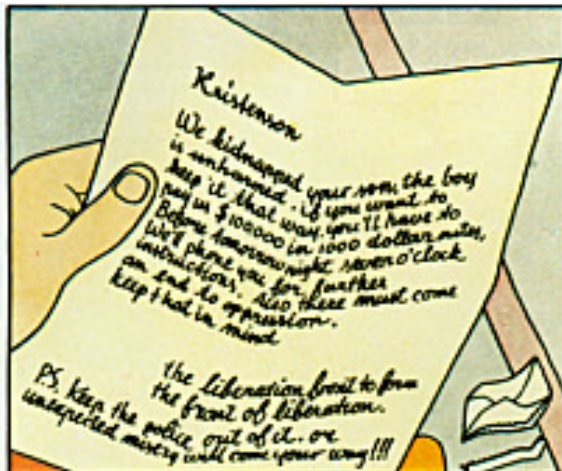


(*) A CHANCE
IN A MILLION









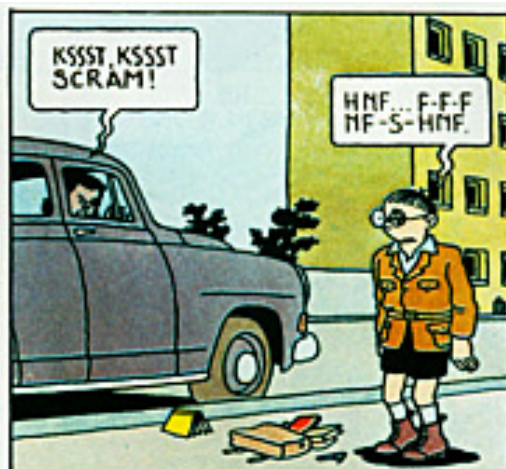


WE ONLY PLAYED COPS
AND ROBBERS, GOT IT?



BUT, BUT...

OUT YOU GO!



KSSST, KSSST
SCRAM!

HNF... F-F-F
NF-S-HNF.

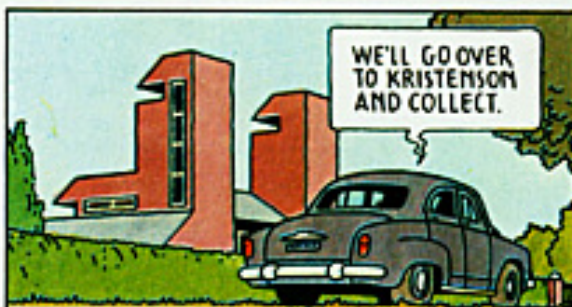


DO YOU GET IT? FIRST WE ARE CURSED
FOR NOT GETTING HIM, AND NOW THAT
WE HAVE THE KID AT LAST, WE HAVE
TO LET HIM GO.

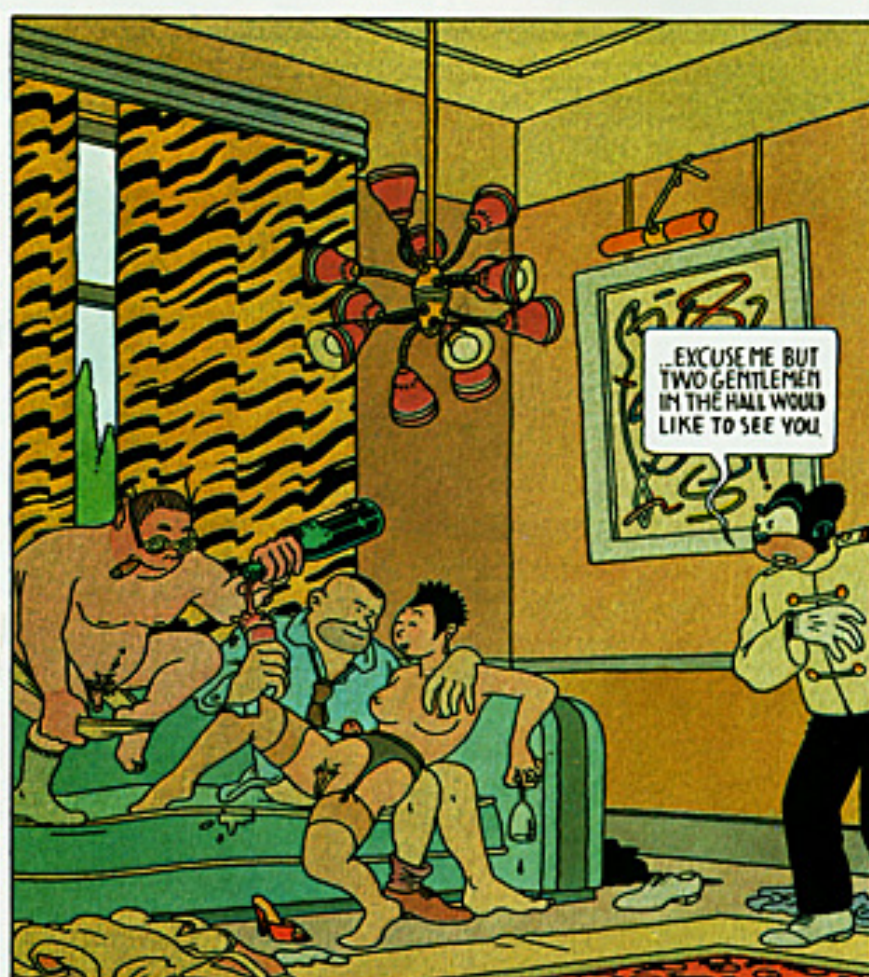


ALL FOR
NOTHING.

YOU DON'T THINK I'D LEAVE WITH-
OUT ANY MONEY, DO YOU?



WE'LL GO OVER
TO KRISTENSON
AND COLLECT.



...EXCUSE ME BUT
TWO GENTLEMEN
IN THE HALL WOULD
LIKE TO SEE YOU.



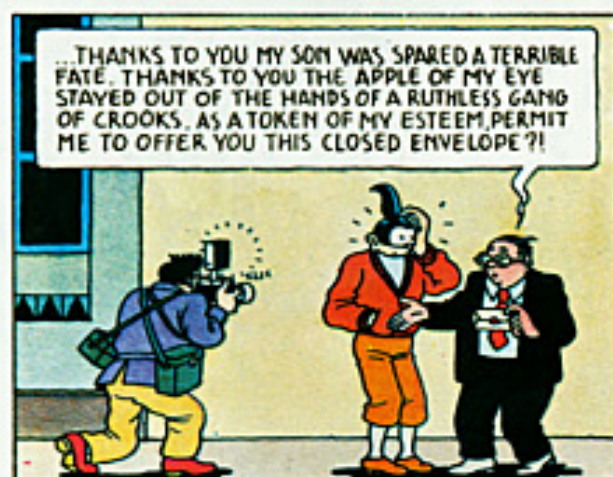
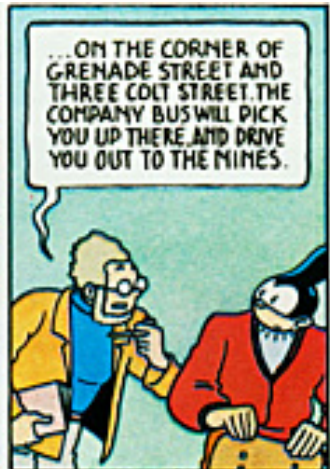
HEY, OLD MAN... DID YOU
THINK WE WOULD SPLIT
EMPTY-HANDED?

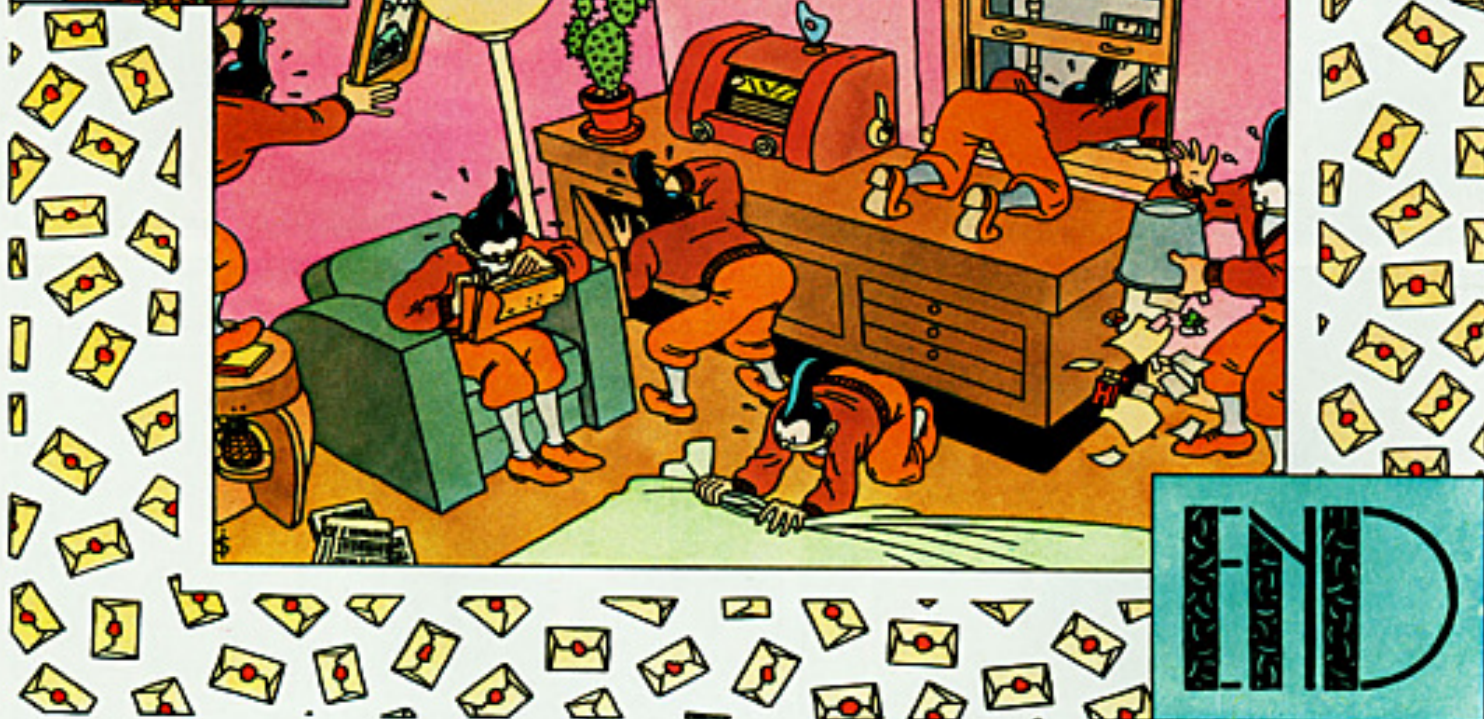


OH NO, DON'T BE
AFRAID, YOU CAN
COUNT ON A...



...SURPRISE

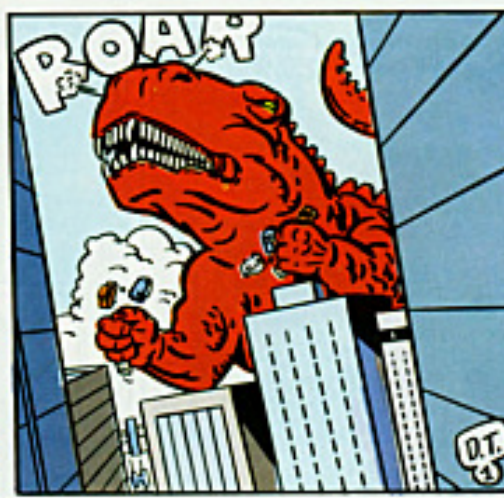






DOUBLE V

IN
DEAD MEN
WEAR
TOLUPEES

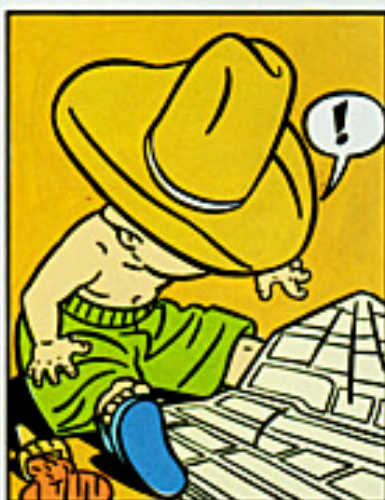






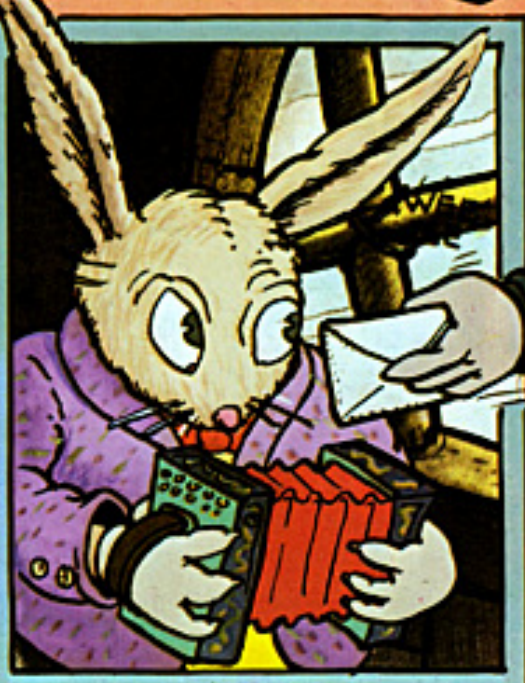
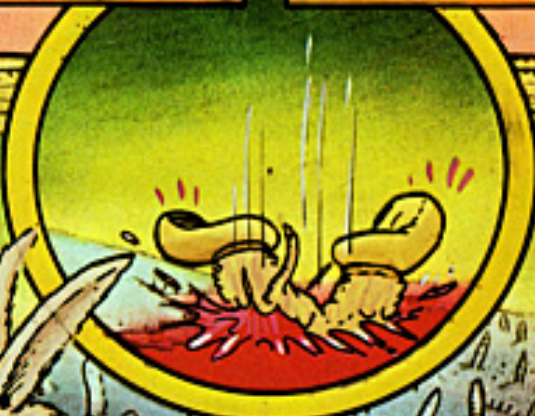
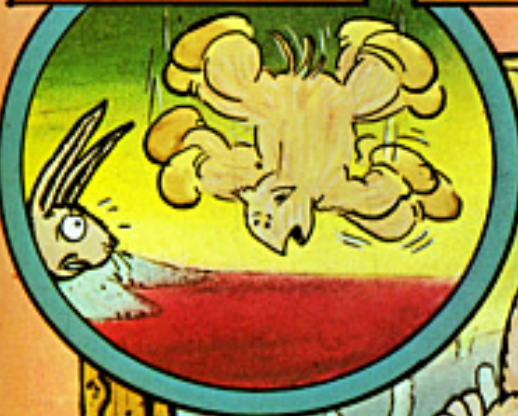
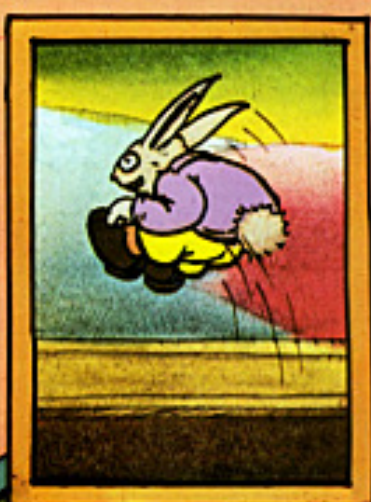


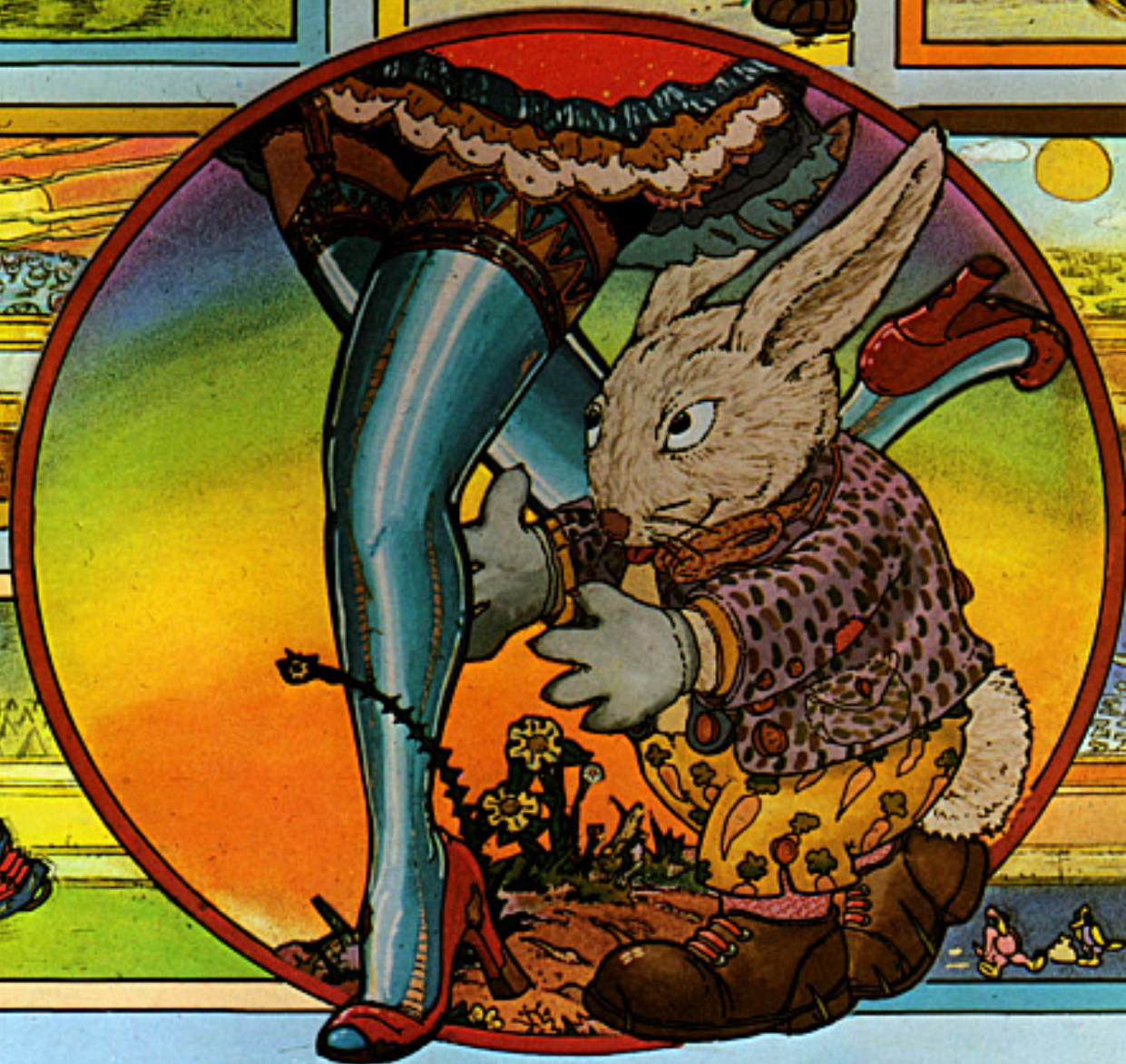
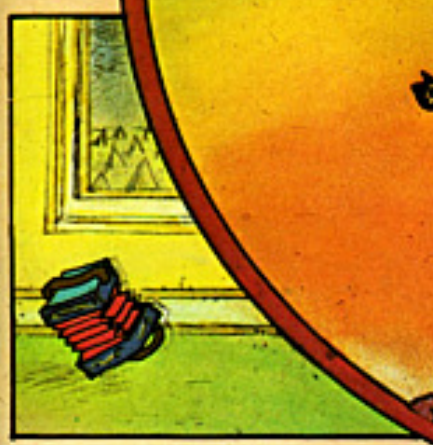
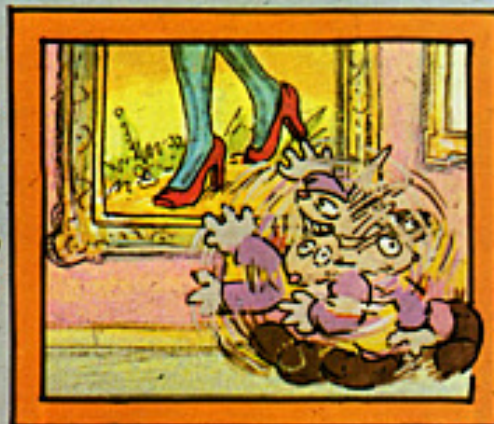
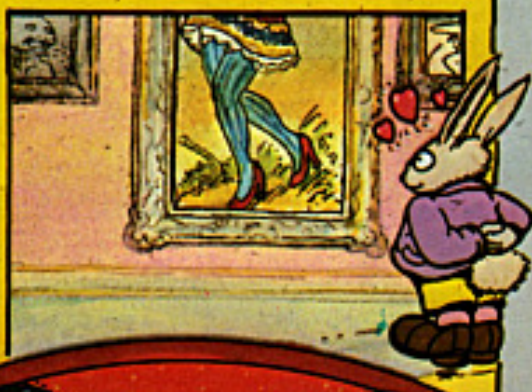
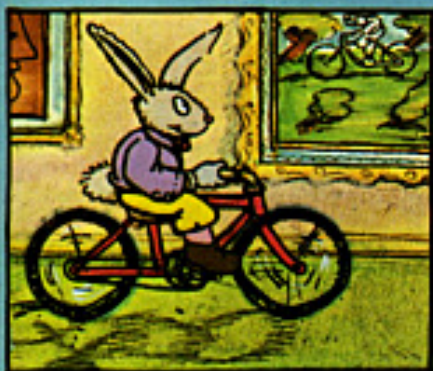
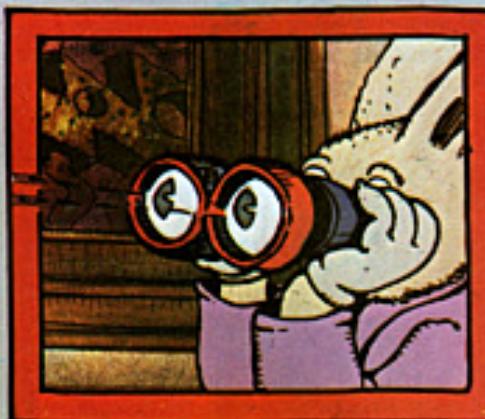
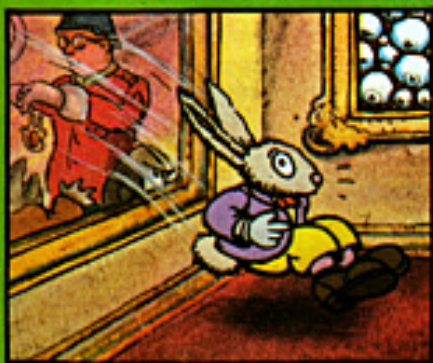




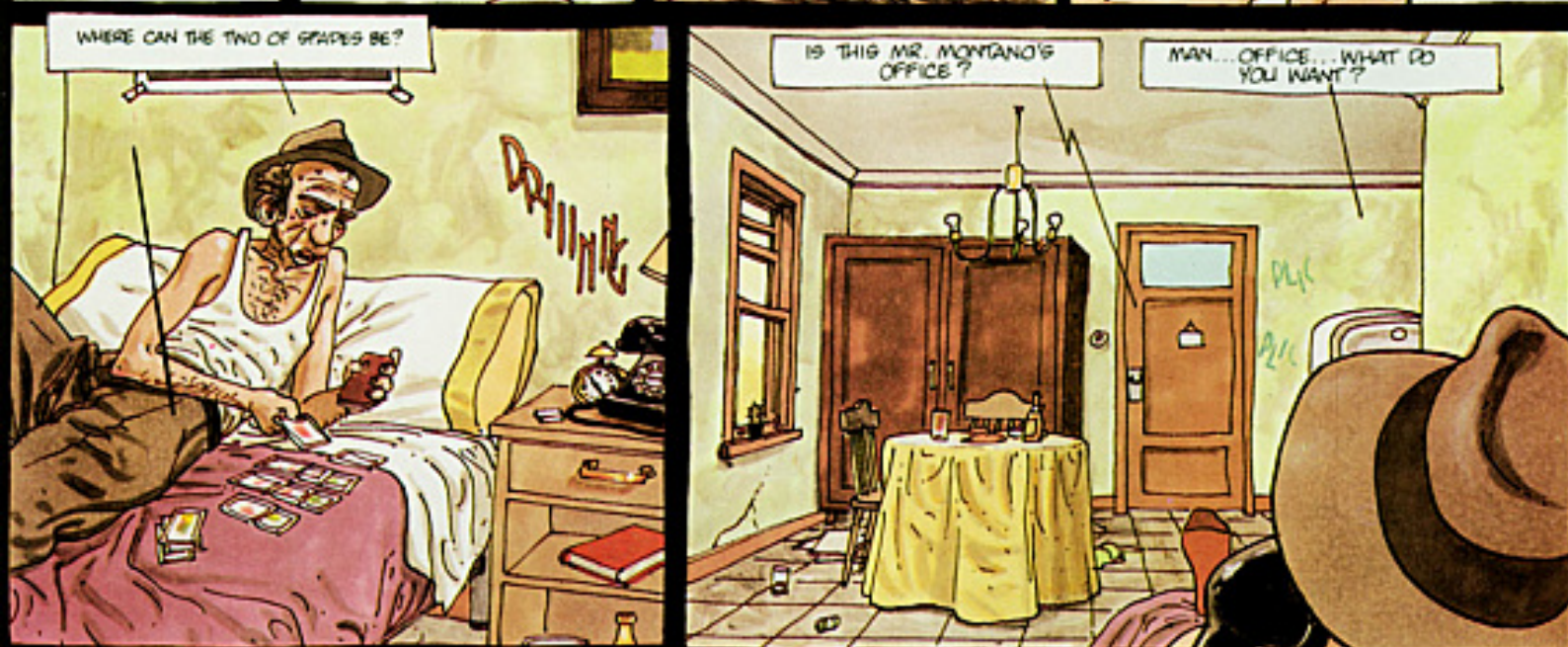


EXQUISITE CORPSES





Manuel Montano AND THE CASE OF THE NUDIST COLONY RIP-OFF



I OWN A NUDIST COLONY.

A WHAT? A NUDIST COLONY??

IT IS A HEAVENLY PLACE, COVERED WITH FLOWERS, PALM TREES AND ACACIAS. FULL OF NAKED WOMEN WITH THEIR SKIN STILL WET FROM THEIR SWIM... THAT'S IT. DO YOU ACCEPT THE JOB?

SHOW... YES! WHO SHOULD I ASK FOR?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. JUST TELL THE DOORMAN THAT YOU'RE THE NEW LIFEGUARD. HE WILL DIRECT YOU TO ME. I'LL BE WAITING.

BUT... I CAN'T SWIM!

MONTANO CROSSES THE CITY LIKE A SPARK, WITHOUT CEASING FOR A MOMENT TO THINK ABOUT HIS NEW OASE.

NAKED WOMEN !!!

solitone

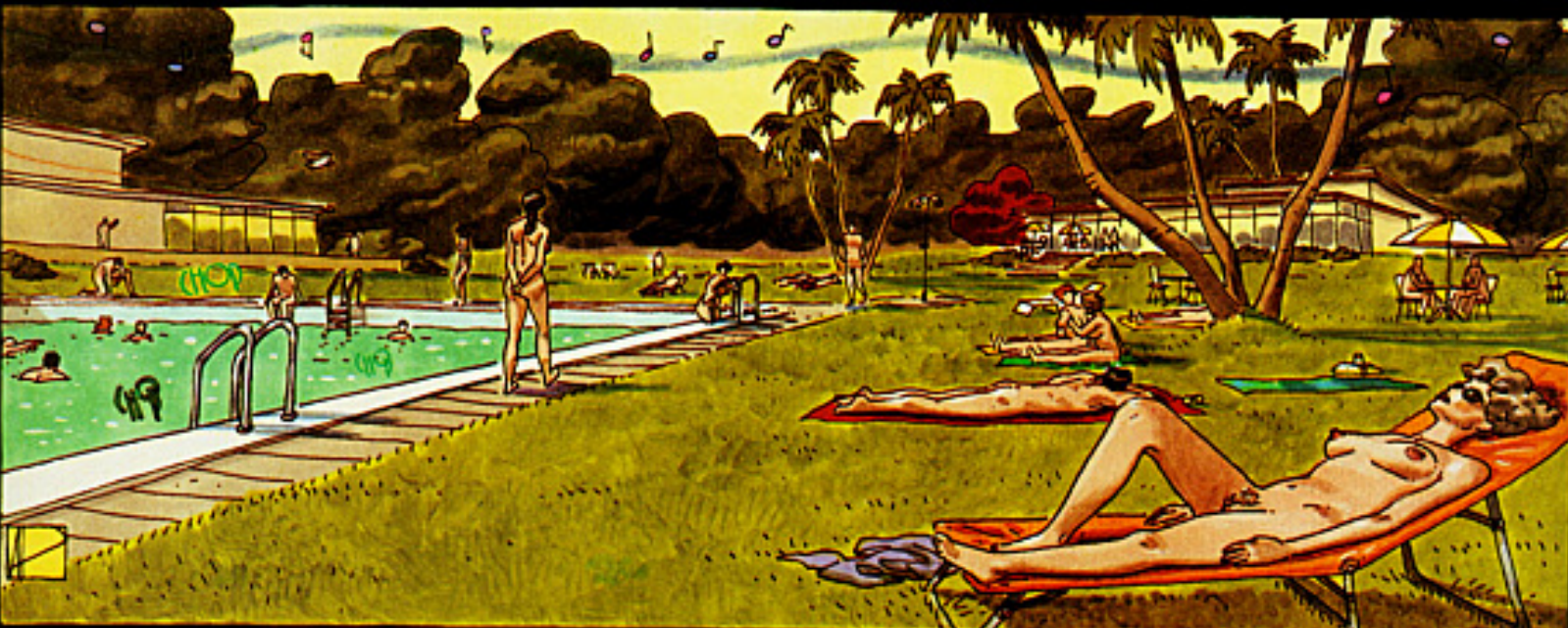
MARA

... OKAY, BEHIND THE LOCKER ROOM AT 12:30, WHEN THE GUARD GOES OFF DUTY... YES... I'LL TAKE IT, OF COURSE.

I'M THE NEW LIFEGUARD.

OKAY, THE BOSS SAID YOU SHOULD START RIGHT AWAY. HE'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE.

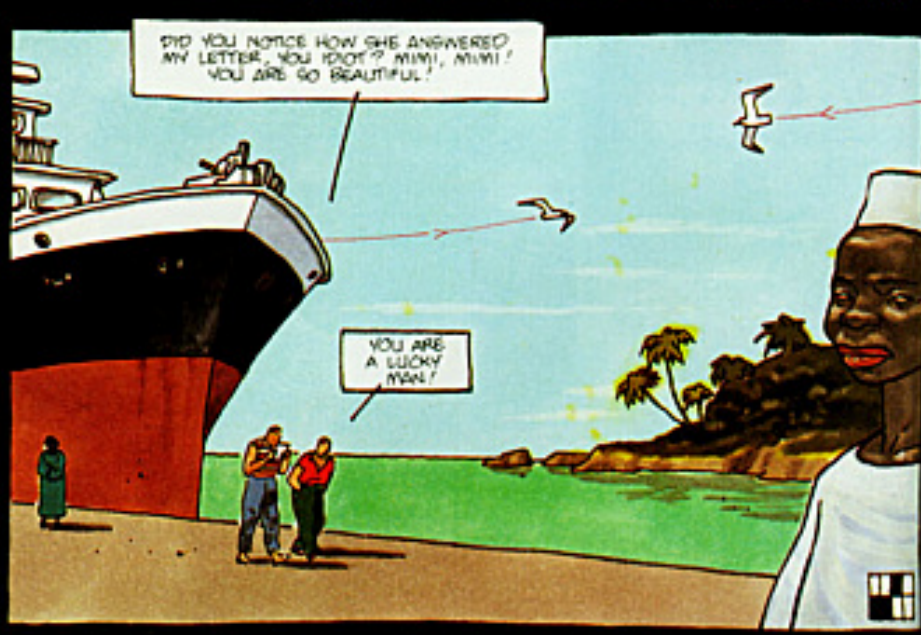
YOU MUST PICK UP YOUR UNIFORM IN THE LOCKER ROOM.



UNIFORM INDEED!

DID YOU NOTICE HOW SHE ANSWERED MY LETTER, YOU IDIOT? NIMI, NIMI! YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!

YOU ARE A LUCKY MAN!

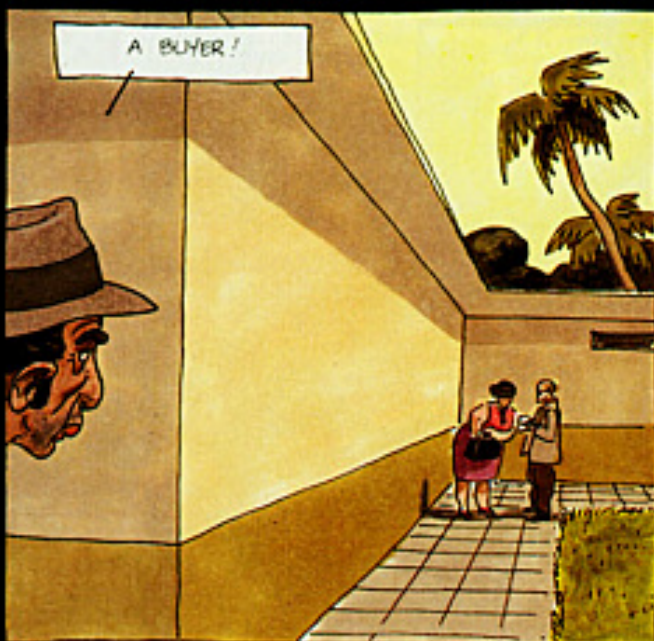




VERY INTERESTING... I COULD GUESS THAT IS THE TICKET SELLER WHO IS TAKING PICTURES OF THE CLIENTELE. I'M SURE SHE COLLECTS ATHLETIC YOUNG MEN.



SHE SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY.



A BUYER!



IT LOOKS LIKE THE TICKET SELLER IS GIVING THAT GUY AN ENVELOPE WITH PICTURES OF NAKED CLIENTS AND THE GUY IS GIVING SOMETHING BACK TO HER-- MONEY! CAN THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE IRREGULARITY IN THE DAILY REVENUES?



UNTIL NEXT WEEK, MIMI. GIVE THEM MY LOVE, HA HA!

LOUSY WORM!



SHE'S COMING THIS WAY. LUCKILY I HAD FORESEEN THE POSSIBILITY OF A COMPROMISING SITUATION SUCH AS THIS ONE, AND I KNEW I WOULD BE NEEDING SOME THINGS... QUICKLY.



INTERESTING LOOKING ENVELOPE!

AHH! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LOOK AT ALL THESE PICTURES! ARE THESE THE ONES THAT YOUR FRIEND REFUSED TO TAKE?

DON'T TOUCH THEM!



BUT... WHAT IS THIS?
...I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



THOSE ARE MY GUYS, MY FIANCES...



AND THE GIRLS?

I FIND MY FIANCES THROUGH AN AD IN THE PAPER, AND WHEN THEY ASK FOR A PICTURE... IF I SENT THEM MINE, THEY WOULD NEVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN... SO I SEND THEM ONE OF THE GIRLS INSTEAD...



I SEE... BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY, WHAT IS HIS ROLE IN THIS?

THAT JERK? HE'S THE JANITOR. HE CAUGHT ME TAKING PICTURES ONE OF THE FIRST TIMES, AND I TOLD HIM MY STORY, THINKING HE WOULD UNDERSTAND... AND HE REALLY DID UNDERSTAND EVER SINCE THEN HE LOOKS FOR PERSONAL ADS IN MAGAZINES...



HE FINDS OUT THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MY GUYS AND BLACKMAILS ME, THREATENING TO SEND THEM A REAL PICTURE OF ME!



AND YOU TAKE MONEY OUT OF THE TILL TO PAY HIM! BUT WHY DO YOU KEEP CONTACTING THE NAMES IN THE ADS HE GIVES YOU, IF HE BLACKMAILS YOU?

WELL, THE FLESH IS WEAK... ESPECIALLY WHEN IN LOVE! TOOK, FOR INSTANCE, HE GAVE ME AN AD BY A LION HUNTER!



YOU WON'T TELL THE BOSS, WILL YOU? I PROMISE I WON'T TOUCH HIS MONEY ANYMORE! I GIVE YOU MY WORD!

WELL... THAT MEANS THAT I WON'T GET PAID... OHAY, THAT'S ALL RIGHT...



YOU ARE A GOOD MAN... THANK YOU!!

Mmmmmmm...

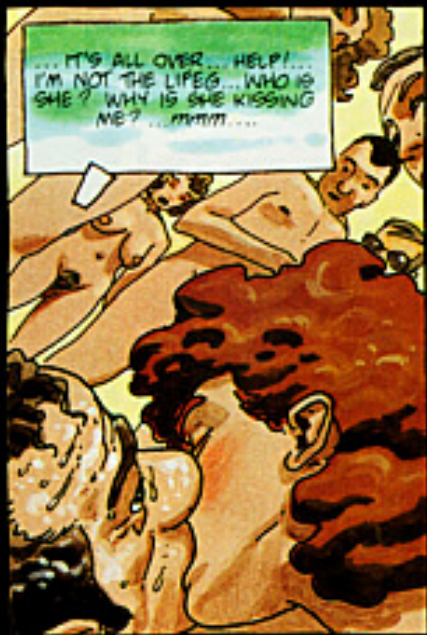






SIR, WAKE UP!

LEAVE HIM ALONE. I'LL TRY MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION ON HIM AGAIN.



...IT'S ALL OVER... HELP!...
I'M NOT THE LIFE-GUARD... WHO IS SHE?
WHY IS SHE KISSING ME?... MUMMM...

HE'S FINALLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!

YOU ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT BACK, YOU FOOL!

YOU HAVE SOME LUNGS! HOW CAN YOU BREATHE SO FAR DOWN UNDERWATER?



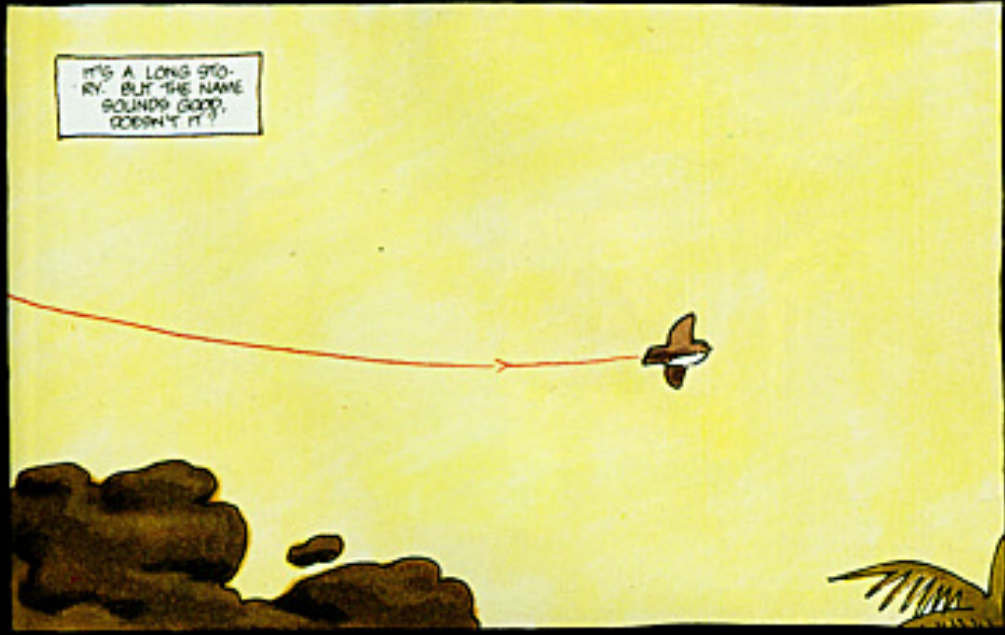
NOW YOU MUST REST. COME WITH ME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE INFIRMARY.

WHAT? I DON'T EVEN WANT TO SEE THE INFIRMARY FROM A DISTANCE.



I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. LET'S GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT, THEN GO SEE A MOVIE IN A COOL MOVIE HOUSE AND THEN WE'LL DO SOME LATE NIGHT CELEBRATING. WHO KNOWS, WE MAY EVEN ENCOUNTER THE "SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT..."

THAT'S REALLY EXCITING. WHO IS THIS "SPIRIT"?



IT'S A LONG STORY, BUT THE NAME SOUNDS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?



MEANWHILE, MIMI LOOKS YET AGAIN AT THE PICTURE OF HER SAILOR AND AN UNCONTROLLABLE TEAR MOVES SLOWLY DOWN HER FACE.

LORNA



IT'S THE KIND OF PLACE THAT MAKES MY CIRCUITS SHORT OUT... I DON'T THINK THIS WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA....



DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF AND NOTHING SHOULD GO WRONG.. ALMOST ALL THE MONEY IN THE GALAXY ENDS UP IN THIS PLACE.....

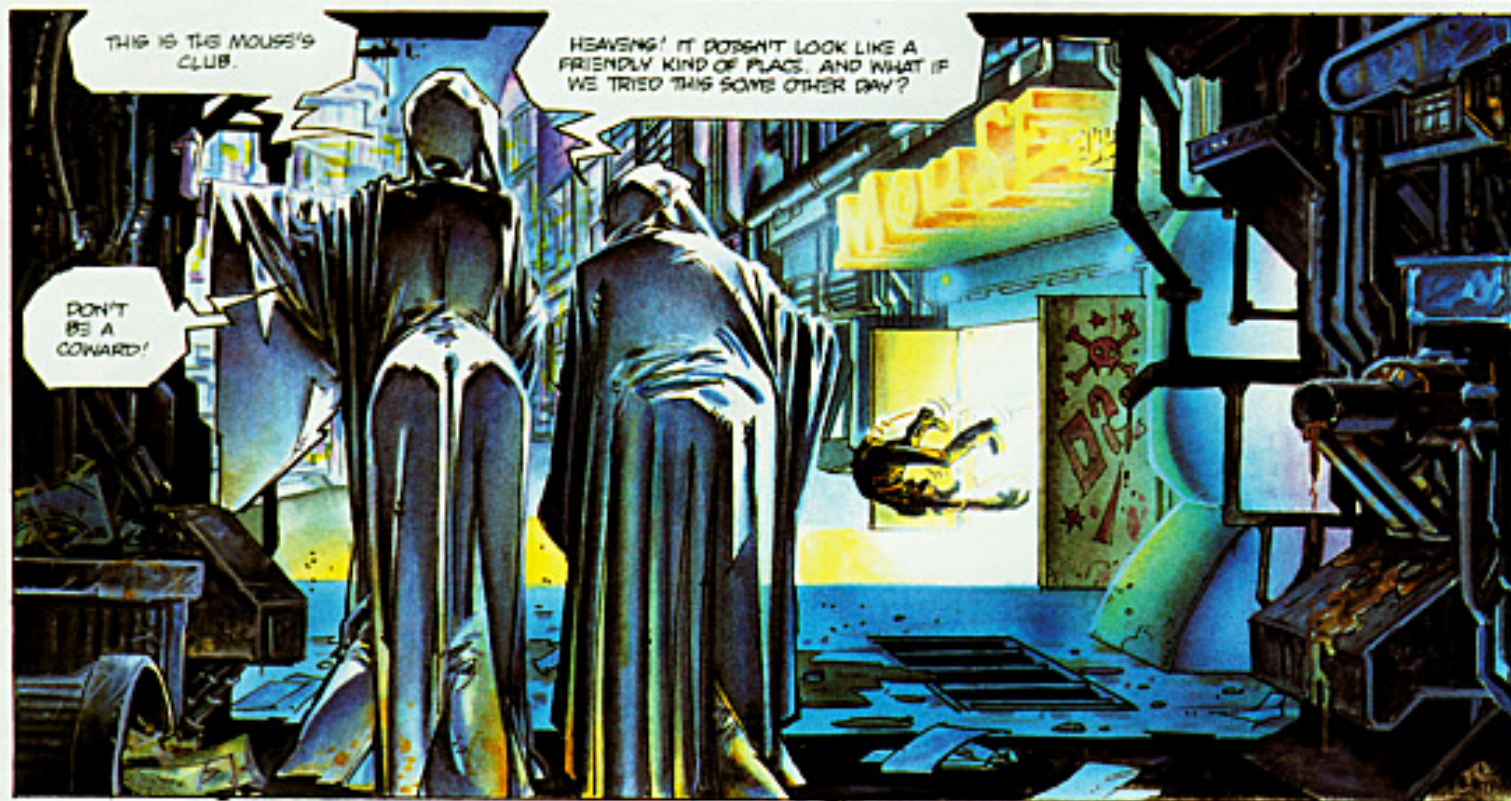
AND WE WILL DO OUR BEST TO TAKE SOME OF THAT MONEY OUT OF HERE..

WELL, IF I LOOK AT IT THAT WAY, I FEEL BETTER.



HERE WE ARE.

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THIS IS THE MOUSE'S CLUB.

HEAVENS! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A FRIENDLY KIND OF PLACE. AND WHAT IF WE TRIED THIS SOME OTHER DAY?

DON'T BE A COWARD!





NO ONE MOVE! NO ONE!
MOUSE, DON'T TRY TO DO
ANYTHING, AND TELL YOUR
MEN TO LEAVE ME ALONE!

MY DEAR, LORNA! IT'S BEEN A
LONG TIME SINCE WE SAW YOUR
PRETTY BODY AROUND THIS
PLACE... I HEARD ABOUT
YOUR STAY IN TURSUM!



HAVE YOU
CHANGED PROFESSIONS? HAVE YOU
BECOME ONE OF THOSE
LOUSY POLICE WOMEN?



POLICE WOMEN? WHAT
ON EARTH ARE YOU SAYING?
THE REASON I'M HERE IS
TO EASE SOME OF
YOUR WORRIES...



GREAT! EVERYTHING IS
WORKING OUT JUST AS WE
HAD PLANNED...



THE COAST IS
CLEAR. LET'S
GET TO WORK...



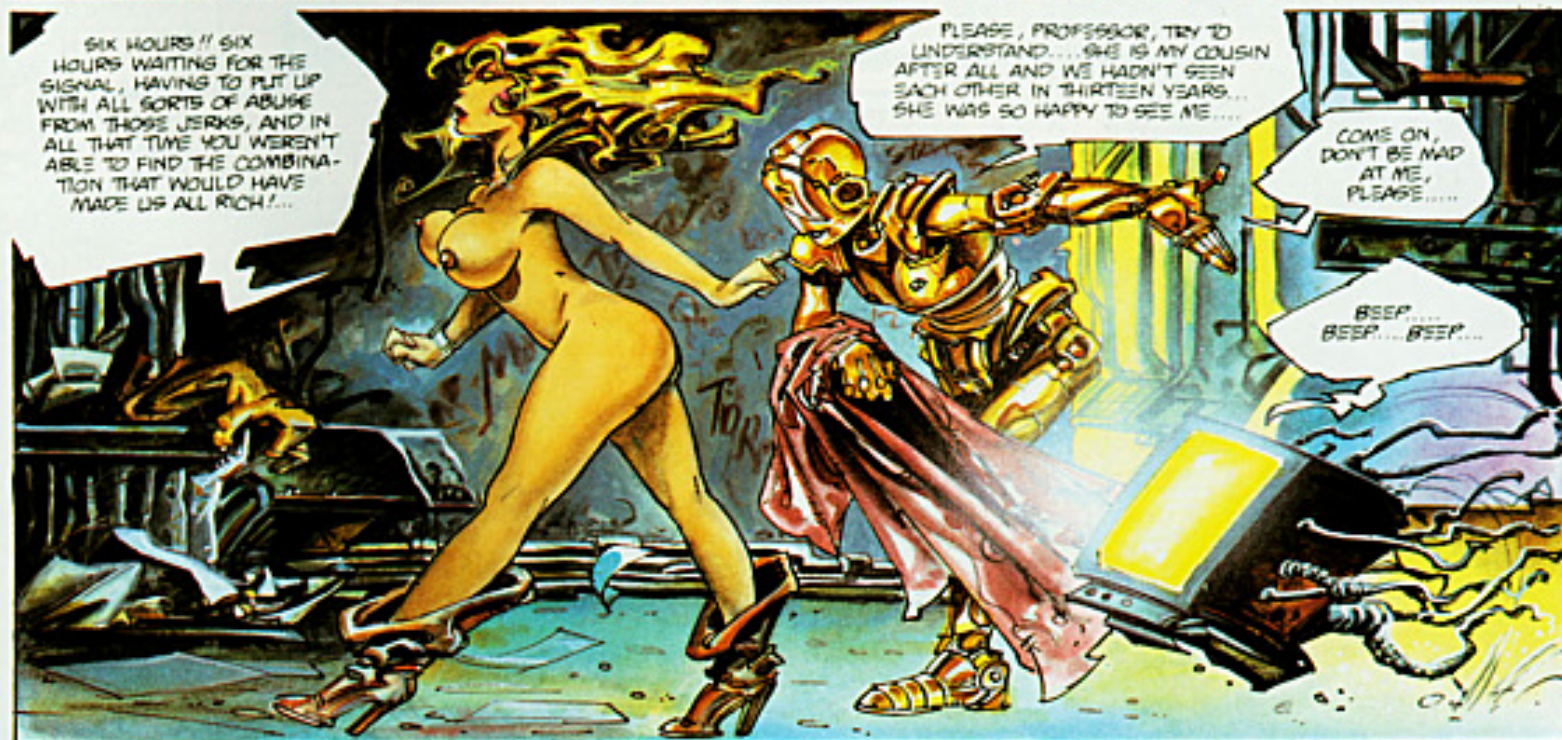
DON'T LOOK
SO SAD. I JUST
WANT TO HAVE
SOME FUN.



YOU WANT TO HAVE A
NICE TIME? YOU COULDN'T
HAVE CHOSEN A BETTER
PLACE, ISN'T THAT
SO, MY FRIENDS?



NOW FOR THE
EXPLOSION. I'LL ESCAPE
IN THE CONFUSION THAT
WILL FOLLOW...

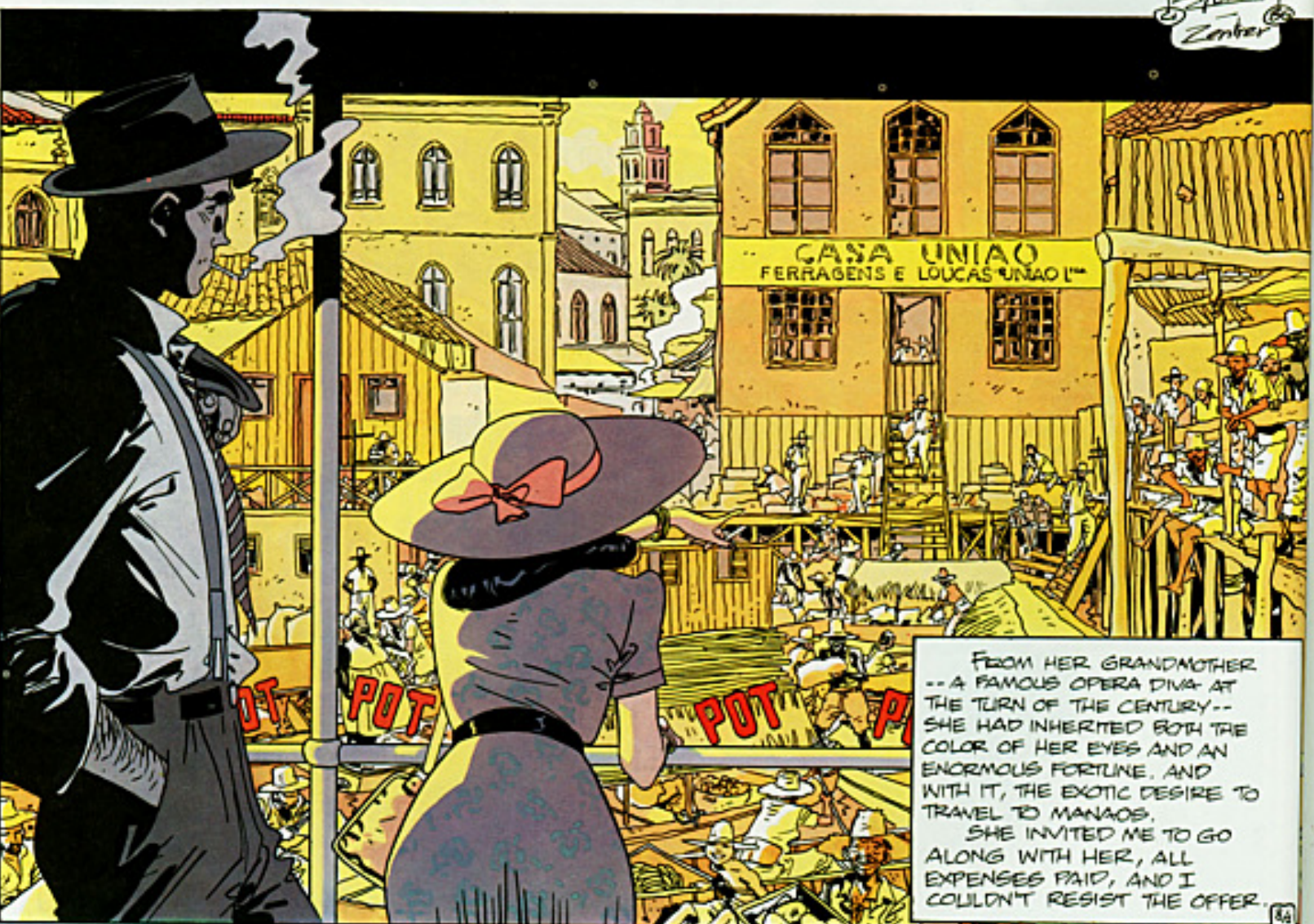


I MET MAGDA DURING MY STAY IN PARIS. MAGDA HAD MONEY AND SHE WAS A REAL WOMAN, FLESH AND BLOOD--THE FORMER VERY NICELY DISTRIBUTED, IF I MAY SAY SO.



Dieter Lumpen

Dieter
Zentner

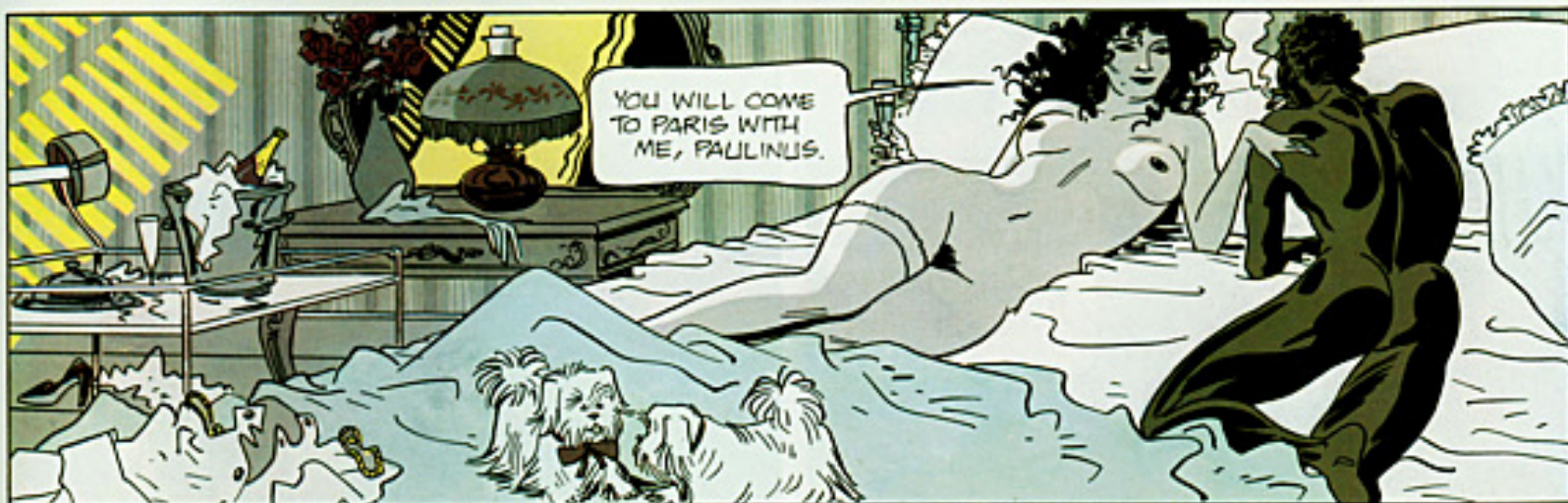
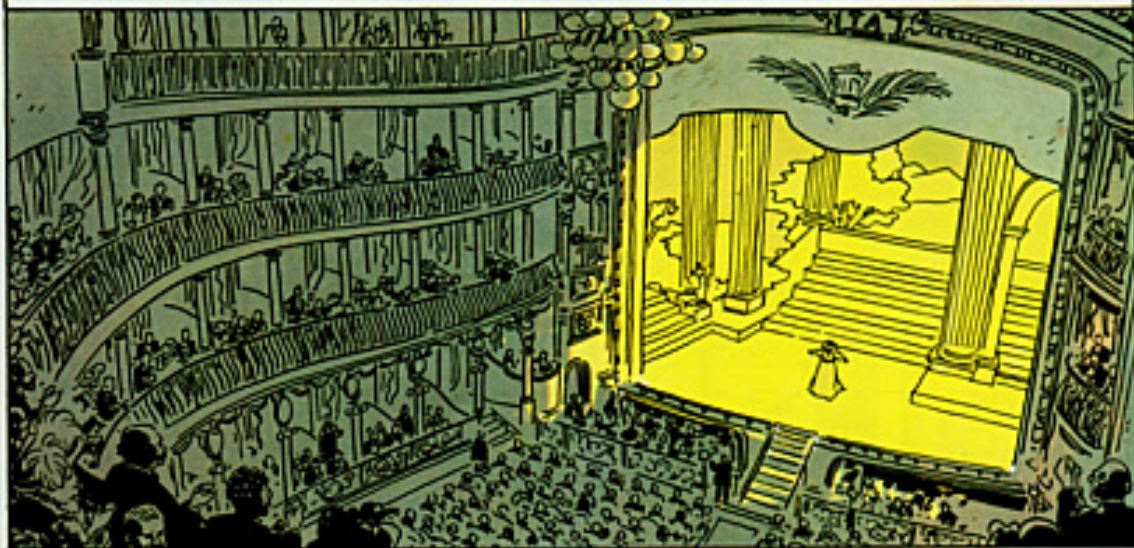


FROM HER GRANDMOTHER -- A FAMOUS OPERA DIVA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY -- SHE HAD INHERITED BOTH THE COLOR OF HER EYES AND AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE. AND WITH IT, THE EXOTIC DESIRE TO TRAVEL TO MANAOS. SHE INVITED ME TO GO ALONG WITH HER, ALL EXPENSES PAID, AND I COULDN'T RESIST THE OFFER.

HER DESIRE TO VISIT THE JUNGLE CITY WAS NOT JUST A MILLIONAIRE'S WHIM, AND IT DESERVES TO BE EXPLAINED.



THE STORY BEGINS IN 1907, WHEN MAGDA'S GRANDMOTHER MADE HER DEBUT AT THE OPERA HOUSE IN MANAOS. IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE THAT MARKED HER LIFE FOREVER, AND NOT BECAUSE OF THE GREAT SUCCESS THAT SHE HAD ON THE STAGE.



IN BRIEF, IT WAS A LOVE STORY. RATHER EXCEPTIONAL FOR THAT TIME, THAT'S FOR SURE...EVEN IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.



YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH THAT WHITE SKIN AGAIN, YOU REVOLTING APE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A LIKING FOR OPERA TO KNOW THAT OTHELLO ALWAYS GETS THE WORST OF IT IN THE END.



MAGDA'S GRANDMOTHER, WHOSE PASSION FOR PALLINUS WAS EQUALLED ONLY BY HER WEALTH, DID WHAT SHE COULD FOR HER LOVER. AND IF IT WAS UN-SUCCESSFUL ESTHETICALLY... WELL... WE ALL KNOW THAT LOVE IS BLIND.

JEAN CLAUDE COURMIGNON
DENTISTE



PALLINUS, HOWEVER, NEVER REALLY COULD GET USED TO LIFE IN EUROPE, AND FEARING FURTHER VIOLENCE, FLED BACK TO HIS COUNTRY.



THE WAR... MARRIAGES... ARTISTIC COMMITMENTS... THE MANY CHAPTERS OF THE SINGERS' LIFE UNFOLDED. BUT THE MEMORY OF HER LOVER, NOW BUT A SWEET TALE, SURVIVED INTACT, AND WAS RELATED TO HER GRANDDAUGHTER, MAGDA.



THE WILD JUNGLE SEEMED TO WANT TO INVADE THE CITY... THE RIVER...



AND PROMISE ME, MY DEAR MAGDA, THAT YOU'LL GO TO MANAOS AND LOOK FOR PALLINUS. IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT... YOU KNOW... BECAUSE OF HIS TEETH...

IT'S WONDERFUL! IT'S RAINING AS MUCH AS GRANDMOTHER SAID IT WOULD!



MAGDA WANTED TO STAY WHERE HER GRANDMOTHER HAD STAYED SO MANY YEARS BEFORE, BUT THE HOTEL HAD BEEN TORN DOWN. AFTER THE CRISIS IN THE RUBBER INDUSTRY, ONLY THE HEAT AND HUMIDITY HAD REMAINED UNCHANGED IN THIS CITY.

WE THOUGHT THAT TRYING TO FIND PAULINUS WAS NOT ONLY TO FULFILL A PROMISE TO MAGRA'S GRANDMOTHER, BUT ALSO AN AMUSING WAY TO EXPLORE MANAOS. AFTER A REFRESHING SHOWER, WE STARTED OUT AGAIN.



YES, YES, I KNOW HIM. HIS NAME IS GOLDEN MOUTH.



GO DOWN THERE, TO THE SUBMARINE BAR. ASK FOR DON MAURO. HE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND GOLDEN MOUTH.



OUR FEET WERE KILLING US, WE WERE OUT OF BREATH, DRENCHED IN SWEAT AND HORRIBLY THIRSTY. A REALLY AMUSING WAY TO EXPLORE MANAOS! WHERE THE HELL WAS PAULINUS? WELL, DON MAURO SHOULD KNOW....



GOLDEN MOUTH....
SURE... I KNOW WHERE
HE LIVES, BUT....ARE YOU
SURE THAT YOU WANT TO
GO ALL THE WAY DOWN
THERE?



IT'S VERY FAR
...VERY FAR. AND
IT'S A DANGEROUS
TRIP...TERRIBLE...



VERY FEW HAVE
GONE THAT FAR..
AND ONLY I
HAVE COME BACK.



AT TIMES I EVEN
THINK THAT IT WAS ALL IN
MY IMAGINATION....A
FOOLISH FANTASY...THAT
I NEVER WAS THERE,
AND THAT I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW GOLDEN MOUTH



...AND THAT I'VE
NEVER MADE IT
BACK TO MANAOS.

I WAS SURE THAT THE OLD MAN WAS TRYING TO FRIGHTEN US, HOWEVER, I DIDN'T REALLY CARE. HIS MYSTERIOUS STORY COULD HELP CONVINCE MAGDA TO CHANGE OUR PLANS AND FLY TO RIO. TO THE BEACH.

OH DIETER, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! WE HAVE TO ASK DON MAURO TO TAKE US TO WHERE PAULINIS IS LIVING. WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW!

DON MAURO DIDN'T EXACTLY SEEM TO WANT TO GO ANYWHERE, AND I CERTAINLY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO CONVINCE HIM OF THE CONTRARY. RIO...2hh...RIO...

DON MAURO DIDN'T LOOK TOO WILLING TO START OFF ON A TRIP, BUT I HAVE TO PERSUADE HIM TO ACCOMPANY US! I MUST!

FIRST THING TOMORROW I'LL GO SEE WHEN THE FIRST BOAT TO RIO IS LEAVING.

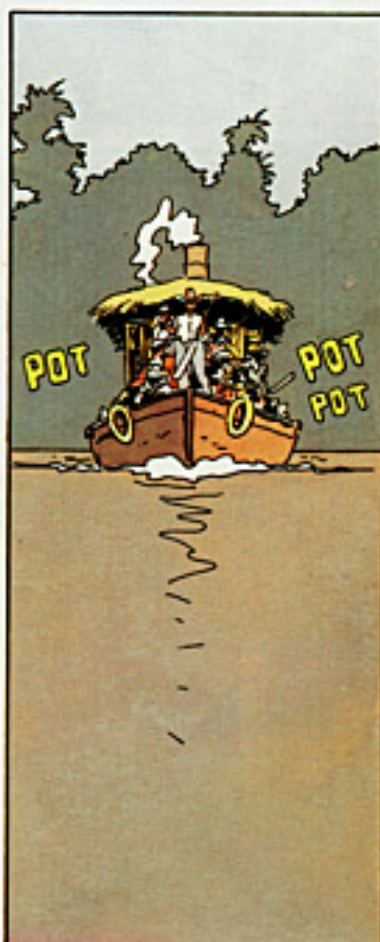
TOMORROW MORNING I'LL GO TALK TO DON MAURO.

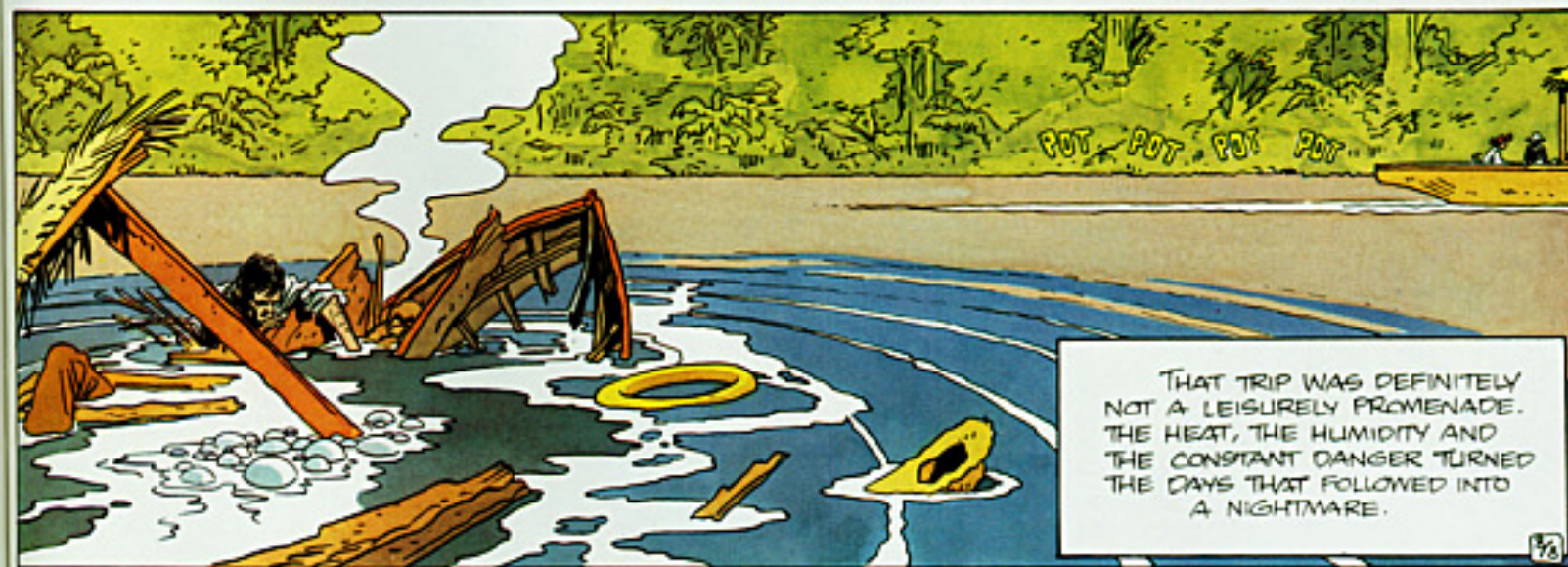
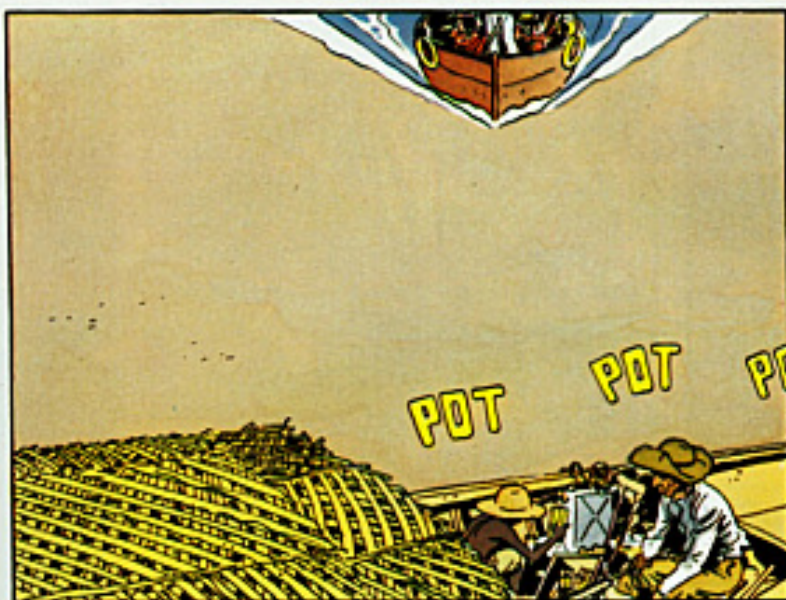
YES, MISS, IN THAT BOAT. DON MAURO LIVES THERE.

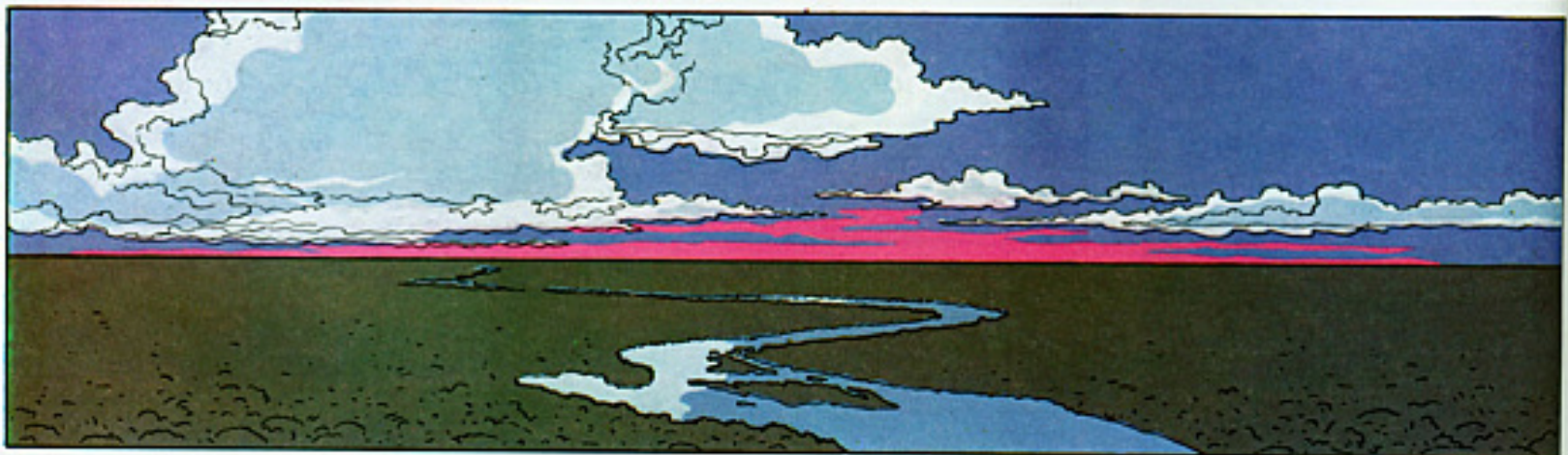
MAGDA!
MAGDA! WAIT A
MINUTE! WAIT
FOR ME!

THAT OLD MAN IS
A LIAR....WAIT!

I WONDER IF THERE IS A SPECIAL SCHOOL WHERE PEOPLE LIKE MAGDA LEARN HOW TO OBTAIN EVERYTHING THEY WANT! SHE PERSUADED DON MAURO TO ACCOMPANY US AND A WEEK LATER WE WERE IN THE HEART OF THE AMAZON, LOOKING FOR GOLDEN MOUTH.







THAT IS THE PLACE.
THAT'S WHERE
GOLDEN MOUTH
LIVES.



LET'S HOPE
THAT HE'S
STILL THERE.



HE IS.



PAULINUS!
PAULINUS!



PAUL....





DON MAURO!
HOW WONDERFUL
TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!



BUT...THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



HE'S... HE'S
JUST LIKE THE
PICTURE....
AND FORTY YEARS
HAVE GONE BY!

MANY HOURS
LATER, IN A
VOICE THAT
BLENDED WITH
THE NOISES OF
THE JUNGLE
NIGHT, DON
MAURO BEGAN
TO EXPLAIN
THE STORY.



THE MIRACU-
LOUS AND
MAGICAL STORY
OF GOLDEN
MOUTH, A MAN
WHO, IN A SET
OF GOLDEN
TEETH, HAD
FOUND THE
TREASURE
SOUGHT AFTER
FOR CENTURIES:
THE FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH.

THOSE DENTURES...
THOSE GOLD TEETH
ARE NOT MAGIC IN
THEMSELVES... THEY
ARE THE SYMBOL OF AN
OLD PASSION, FOR
TIME HAS STOOD STILL.

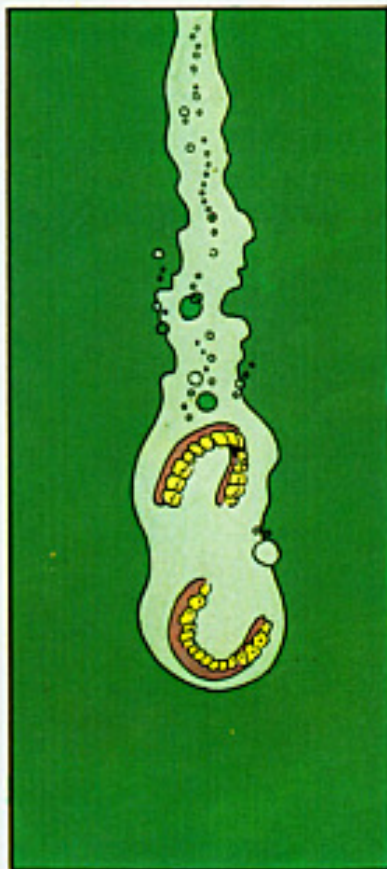


YOU CAN CALL IT
A MIRACLE, IF YOU
LIKE. IN ANY CASE,
IT WAS CERTAINLY
A "MIRACLE OF
LOVE".... IT WAS
BORN OF LOVE....

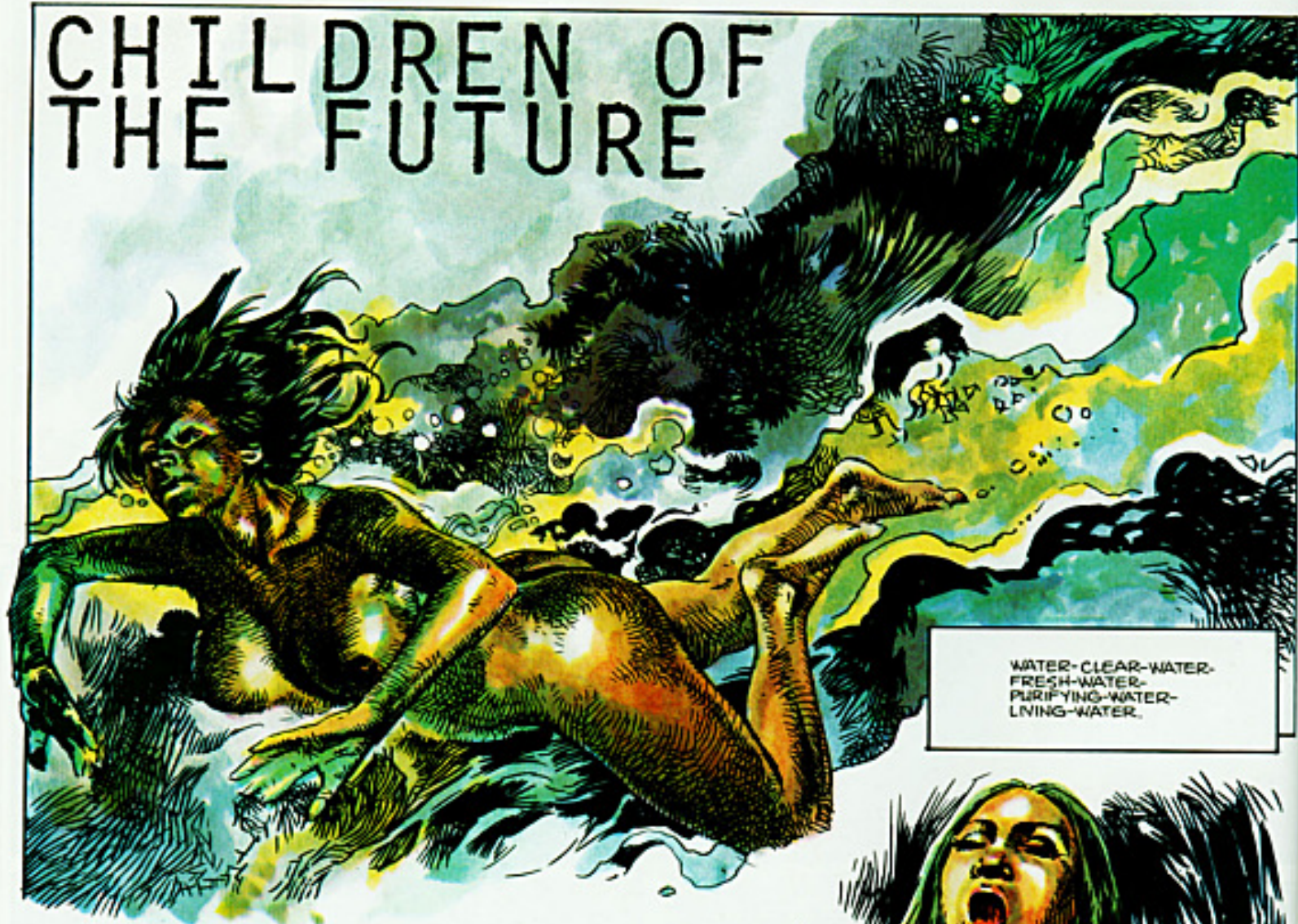


AS YOUR VISIT
TODAY, MISS MAGDA,
IS A SYMBOL OF THE
PASSION SHARED..





CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE



WATER-CLEAR-WATER-
FRESH-WATER-
PURIFYING-WATER-
LIVING-WATER.

AIR-LIGHT-HEAT-WELL-BEING-
CONSCIOUS-OF-EXISTING-JOY-OF-LIVING.





LOTHAA!
THE MAN
WAS WAITING-
FOR
MHAGAA?

SEVERAL MEETINGS-
ALREADY-EMOTION.



LOTHAA
HAS BEEN
LOOKING FOR
THE WOMAN
FOR A LONG
TIME.



MHAGAA
WANTED TO
SEE THE MAN
A-GAIN... BUT
A-FRAID AT
THE SAME
TIME!



LOTHA
HAPPY TO
FIND
MHAGAA SO
BEAU-TI-FUL
A-GAIN!

BEAU-TI-FUL
MHAGAA?
THE MAN
FOUNDE
LOTHAA
BEAU-TI-FUL,
ALSO.



AH...
MHAGAA
NO
LONGER
ALONE
NOW.



NEVER
ALONE
A-GAIN! THE
WO-MAN AND
THE MAN
WILL SLEEP
TO-GETHER!

LIPS-PARTLY-OVER-
IRRESISTIBLE-
LOVING-EMBRACE-
EMBRACE.



FEVERISH-BODY-
BURNING-FLESH-
ARDENT-PASSION-
FUROR-OF-THE-SENSES-
FLASHING-RISE-
OF-PLEASURE.

BUT THERE IS TROUBLE IN PARADISE!

THERE
THEY
ARE!
CATCH,
OCTO,
CATCH!

AAAAHH!
MHAGAA
FOR-GOT
ABOUT
THE
MUTA!

SURPRISE-
PANIC-
AGONY-
SWEAT-
COLD-RUN.

SWISSSESSSS

NO!
NO!

TERROR-PANIC-
DESPERATE-FLIGHT-
CHASE-RUN-GET-AWAY.

AARGH!

FLAP

FLOP FLAP
FLOP FLAP

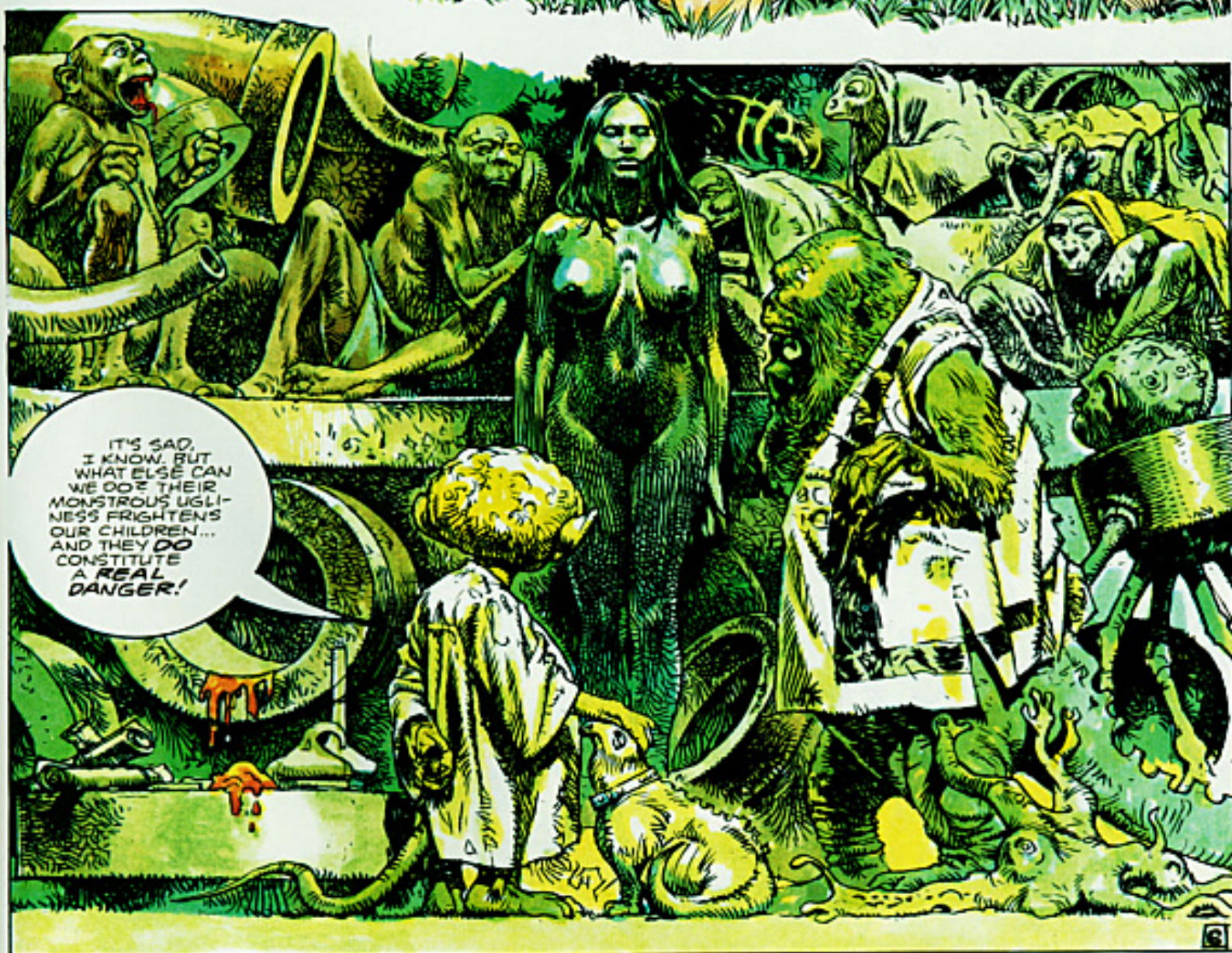
NO, NO!
NOT THAT!
STOP!
GET OFF OF
HER,
OCTO! GET
OFF!

YOU
STUPID, VICIOUS,
AND PERVERSE
BEAST! TO ABUSE
AN INFERIOR CREATURE
AREN'T YOU **ASHAMED**?
FIND THEIR TRAIL, CATCH
THEM, AND PARALYZE
THEM! THAT'S ALL WE
ASK OF YOU! UNDER-
STAND? NOW, **HURRY!**...
THE MALE WILL SLIP
AWAY UNDER
YOUR NOSE!

SLURP

HOW IS SHE? OCTO DIDN'T DESTROY HER, DID HE?

NO, MASTER. THE LITTLE FEMALE HAS ONLY FAINTED.





IT'S DIFFICULT TO ADMIT THAT OUR ANCESTORS RESEMBLED THESE PATHETIC BEINGS. BUT ALL EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT OUR FOREFATHERS BUILT THESE THINGS... THESE... "ANDROIDS"... IN THEIR **OWN IMAGE!** WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THEY INTENDED!... BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.

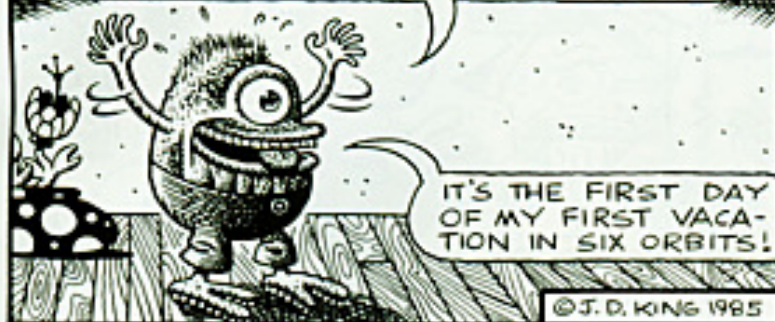


NOW THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO **MATE!**... AND THEY'RE MANIFESTING OTHER DISQUIETING ANCIENT HUMAN TRAITS LIKE THE SEARCH FOR LOVE AND FOR PLEASURE... ALL OUTMORDED AND IMMORAL IN OUR PRESENT SOCIETY.

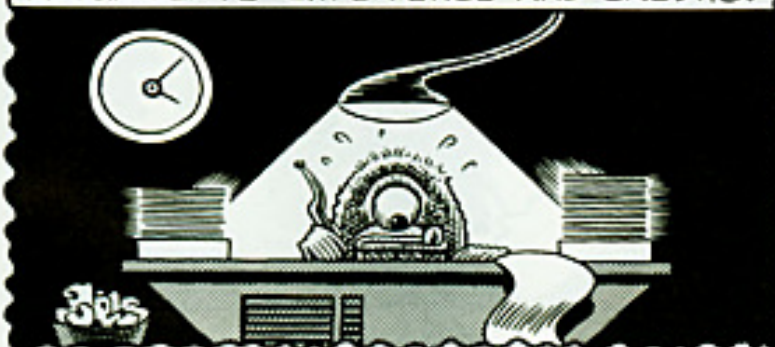


AH, WELL... ORDER AND MORALITY MUST BE GUARANTEED! DISMEMBER THAT THING AND PUT THE PIECES IN THE FIRE... JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!

MONDAY!



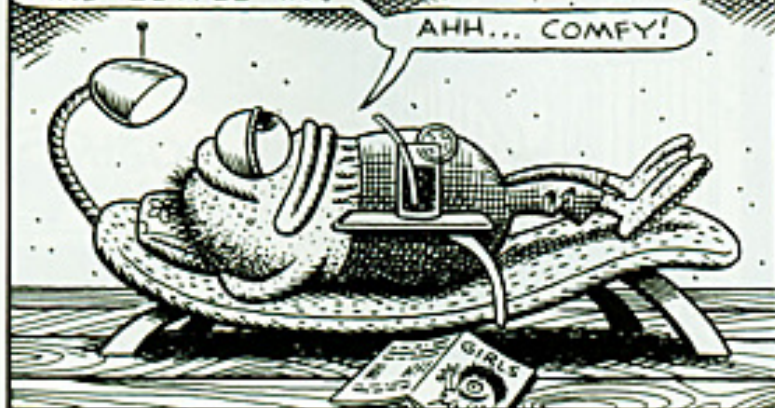
YEP, IT WAS JUST SIX ORBITS AGO THAT I ENTERED THE WORK FORCE EAGER TO TAKE ON ANY OVERWHELMING TASK TO ACCUMULATE EXPERIENCE AND CREDITS.



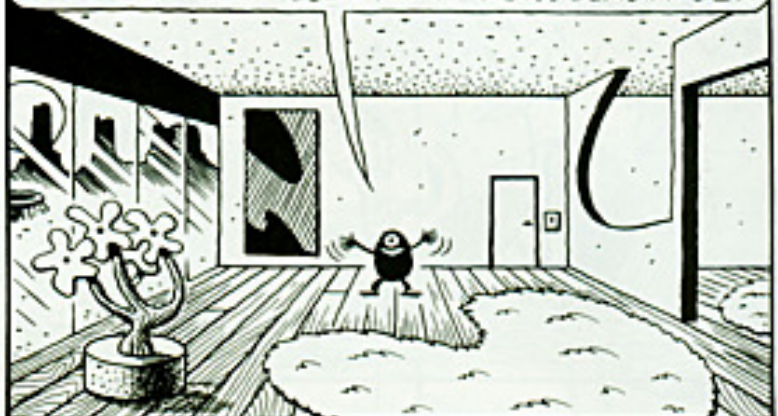
WITHIN A VERY SHORT TIME I BECAME AN OFFICER WITH GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.



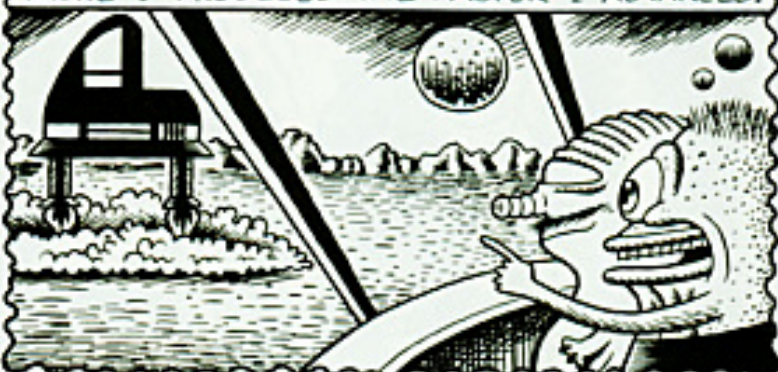
FOR STARTERS I THINK I'LL JUST RELAX AND SETTLE IN!



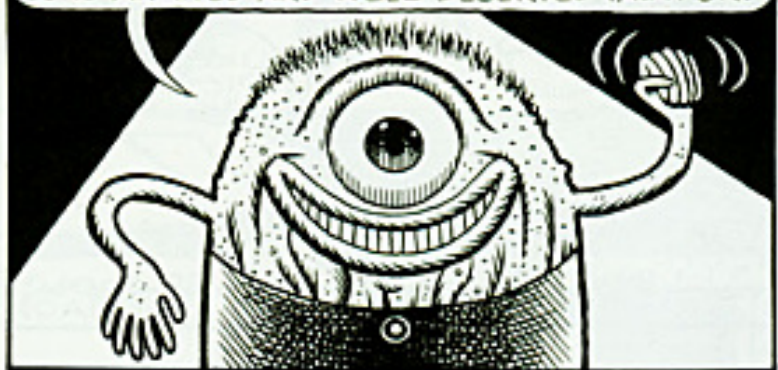
I SPENT THE ENTIRE WEEKEND MOVING INTO THIS NEW LUXURY APARTMENT. IT WAS A PAIN BUT JUST LOOK AT IT NOW! BEAUTIFUL!!

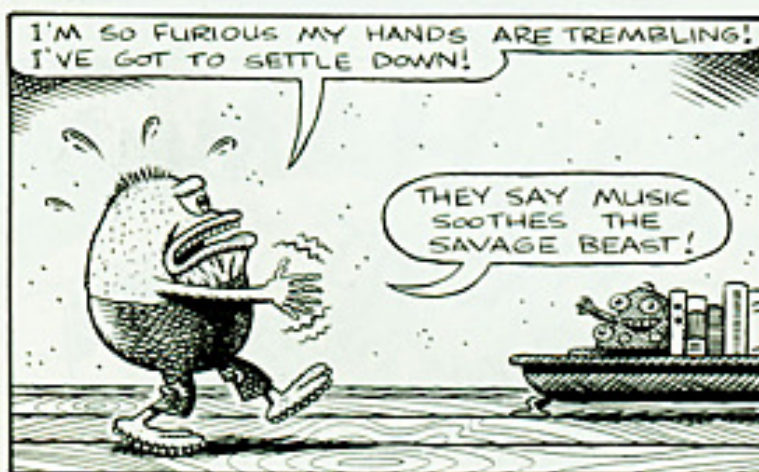
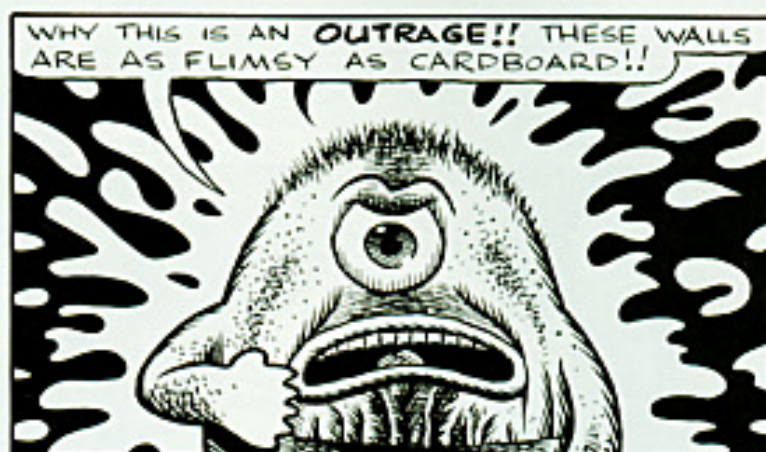
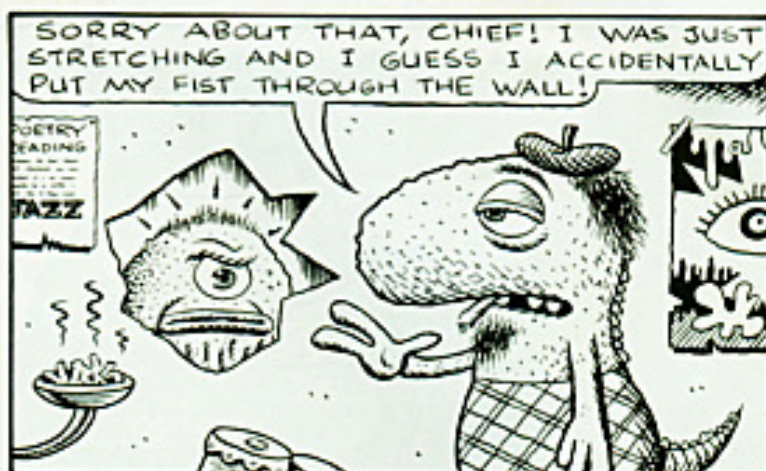


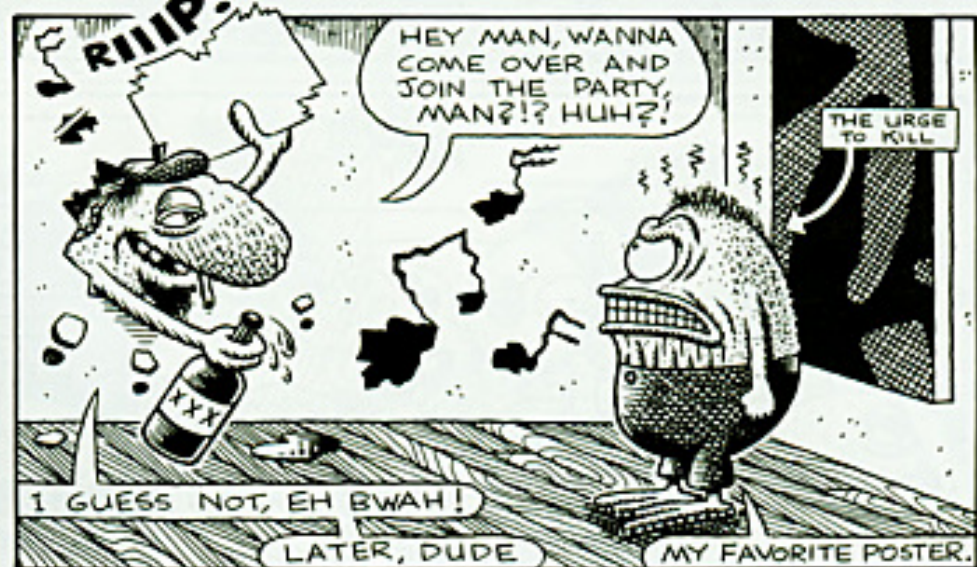
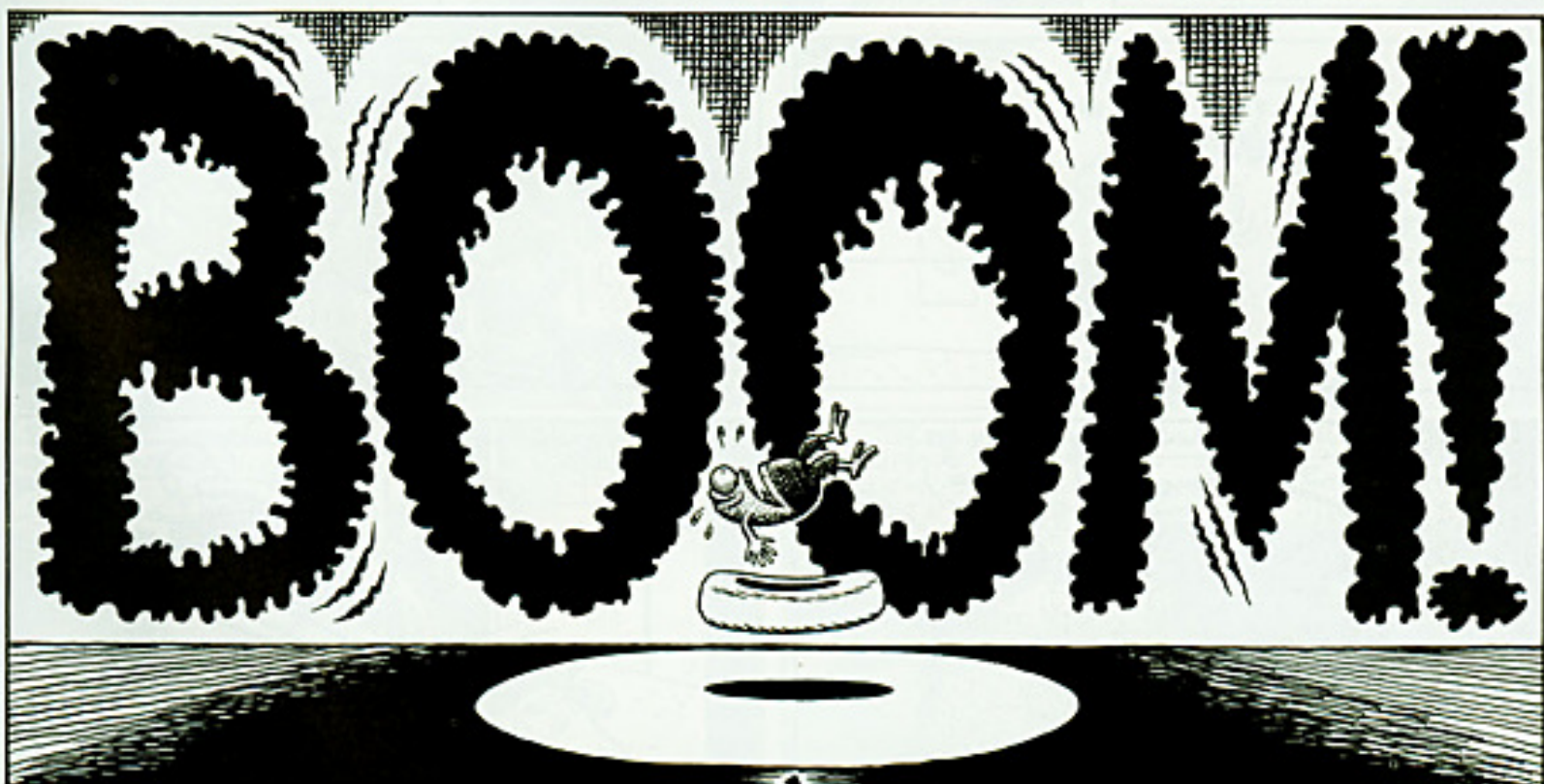
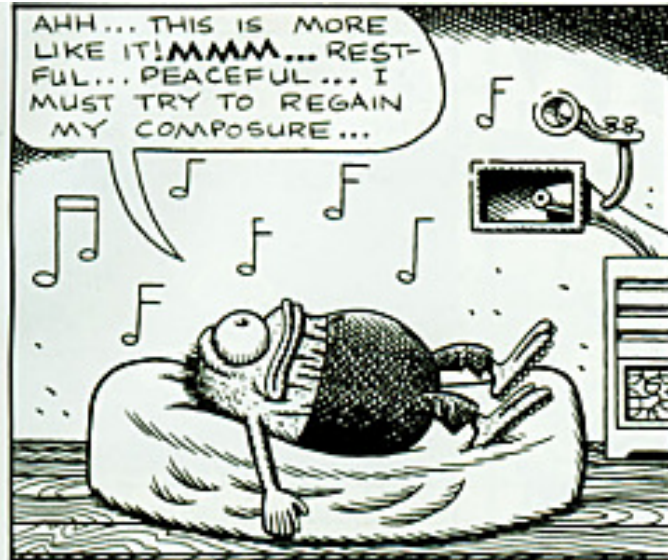
MY ENTHUSIASM AND INNOVATIONS DID NOT GO UNNOTICED BY MY SUPERVISORS. THE MORE I PRODUCED THE FASTER I ADVANCED.

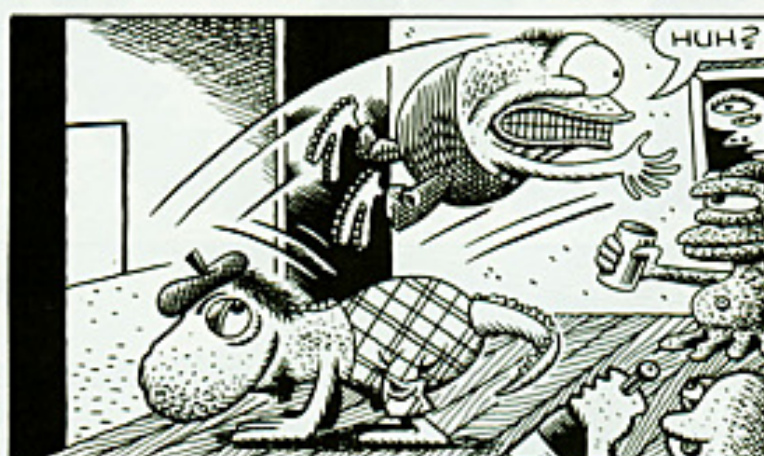


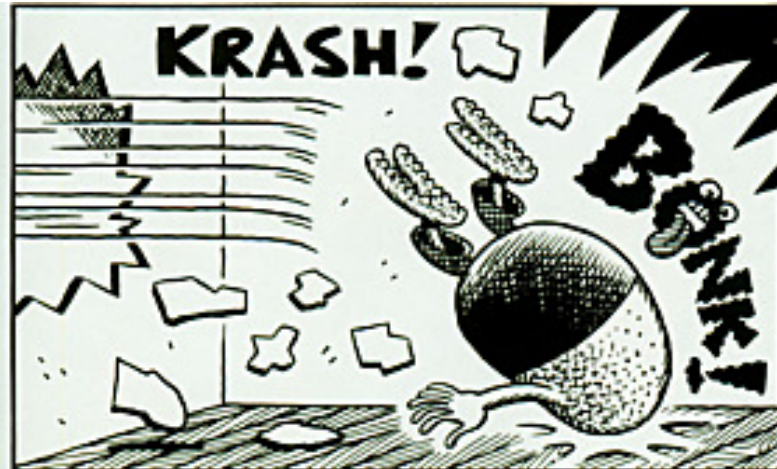
AND HERE I AM TODAY IN MY NEW DREAM PAD AND ON THE FIRST OFFICIAL DAY OF MY LONG AWAITED AND WELL DESERVED VACATION.



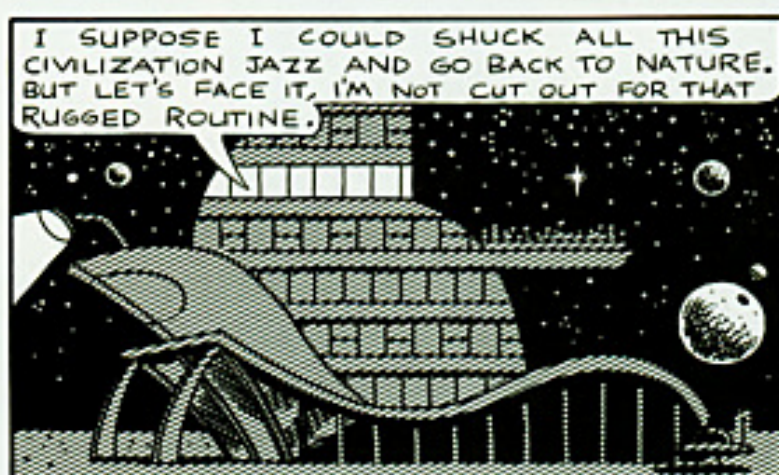
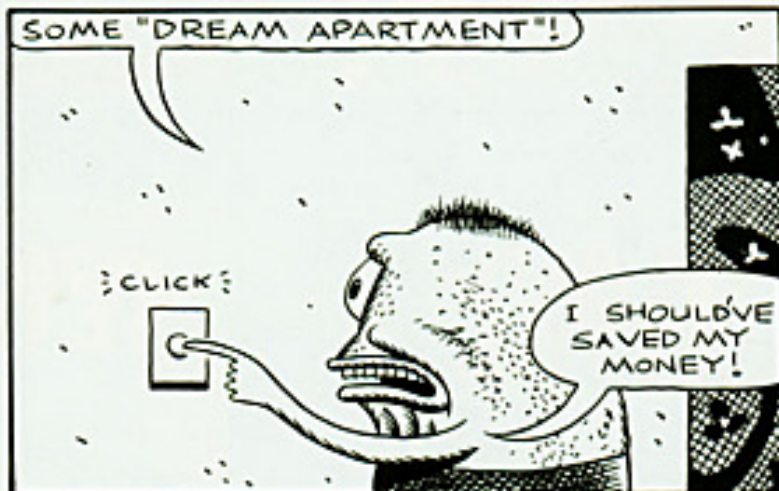
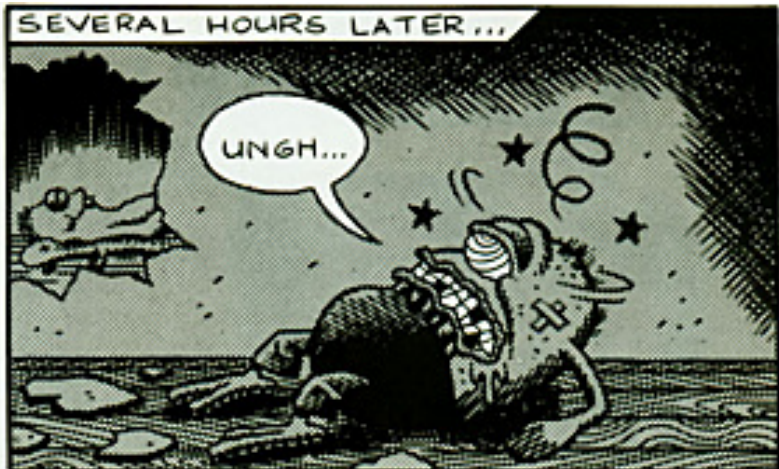
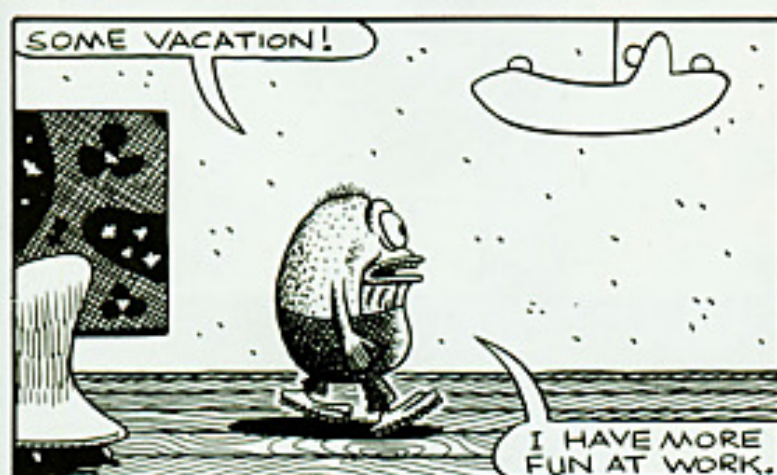
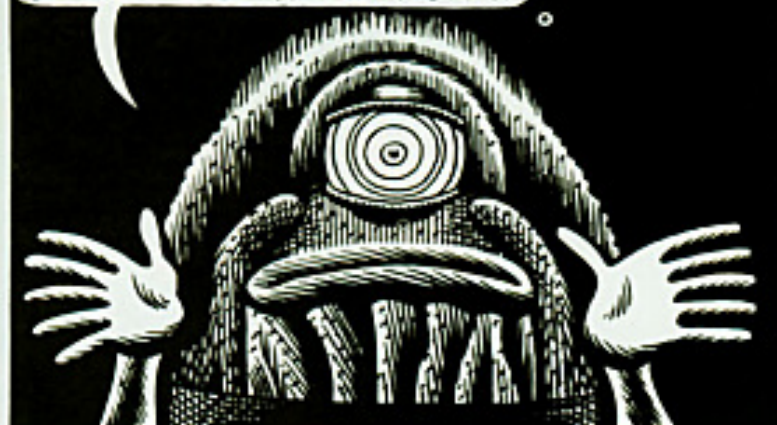








SO THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR SIX ORBITS
OF NON-STOP HARD WORK.









**HEAVY
METAL**